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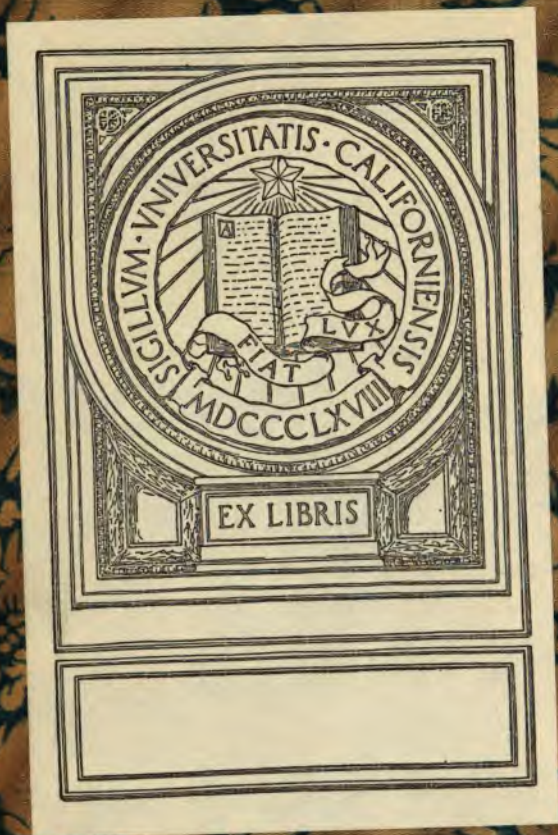
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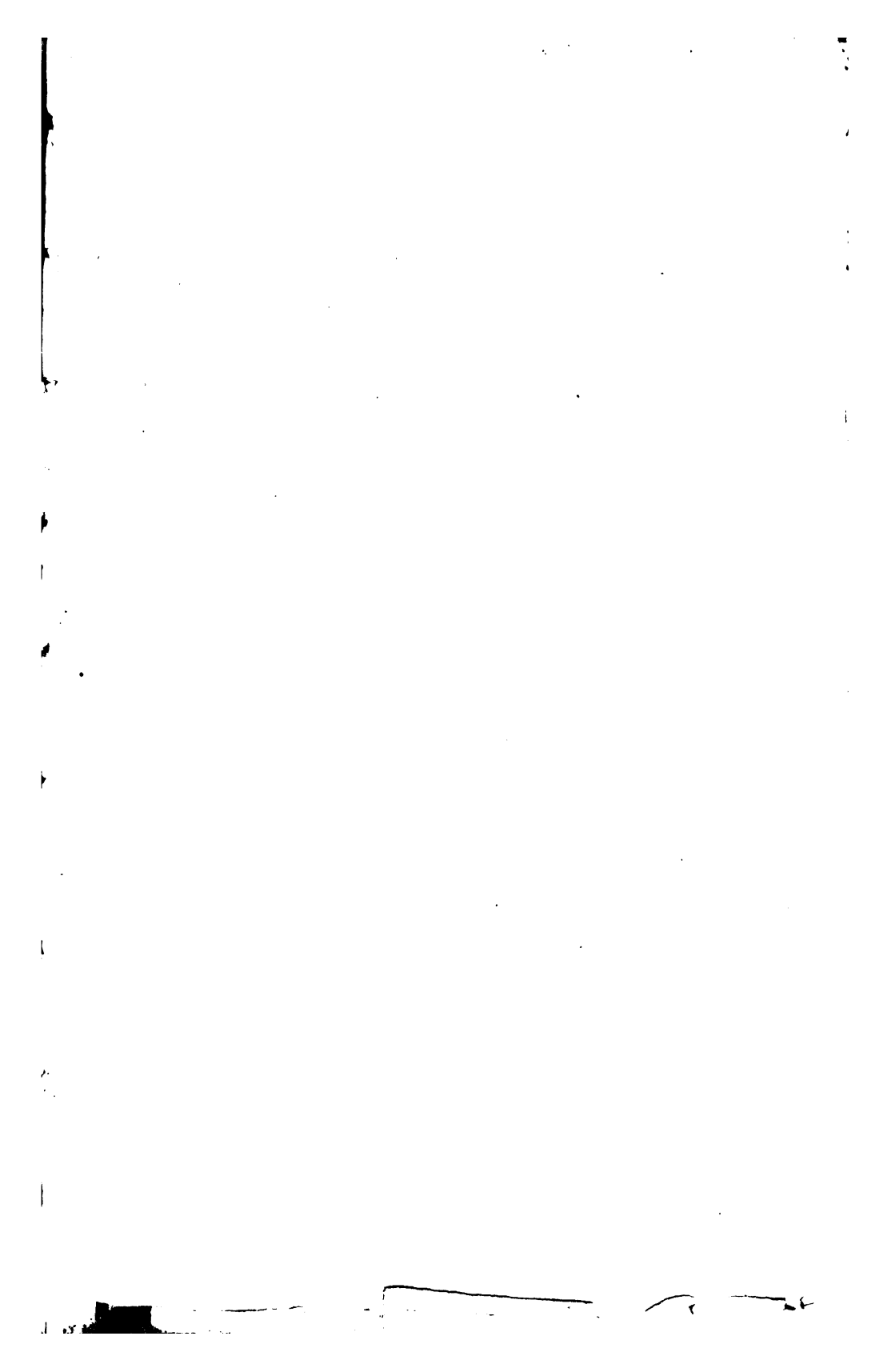


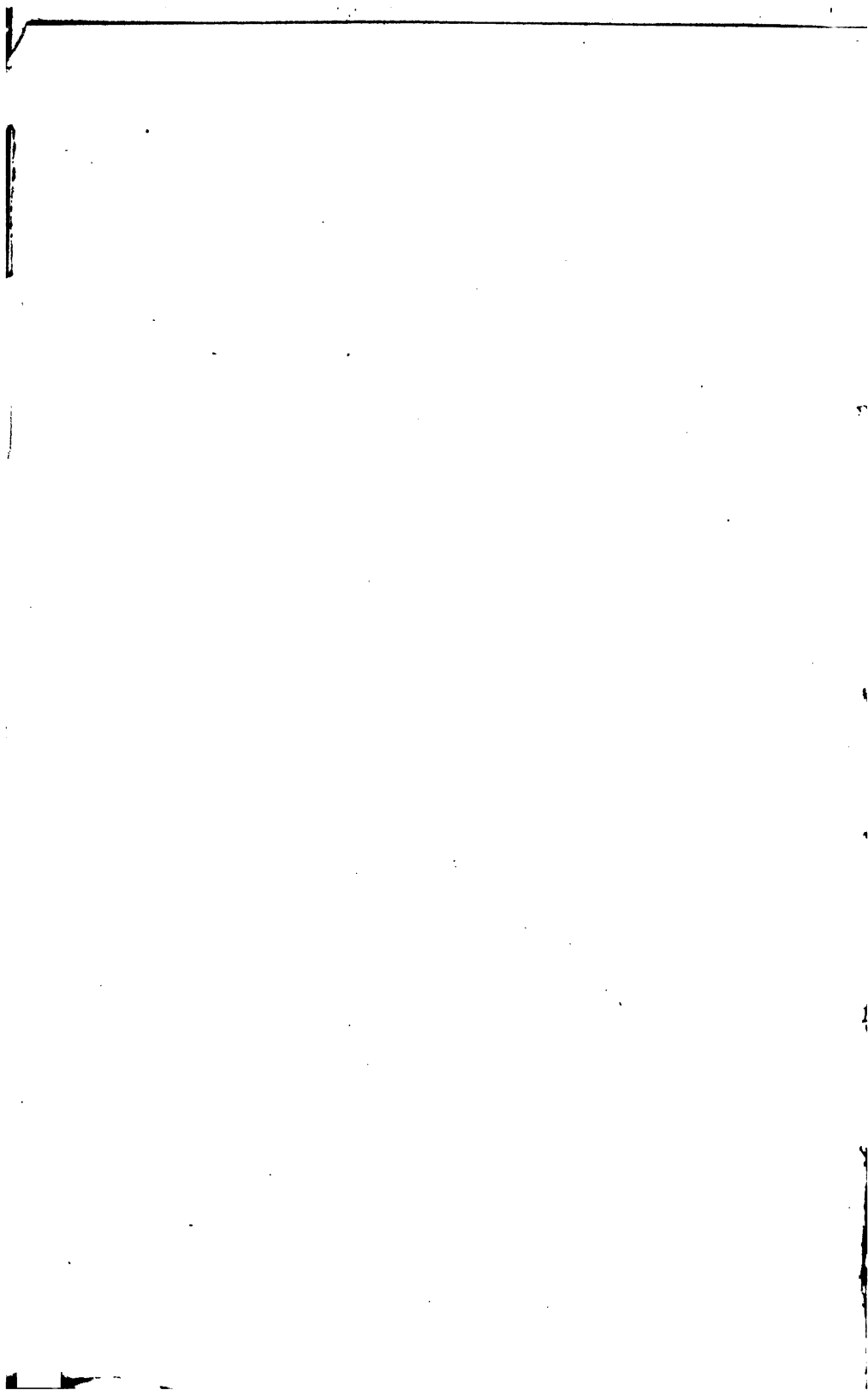


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MRS. SIDDONS.

IN THE CHARACTER OF THE TRAGIC MUSE.

*Engraved with permission by J. Freeman.*

From the celebrated Picture painted by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, now in the possession

OF WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ. M.P.

London. Published by Jones and Co.

THE  
**DRAMATIC MAGAZINE,**

EMBELLISHED WITH

**Numerous Engravings**

OF THE

**PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.**

[vol. I]

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## LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

Mr. Farren and Mr. Liston, as Charles the Twelfth and Adam Brock.

Mr. Young and Miss Phillips, as Rhenzi and Claudia.

Mr. Keeley as Wamba, Miss Byfeld as Rebecca, and Miss Goward as Lisette.

Mr. Harley and Mr. Weekes, as Samson and Dan O'Reilley.

Mr. Mathews and Miss Foote, as Jonathan Oldskirt and Fanny, in *Who Wants a Guinea?*

Mr. Wood and Miss Cawse, as Tom Tug and Wilhelmina, in the *Waterman*.

Mr. T. P. Cooke and Miss Scott, as William and Susan, in *Black-eyed Susan*.

Miss Paton, as Rebecca, in the *Maid of Judah*.

Miss Fanny Kemble, as *Juliet*.

Miss Nelson.

Mr. Wallack, as the *Brigand Chief*.

## ADDRESS.

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THE Editors of the Dramatic Magazine will not occupy their reader's time, or endeavour to prepossess themselves in his favour, by plausible assurances of the care and attention with which they intend to carry on this publication : if the work be not entitled to support on its own merits, any eulogium of this nature will but render it doubly contemptible. Though they avoid this beaten track, they think it necessary to say something respecting it; and, as brevity is the soul of wit, they will endeavour to be as concise as possible. Few causes have tended more to raise the stage to its present repute, and the professors to their present affluence, than the elegant and clear criticisms which Steele, Addison, and their friends introduced from time to time in the Spectator, Tatler, and other periodicals; for they not only corrected many errors that prevailed, and gave a firmness and respectability to the profession before unknown, but induced men of genius, such as Churchill, Lloyd, and many others, to devote their attention to the stage, by whose works we are enabled to gain some ideas of the style and manners of our departed actors; but though these works are eagerly sought after, they are far from affording so minute a statement as could be wished. Now had a Theatrical Review been established, giving an exact report of all theatrical proceedings, it would not only have been a great source of amusement to the public, but have proved of most essential service to the actor; for there are many minute circumstances in the exhibition of a character upon the stage, which do not appear from reading the poet, but must be supplied by the



player from his own observation of human life. These minute circumstances may be preserved in a Theatrical Review, as a gallery of pictures, in the dresses of the times, gives us a lively idea of the appearance of our ancestors.

“ Life's moving picture, well-wrought plays,”

would be still more lively, if every peculiarity of manners in every trait of character were preserved; and if not retained by writing, many characteristic minutiae must fade away with the age that gave them birth, and be totally lost to after-times.

The object of the Dramatic Magazine will be, therefore, to afford a complete history of the modern stage; but, in addition to this, the Editors purpose abridging from numerous publications a history of the British drama, including a biography of all the principal performers from its commencement.





*Painted & Engraved by T. L. Busby, for the Dramatic Magazine*

LISTON AND FARRER,  
*as, 'Adam Brock' & 'Charles XII.'*

*London, Published March 1<sup>st</sup> 1829, by Whitaker, Treacher & Arnot, Ave Maria Lane,  
& at the Artists Depository, & Public Library, 87, Charlotte Str: Kothebone Place.*



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DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

MARCH 2, 1829.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE.

**MONDAY**, Feb. 2, 1829.—*Caswallon* ; Walker.—*The Little Captive*.—*The Queen Bee* ; Barrymore.

**TUESDAY**, Feb. 3.—*The Stranger* ; Thompson.—*Ballet*.—*Pantomime*.

**WEDNESDAY**, Feb. 4.—*Love in Wrinkles* ; Lacy.—*The Green-Eyed Monster* ; Planché.—*Pantomime*.

**THURSDAY**, Feb. 5.—*Charles the Twelfth* ; Planché.—*The Youthful Queen* ; Shannon.—*Pantomime*.

*Charles the Twelfth* is by far the most deservedly-successful drama that has appeared for some time. Mr. Farren's performance of the hero is almost beyond praise, he so completely identifies himself with the character in dress, deportment, and habit ; in short, we may say with the poet, he appears

“ In the same figure, like the king that's dead.”

The character of Adam Brock reflects equal credit both to the author and the player. It has no coarse buffoonery, no strong caricature ; the humour throughout is quiet and chaste, and though no unnatural expedient has been resorted to for forcing a laugh, the author has produced as much mirth as if he had made his hero walk in his sleep, or sold him to the devil. This was Mr. Liston's first appearance since his late accident.

**FRIDAY**, Feb. 6.—*Rienzi* ; Miss Mitford.—*Ballet*.—*Pantomime*.

**SATURDAY**, Feb. 7.—*Charles the Twelfth* ; Planché.—*Portrait of Cervantes* ; Griffulhe.—*Pantomime*.

**MONDAY**, Feb. 9.—*Cymbeline* ; Shakspeare.—*Pantomime*.  
Though we do not altogether agree with Dr. Johnson in his opinion

of this tragedy, or rather dramatic romance (for it cannot well be considered in any other light), we must confess the irregularities are very numerous: it notwithstanding contains an infinity of beauties, both with respect to character, passion, language, and incident; so that, although the judgment is displeased with the improbability of the plot and inconsistency of the dramatic action, the mind receives the highest satisfaction by contemplating the wonderful strokes of genius with which it abounds. Miss Phillips sustained, for the first time, the part of Imogen. There are few characters, in the whole range of Shakspeare's dramas, more difficult to personate than this unfortunate princess; it being so exquisite a picture of noble and persevering constancy, devoted affection, and youthful innocence. Miss Phillips's conception of the character was generally correct; she certainly possessed much of the dignity of the princess, and some of the more impassioned scenes were well executed; but she failed to give proper effect to that beautiful vein of artless simplicity which runs throughout the part. In the scene where Imogen rejects the insolent address of Iachimo, her whole tone, gesture, and attitude, well expressed the indignation of insulted virtue; and in the interview with Pisanio, at Milford Haven, where Imogen is made acquainted with her husband's cruel instructions, she played with much feeling. When Imogen appears in male apparel, there is a playfulness in the language so truly natural, especially as she is about to enter the cave, when she says,

“ Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy

“ But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.

“ Such a foe, good heavens!

which Miss Phillips completely failed to impart. Before we quit this lady, there is one great error in her acting which we should be glad to see corrected; that is, from a too eager desire of gaining applause, in a very quiet passage elevating her voice to the highest pitch. This error not only destroys the effect of those passages that require unusual energy in delivery, but it gives a most wearisome sameness to her acting. Mr. Young's Posthumus, though by no means equal to many of his other efforts, was a truly just and pleasing performance. His threat to Iachimo, after he has accepted the wager, that “should the lady remain unseduced, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made on her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword,” was delivered with a nobleness and dignity of manner which proclaimed him worthy of the love of so fair a princess. In the opening scene of the third act he was pre-eminently successful. The confidence with which he encounters Iachimo on his return, his firm reliance on Imogen's honour, the impatience with which he retorts Iachimo's calumnies, and the various objections (even after his faith in Imogen's fidelity begins to stagger) against the truth of Iachimo's tale, were well depicted.

He met with very great applause in the last scene, where he discovers himself to Iachimo, as also in his expressing remorse and despair for having given credit to the calumnies of the "Italian fiend."

Mr. Cooper's Iachimo was a clever piece of acting, distinguished throughout for judgment and correct delivery; but his manner has not altogether sufficient ease, nor his voice the flexibility, to give due effect to some parts of the character. We have seldom seen the part of Pisanio so well sustained as it was on this occasion by Mr. Younge; his declamation was very correct. Mr. Browne was amusing as Cloten. Belarius has some very fine language to deliver; but Mr. Aitken, though he possesses a good voice, is a very turgid speaker, and moreover did not know his part.

We wish the manager would turn *a little* of his attention to his wardrobe, for the dresses were most disgraceful for such an establishment. Mr. Mude wore a crown unfit for a king at Bartholomew Fair.

TUESDAY, Feb. 10.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*The Portrait of Cervantes*; Griffulhe.—*Pantomime*.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 11.—*Siege of Belgrade*; Cobb.—*Love in Wrinkles*; Lacy.—*Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, Feb. 12.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*Master's Rival* (first time).—*Pantomime*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Sir Colley Cowmeadows, Mr. BROWNE; Mr. Aldgate, Mr. W. BENNET; Captain Middleton, Mr. J. VINING; Peter Shack, Mr. JONES; Paul Shack, Mr. LISTON; Mrs. Aldgate, Mrs. JONES; Amelia, Miss PINCOTT; Patty, Mrs. ORGER.

Mr. Aldgate, a retired merchant living at Boulogne, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of young Mr. Cowmeadows, it having been agreed between his father (Sir Colley Cowmeadows) and the merchant to marry him to his daughter Amelia. However, young Cowmeadows is already married to an opera-dancer, and is in durance vile for her debts. This we learn from Paul Shack, his quondam servant, who meets by accident with his brother Peter, a most arrant knave; and after informing Peter of his having robbed his master of his portmanteau, Peter proposes that he should personate young Cowmeadows, and marry Miss Aldgate. This Paul agrees to, provided Peter consents to share the young lady's fortune. He then equips Peter in a suit of his master's stolen clothes; and thus the scheme is going on successfully, when Peter's master, Captain Middleton, a favoured lover of Amelia's, calls at the house, and is confronted by his own servant in disguise. Peter, however, persuades his master that he is thus dressed up to serve his interests. Scarcely has he got over this interruption, when Sir Colley himself is announced; but

to avoid meeting him, he upsets the chairs, tables, &c. and in the confusion makes his escape. This concludes the first act. The second act is almost beyond the power of the most patient and persevering critic to describe. The whole humour consists in Peter's informing Mr. Aldgate that his brother Paul is a somnambulist, and he consequently alarms the whole house. The piece ends with the union of Middleton and Amelia.

This farce is the production of Mr. Peake, and very unworthy of his talents, having nothing to recommend it either in language, plot, incident, or character. The actors exerted themselves very much, and Liston of course produced a good deal of mirth when he is supposed to be walking in his sleep.

FRIDAY, Feb. 13.—*Rienzi*; Mitford.—*Ballet*.—*Pantomime*.

SATURDAY, Feb. 14.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*Master's Rival*; Peake.—*Pantomime*.

MONDAY, Feb. 16.—*Cymbeline*; Shakspeare.—*Pantomime*.

TUESDAY, Feb. 17.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*Master's Rival*; Peake.—*High Life below Stairs*.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 18.—*The Slave*; Morton.—*Ballet*.—*Der Freischutz*.

THURSDAY, Feb. 19.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*The Portrait of Cervantes*; Griffulhe.—*Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20.—*Rienzi*; Mitford.—*Ballet*.—*Giovanni in London*; Moncrief.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21.—*Peter the Great*; or, *the Battle of Pullawa* (first time).—*The Haunted Inn*; Peake.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Peter the Great, Mr. YOUNG; Charles the Twelfth, king of Sweden, Mr. COOPER; Alexis, Mr. J. VINING; Menzikoff, Mr. YOUNGE; Dorinski, Mr. AITKEN; General Brandt, Mr. THOMPSON; Koriac, Mr. BEDFORD; Max, Mr. SALTER; Jasper Addlewitz, Mr. LISTON; Swartz, Mr. W. FARREN; Paulina, Miss E. TREE; Illo Addlewitz, Miss LOVE; Briska, Mrs. C. JONES.

The first scene is a street in Moscow. The piece opens with a chorus of peasants, and the appearance of Jasper Addlewitz, accompanied by his bride Illo, whom he has brought to Moscow for the purpose of receiving a wedding present from the Palatine Menzikoff. After this has been arranged to the satisfaction of Jasper, and the peasants, &c. have departed, Swartz enters, who is an old weather-beaten and proscribed

soldier. Though possessing a benevolent heart, his disposition has become rugged and soured, through the loss of his only child, who fell at an early age the victim of seduction. Her betrayer was Dorinski, who has turned a traitor to his country, and is at this time serving under Charles the Twelfth. Swartz is also bitterly incensed against Peter the Great, for having banished to Siberia his master, the chief of the Strelitzers, a powerful nobleman. In this disposition he meets with Koriac, who is at the head of a conspiracy, chiefly followers of the banished chief, who are preparing to overthrow Peter. Swartz gladly joins Koriac's band, and receives a paper containing the names of the principals. A procession of monks and students crosses the stage; amongst the latter is Alexis, son to the exiled chief, who has been placed by Peter in the university at Moscow. Swartz so works upon the filial feelings of Alexis, by the description of his father's sufferings, that he vows revenge. At this juncture a guard enters, seizes upon Swartz, and bears him off. Koriac embraces the opportunity, and wins upon Alexis to join the conspiracy, who are to meet that very night. We now come to Peter the Great, who is busily preparing for the opening of the campaign. He reproaches himself for having banished the chief of the Strelitzers; he therefore orders a free pardon to be made out, which he signs, restoring him to all his former possessions. An officer enters, and presents the paper containing an account of the conspiracy, found upon Swartz. Peter orders the veteran to be brought before him. Swartz, not at all intimidated by the dignity of the Czar, rates him in good set terms for his cruelty towards his chief: to which the benevolent monarch replies by presenting him with the royal pardon. The rough soldier's feelings are overcome with joy and gratitude, and from that instant he becomes devotedly attached to the Czar. He takes him aside, and gives him the pass-word to the meeting of the conspirators, and hurries off to communicate the joyful tidings to Alexis. Peter resolves to go in disguise, and meet the band; and orders his guards to be near the house, but not to enter.

We are in the next scene presented with the assembly of the conspirators, who, preparatory to commencing their operations, sing a long chorus. Alexis enters, followed by Peter, who mixes with the crowd. Alexis harangues the band, vows to conquer or perish with them, and departs. Peter boldly stands forward, and throws off his disguise. All the conspirators, save Koriac, shrink back dismayed; but he rushes forward to kill the Czar, and is instantly shot by him for his temerity. Peter now demands the man to stand forth who wishes to be his successor, but the whole band appear paralyzed. The guards, alarmed by the report of the pistol, rush in and secure them; and the act concludes with the prisoners singing a chorus.

The second act opens before the palace of the Czar.

Swartz having at length found Alexis, informs him of the royal cle-

mency. Peter comes forward, and sarcastically observes to the youth, who is covered with shame and confusion, that "as a reward for having placed him in the university, he had the satisfaction of hearing his maiden speech." An officer enters to state that the council have doomed the conspirators to death; and requests to know the fate of Alexis. Peter replies that he will leave it to the council; "for the hand that trembles with indignation is ill fitted to hold the scales of justice." The Strelitzers are led in as for execution; the word is given; they throw aside their cloaks, and appear in full Russian uniform; for Peter has generously pardoned them, and places Alexis at their head. We now come to the camp of Charles, who is confident of victory, and "eager for the fray." The miller Jasper is introduced, who comes with a long complaint of the damage done to his mill by Charles's soldiers. Charles promises he shall be redressed, and the miller departs, after giving the king a bit of advice. Alexis enters with friendly overtures from Peter, which Charles declines, and prepares for immediate battle. The next scene is before the mill of Jasper. Swartz enters, in great agitation on account of the loss of his daughter, Paulina, or rather supposed daughter, as she is the offspring of the ill-fated victim of Dorinski, and who loves and is beloved by Alexis. Paulina is, however, presently brought in by Dorinski, who has just rescued her from a party of soldiers: though ignorant of the consanguinity between them, he feels a deep interest for her, and places her in the cottage of the miller's mother, Briska. The Czar, separated by accident from his troops, also applies to Briska for assistance; as there are parties of the enemy constantly about, he dresses himself up in the absent miller's clothes; and in this disguise entertains a party of Charles's soldiers, who came in search of him, with brandy and a song. The real miller presently returns, and is much astonished to see a stranger wearing his clothes and dealing out his brandy. A most humorous scene ensues, in which Peter, with the assistance of Briska, entirely convinces the soldiers that he is the real owner of the mill. The soldiers depart, leaving a sentinel at the cottage door; and Jasper goes away to bring his neighbours to witness the imposition that has been planned upon him.

After this Charles appears, and finding the sentinel to be fainting with fatigue, he sends him into the cottage and takes his place. While thus situated some Cossacks enter, who are searching for Peter to assassinate him in the hopes of reward. Charles, expressing his abhorrence, discovers himself: they, not caring which side they take, resolve to kill him; when Peter, who in his disguise has overheard what passed, rushes to his rescue. Peter then reveals himself to Charles, and offers terms of peace, which the latter refuses. Charles shakes hands with him as an individual, and then throws down his gauntlet; at the same time allowing Peter one clear hour to return safely to his army, in order to fight the great battle of Pultawa. This ends the second act.

The third act opens with Peter haranguing his troops and leading them on to battle. The next scene is the mountains, where the miller enters with Aldo. Jasper is of opinion that the finest piece of generalship consists in a retreat, and has come there to hide himself during the battle. Charles enters wounded and discomforted, a complete victory having been gained by his adversary. Parties of Cossacks are abroad, who are in pursuit of his life; he is prevailed upon by the miller to conceal himself under the bushes where Aldo is hid, while Jasper sends the assassins in a wrong direction. Dorinski soon appears with the small remnant of his army, and Charles, exhausted by his wounds, is borne off by his faithful followers. The next scene is Paulina meeting with Alexis and Swartz after the battle. Word is brought that the traitor Dorinski is taken and ordered to be placed under the custody of Swartz, who is much agitated at the thought of his long cherished vengeance being about to be accomplished. A conference takes place between them. Dorinski endeavours to palliate his conduct, and proves that circumstances alone had prevented him doing justice to his daughter; and as to his treason, he had repeatedly petitioned the King through Koriac, which memorials, it seems, were never delivered. Dorinski earnestly entreats he may be permitted to have one short interview with his child, to which Swartz consents, on condition that he does not avow himself to be her father. At this juncture Paulina enters, calling Swartz father; Dorinski of course discovers her to be the female he has rescued. Swartz being summoned away to receive the warrant for Dorinski's execution, the father and daughter are left together. The outer door being unguarded, she entreats Dorinski to escape, which he at first refuses; but being told that could he gain one hour, she could obtain his pardon from the Czar (for Peter had given her a ring, with a promise that whatever she should ask on presenting that ring she should have), he consents. Paulina, learning from Jasper that she has endangered her supposed father's life by so doing, she is violently agitated. Swartz returns, is pleased that his prisoner has escaped, and is indifferent to the fate that may befall himself. Paulina is worked almost to a state of madness, and, spite of the resistance of Swartz, rushes to the castle bell and gives the alarm. Swartz then reveals the dreadful secret to the horrified girl, while at the same instant Dorinski is brought back. In the next scene the ring is presented to the Czar by Swartz, but he refuses to pardon Dorinski. The last scene is a large square. Dorinski, with Paulina clinging to his side, is led in for execution, Alexis, Swartz, &c. following. The fatal ceremony is about to take place, when the Czar comes forward, and not only pardons Dorinski, but unites the hands of Alexis and Paulina.

This piece is the joint effort of Messrs. Morton and Kenney, and possesses all the requisites, or rather essentials, of a melo-drama, as, with some well-chosen characters, it combines a variety of interesting and

amusing incidents, some highly effective situations, and scenes well wrought for stage effect; and the language, though it seldom soars above mediocrity, contains some elevated sentiments, well expressed and well adapted to the characters: yet, with all these advantages, the piece contains many faults and errors, which we could point out without judging it by any of the rigid rules of the drama; for the incidents are far too crowded, and there are so many prominent characters that the attention of the spectator is often completely bewildered. Observe the characters:—An emperor, benevolent, wise, and brave, who, by his single exertions, raised a country from a state little better than barbarous to be one of the most powerful in Europe, whose name will flourish green in the records of posterity, when “all statues, brass and marble, shall be dust:” again, a monarch, equally benevolent, whose ardent thirst for glory and heroism almost equalled any thing to be found in the pages of romance. Yet, with two such important characters, and so every way adapted for a drama, the authors have introduced a whole host of other characters alike prominent: a father breathing vengeance on the betrayer of his child; a son worked upon, through filial rage, to lead a conspiracy to overturn his benefactor; a repentant traitor and renegade; and, finally, a miller, who rates two monarchs in the same day, and who is here there and every where, and yet never tires.

Mr. Young personates Peter the Great with the fidelity of a true historian, entering fully into all the peculiarities of that great man's habits; still he had but few opportunities of distinguishing himself. The scene where he confronts the conspirators was played with a towering dignity of manner and determined energy. Mr. Young displayed a good deal of comic humour when he was disguised as the miller, and sung a bacchanalian song with great taste and musical science, which was most rapturously encored. Mr. Cooper did not altogether look the part of Charles; it was, however, a highly respectable performance. Mr. Farren played the rough-diamond Swartz with admirable point. By the way, Mr. Morton has been robbing himself, for Swartz, in many respects, is an exact counterpart of Moustache in *Henri Quatre*. There is a rugged sensibility in this character, blended with a depth of feeling, which were well harmonized and portrayed by this correct and indefatigable actor. But how shall we speak of Liston, in the bustling good-natured miller? how shall we describe the manner in which he makes his appeal to Charles for the ravages his soldiers have committed on his mill? and, above all, how can we describe his surprise and anxiety at seeing a stranger wearing his clothes and assuming his name? These points are not to be described—they must be seen to be properly estimated. Mr. Aitken played with a far greater degree of energy, and displayed far more feeling, than hitherto: he requires but study and attention to make a very tolerable second-rate actor. Mr. J. Vining was also highly



respectable. Miss Love is one of those *rare aves* in the theatrical world who can both sing and act. Her acting was uncommonly spirited, and she gave her first air with humour; but the other songs allotted to her are very indifferent. Miss Tree's acting was, as usual, fraught with deep interest. We doubt if any actress of the present day could surpass the agitation and horror on hearing Dorinski was her father. We must not omit to mention Mrs. Jones as the loyal Briska.

The overture, and the rest of the music, is composed, or rather selected, by Mr. Cooke and Dr. Carnaby. The overture contained some passages very creditable to the taste of the composers, and was well adapted to the introduction of the drama. The airs and choruses, with the exception of one of Miss Love's songs, did not rise beyond mediocrity; but the song allotted to Mr. Young, which was arranged to an old German air, is very likely to become popular.

MONDAY, Feb. 23.—*Peter the Great*; Morton and Kenney.—*Illustrious Stranger*; Kenney.

TUESDAY, Feb. 24.—*Peter the Great*; Morton and Kenney.—*Love, Law, and Physic*.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 25.—*The Slave*; Morton.—*Little Captive*.—*Der Freischutz*.

THURSDAY, Feb. 26.—*Peter the Great*; Morton and Kenney.—*Love, Law, and Physic*; Kenney.—*Amoroso*.

FRIDAY, Feb. 27.—*The Stranger*; Thompson.—*Ballet*.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.

SATURDAY, Feb. 28.—*Peter the Great*; Morton and Kenney.—*Ballet*.—*Comfortable Lodgings*.

## COVENT GARDEN.

MONDAY, Feb. 2.—*Sublime and Beautiful*; Morton.—*Invincibles*;  
Morton.—*Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood*.

TUESDAY, Feb. 3.—*The Widows Bewitched*; 1st time.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Captain Frankley, Mr. GREEN; Mr. Hippias Hyperwell (a Merchant) Mr. BARTLEY; Hector Fairwin (his Nephew) Mr. C. KEMBLE; Dr. Marpest, Mr. MEADOWS; Robert, Mr. TURNOUR; Larry O'Snap, Mr. POWER; Widow Frankley, Miss CHESTER; Widow Delamore, Mrs. CHATTERLEY; Patty, Mrs. J. HUGHES.

The first scene is laid in a villa belonging to the Widow Frankley, close by Harwich. This lady is on the point of marriage with Felix Fairwin, and is of a disposition somewhat similar to Beaumont and Fletcher's Margaret. She has determined on marrying a fool, that she may still hold the reins of government in her own hands, or, according to the vulgar and more concise expression, "wear the breeches." Mr. Hippias Hyperwell is announced a gentleman whose name well implies his habits, as he gives Dr. Marpest an annuity to feel his pulse every morning, that should any complaint be apprehended the Doctor may nip it in the bud; and he is about to take a wife that very day for the benefit of his constitution. Mr. Hippias is very much enraged with the widow for having refused the hand of his favorite nephew, and accepted that of his gawky brother. While he is vainly endeavouring to get her to change her resolution, her brother, Captain Frankley, a dashing sailor, appears, who is just arrived from London. He is an old school-fellow and friend of Hyperwell's, who invites him to call and see his intended bride. Dr. Marpest next enters, to announce to Hippias, in his "official capacity," (having just been made pratique master of the port) that a vessel is in the harbour which he suspects has sailed from Nazarene, or some place where the plague is raging; and that measures must be taken to prevent any on board from landing. While the doctor and Hippias have departed for this purpose, Frankley informs his sister that some years ago, when a midshipman, he had fallen deeply in love with a young lady, by name Matilda, of this town; but a merchant, a friend of the family, considering his attentions as presumptuous, challenged him; they met—the merchant fell—and Frankley escaped. Some time after he received letters, stating that his antagonist had recovered and was married to the lady, and also learned that the fond object of his early attachment was now a widow; and adds, that he was endeavouring to gain some tidings of her. We now come to the other widow, Mrs. Delamore, who is the lady intended to benefit Mr. Hyperwell's constitution. Her chief motive for marrying is to procure an independence for

her son. Frankley enters, and discovers the lady to be the long sought for, long loved, Matilda. They are at first mutually delighted at meeting: the lady confesses she had loved him, but at the same time declares they now can never be united, as her word is pledged to Mr. Hyperwell. While Frankley is entreating her to change this cruel determination, Hyperwell comes in; and on hearing that the lady has been before acquainted with his friend, declares that he shall not only give her away, but come and stay at his house during the honeymoon. This the lady decidedly objects to, but the gentleman is determined that it shall be so.

The scene now changes to the Widow Frankley's house, where we are introduced to Mr. Hector Fairwin, who has wooed and won the widow under the manners and appearance of his brother Felix, which is that of a noisy awkward rustic. His uncle being in the house, he informs him of his plot, and departs with the widow to church, which ends the first act.

The next act opens with Frankley entreating his sister to hit upon some plan to prevent the intended nuptials of Matilda and Hippas. This she contrives to do through Dr. Marpest, who is in a constant state of anxiety on account of the before-mentioned infected ship. She tells him, as if by accident, that Frankley had that morning landed from it. The doctor, horrified at the intelligence, runs off to inform his neighbours of their danger, and the captain departs to see Matilda. Mr. Hyperwell appears, who is eager to have his wedding take place, when a note is brought him from Dr. Marpest, to warn him from coming in contact with the captain. This of course has a severe effect upon his hypochondriacal habit, and he hastens home to guard his intended wife from approaching him. Mr. Hector Fairwin now appears to the late widow in his real character of a captain in the dragoons, and endeavours, in the most gentle and insinuating manner, to make a favorable impression on the lady's heart. He departs on hearing that his brother is coming back. The lady at this period is much enraged by the conduct of O'Snap, who is constantly watching her; and the more so when he declares that it is "master's orders," a term she intended was never to be used in her house. We now return to Hyperwell, whom we find with the doctor, arming servants, &c. to guard the house. At this juncture, to his horror, he beholds his intended bride walking arm in arm with the dreaded Frankley. The doctor, Hyperwell, servants and all, run off with considerable alacrity, to the great astonishment of the lady, which is still more increased by all the window shutters being closed. She suspects this to be some design of Frankley's, and orders him to leave the house. He says that is impossible, for that all the doors are locked. The lady rings the bell, but finds she is completely deserted. She is much alarmed, but orders Frankley into the next room, who obeys, and she sits down to weep. This ends the second act.

In the third act Hector resumes his former disguise, and discovers

to his lady very alarming symptoms of not being the passive and obedient animal she had anticipated. He pretends to be annoyed at hearing that his brother has called; declares he shall go and stop him coming to the house again, for he is so handsome a fellow she will certainly fall in love with him.

The next scene is Hyperwell's house. This is by far the best in the piece, and has certainly rather a humorous effect. Though the shutters are opened, two centinels are pacing up and down before the window, to the great perplexity of the lady, who wonders what it all can mean. A note, stuck on a long pole, is poked through the window, directed to Frankley, whom she calls from the adjoining room, which at her request he reads aloud. It contains the agreeable intelligence, that as the captain had landed from a ship which they had every reason to suppose was infected with the plague, he must perform a quarantine of forty days; and as he had walked arm in arm with Mrs. Delamore, she must remain in this house with him during that period. The note concludes by stating that Mr. Hippias intrusts the lady to the honor of his friend. The poor widow is of course terribly annoyed. The captain ventures to speak of his love, but she commands him to be silent on that subject; upon which he says, "Suppose we take the common topics of the day—the Thames Tunnel, for instance." She replies, "Though your project is as deep and undermining, it can be checked by having cold water thrown on it." The captain, however, at length, by his unceasing assiduity, prevails on the lady to become an attentive listener to the history of his love; and from her unguarded expression of regret, on hearing the doors unbarred, she confesses an equal attachment, and accepts the offer of his hand. They are released by Dr. Marpest, who has discovered the trick Mrs. Fairwin has played upon them.

We now return to the other lady, to whom Hector appears in his proper character, and makes a most ardent avowal of his love. Though at the same time she is much affected with it, she is proof against all his attacks, and commands him to leave her; upon which he declares the deception he had planned upon her, and that he had been enabled to do it through the assistance of her servant Patty. Captain Frankley and the Widow Delamore enter, and all parties are perfectly satisfied, with the exception of Hyperwell, who however soon regains his good humour, and invites them all to dinner.

It will be seen by the above sketch that the plot, or rather plots, of the Widows Bewitched are very improbable; the one in which Hector Fairwin is concerned, has very little merit as to its construction, and still less on the score of originality, as it reminds us very forcibly of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*. The second plot, which we understand is taken from the French, might have made a very excellent farce, as it possesses much humour, and the idea, at all events, to our stage is perfectly novel. The dialogue is very common-place, and contains but

little point. It has, however, the merit of being free from those vile puns and witless jokes with which the generality of our modern dramatists garnish their productions. The characters are mere sketches, left for the talents of the actors to fill up, which they certainly did in a very able manner. Charles Kemble acted and dressed the good-humoured, half-stupid countryman to the very life, and kept the house in a constant good-humour. Mr. Green, particularly in the scene where he is locked up with the widow, played with admirable judgment and spirit, but he had a sort of mincing gait highly out of place in a naval officer. Mr. Power imparted a good deal of humour to Larry O'Snap, but the character wants softening down considerably. Some of his expressions are highly reprehensible; for instance, his master being out, he says he was left at home in the flank to take care of the *baggage*, pointing to the Widow Frankley. Though this made the gallery laugh, so coarse a jest ought not to be tolerated for an instant by a polite audience. Mr. Bartley looked so healthy and good-tempered a bachelor, that we think few widows would have resisted the offer of his hand. He was truly laughable in the scene where he receives the admonitory note from Dr. Marpest. The two widows were very unequally sustained, for Miss Chester's acting was as insipid as Mrs. Chatterley's was spirited. Nothing could be more naturally expressed than the mingled tone of surprise and regret with which she utters "already," on hearing that her captivity was over.

The comedy was received with approbation. It is the production of Mr. Lunn, who has brought out one piece this season before, called *Rhyme and Reason*.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 4.—*Nymph of the Grotto*; Dimond.—*Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, Feb. 5.—*Widows Bewitched*; Lunn.—*Yelva* (1st time).—*Raising the Wind*; Kenny.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Lovinski (a young Russian nobleman), Mr. DURUSET; Alfred (son of the Countess de Césanne), Mr. WOOD; Kalouga (a Cossack, servant to Lovinski), Mr. O. SMITH; the Countess de Césanne), Miss LACY; Fedora (cousin to Lovinski), Miss FORDE; Mina (a Soubrette, companion to Yelva), Miss GOWARD; Yelva (a young orphan), Miss J. SCOTT.

Our notice of this unfortunate production will be very brief. Yelva was found, when quite a child, by the Count and Countess de Césanne, somewhere in Russia, extended on the snow in the midst of a heap of slain, among which were the bodies of her parents, who were killed before her eyes. The fright and horror produced dumbness; the Count carried her to his house, and had her educated. He had a son; this son has fallen in love with her, and she with him. The first scene is laid in Paris. Alfred has obtained permission from his father to marry Yelva:

and just as the lady is decorating herself for the ceremony, the Countess de Césanne comes in with a long face, and tells her that she cannot wed Alfred, for that the Count has involved himself in difficulties which can only be removed by his son marrying Fedora. The Countess concludes by putting the poor dumb orphan into a boat, and hurrying her away. In the second act we are transported to the castle of Lovinski, where preparations are making for the wedding of Alfred and Fedora. During a violent snow-storm a ringing is heard at the castle porch; a poor half-frozen beggar-girl is brought in, who turns out to be Yelva (how she got there we doubt whether the author himself could inform us). After much time and patience has been wasted, the orphan, by a most clumsy contrivance, not only recovers the use of her tongue, but turns out to be the sister of Lovinski.

This drama is too absurd for criticism. Strong symptoms of disapprobation were evinced even in the second scene, and they soon increased to an alarming degree, so that we thought the piece was justly damned the first night. The music was not above mediocrity. There was one air in the second act, which Mr. Wood gave with so much feeling and expression as to produce an encore. Miss Forde sung an air with a good deal of taste, but it was far too long. There was also a chorus of peasants that has some claims to notice. Miss Scott had a great variety of pantomimic evolutions to go through, which certainly astonished the audience in one sense of the word, for nobody could make out what they all meant. Mr. Duruset created a good deal of laughter, by remarking (after much inexplicable dumb show), "I cannot for the soul of me make out what she means."

Some of the scenery was very good, particularly the last, a picture-gallery and hall of statues.

FRIDAY, Feb. 6.—*Beaux Stratagem*; Farquhar.—*Yelva*; Bishop.

The new drama was curtailed in every way at least one half. The audience heard it out more patiently than the night before; after which they passed upon it the just sentence of irrevocable damnation. We had almost forgot to observe that the poetry, as well as the music, is the composition of Mr. Bishop.

SATURDAY, Feb. 7.—*The Widows Bewitched*; Lunn.—*The Beggars' Opera*; Gay.—*More Blunders than One*; Rodwell.

MONDAY, Feb. 9.—*Hamlet*; Shakspeare.—*Pantomime*.

TUESDAY, Feb. 10.—*Widows Bewitched*; Lunn.—*Midas*; O'Hara.—*The £.100 Note*; Peake.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 11.—*Country Girl*; Garrick.—*More Blunders than One*; Rodwell.—*Bottle Imp*.

THURSDAY, Feb. 12.—*Sublime and Beautiful*; Morton.—*Invincibles*;  
Morton.—*Pantomime*.

FRIDAY, Feb. 13.—*Nymph of the Grotto*; Dimond.—*John of Paris*.

SATURDAY, Feb. 14.—*Recruiting Officer*; Farquhar.—*The Bottle Imp*;  
Peake.

The great success which has attended the revival of the Recruiting Officer and the Beaux Stratagem, induces us to hope that the legitimate drama will again hold that station on our boards which has been so long usurped by French mutilated translations and importations, while the works of a Wycherly, Farquhar, or Vanburgh, have been suffered to moulder in obscurity.

This lively and entertaining comedy, though far from being the best of Farquhar's productions, cannot fail to please in the representation, especially when performed in the admirable manner it was on this occasion. The subject is happily chosen, and embellished with a variety of amusing characters; and though the language has not the everlasting repartee contained in the dialogues of Congreve, there is a happy ease and entire freedom about it equally entertaining, if less curious and wonderful. Mr. Green played for the first time the military coxcomb Captain Brazen, that pleasing compound of folly, impudence, and whim. His acting was amusing, but it had too much of the fop, and not enough of the bully; it wanted more of the Captain Bobadil. All that the part of Plume requires is elegance, vivacity, and the deportment of an accomplished gentleman; we need not add, therefore, how admirably Mr. C. Kemble sustained the character. Mr. Keeley did not altogether hit off the rustic simplicity of Appletree. It was laughable, but not natural. This arises from his constantly appearing in characters written to display his mannerisms. Mr. Wrench was a lively Serjeant Kite, and Bullock and Costard Pearman were well sustained by Reeve and Meadows. Melinda is far from being a favourite part among actresses, as she appears in a very disgusting light to the audience; we have, therefore, little to say respecting Miss Chester's performance. Mrs. Chatterley was delightfully amusing and agreeable in her performance of Sylvia. Miss Nelson looked very pretty as Rose, and gave the character all due effect.

MONDAY, Feb. 16.—*Macbeth*; Shakspeare.—*Pantomime*.  
Macbeth, Mr. WARDE; Macduff, Mr. DIDDEAR; Banquo, Mr. BAKER;  
Lady Macbeth, Miss LACY.

TUESDAY, Feb. 17.—*Recruiting Officer*; Farquhar.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 18.—*Sublime and Beautiful*; Morton.—*Invincibles*;  
Morton.—*Pantomime*.

THURSDAY, Feb. 19.—*Beaux Stratagem* ; Farquhar.—*Quaker* ; Dibdin.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20.—*The Duenna* ; Sheridan.—*John of Paris*.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21.—*Recruiting Officer* ; Farquhar.—*Presumption* ; Peake.

MONDAY, Feb. 23.—*Romeo and Juliet* ; Shakspeare.—*The Battle of Pultawa* (first time).

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Charles the XIIth, King of Sweden, Mr. C. KEMBLE ; Marshal Renschid, Mr. EGERTON ; Colonel Eugene Renschid (his Son), Mr. DURUSET ; Count Hoorn, Mr. RAYMOND ; Levanhaupt, Mr. EVANS ; Valoski, Mr. BARTLEY ; Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, Mr. WARDE ; Cocaski (a Miller), Mr. KEELEY ; Col. Drozenskoi, Mr. BAKER ; Floreska, Mrs. CHATTERLEY ; Briska, Mrs. WESTON ; Pauliska, Miss GOWARD.

This piece has been translated from the French, and has the same foundation as the drama of the same name brought out on Monday at Drury Lane. Our remarks, therefore, in reviewing this piece, will be brief, in consequence of the plot in both pieces being similar. It is a very inferior production to the one we have previously reviewed, and can be considered only as a mere translation, without possessing any of those incidents and situations which the authors of the other drama have very happily introduced, and which have not only relieved, but greatly enriched the historical character of the piece. In the production we are now reviewing we have no conspiracy of the Strelitz, and the meeting of the two sovereigns is far less effectively managed than at the other house ; the daring ardour and warlike character of Charles is not upheld with that dignity and fidelity with which Kenney and Morton have painted their hero ; and we find him, after declaring his bold and unshaken resolutions, making his escape more like a harlequin than a hero who made the din of war his sole amusement, and considered no music equal to the whistling of musket balls, which our old friend Liston declared to be "a waste of luxuries, in having a concert and ball at the same time."

For the satisfaction of those who may wish to have a description of the plot and incidents of this drama, we subjoin the following brief account. On the opening of the piece, which commences with the eve of the celebrated battle of Pultawa, we find Floreska, in the costume of a Russian officer, hazarding her life in the enemy's camp, for the sake of Colonel Eugene Renschid, to whom she is affianced ; her disguise is, however, discovered by an old serjeant, and she is meditating her escape when Colonel Drozenskoi appears in the camp, bearing offers of peace from the Czar, which Charles indignantly refuses. Drozenskoi is a rival lover of Floreska ; and as Charles has issued an order that every woman found in his camp should be put to death, she resolves, on account of



this second discovery of her sex, upon a speedy flight, which is effected by the aid of the old serjeant, and which concludes the first act. In the opening of the second, Peter is seen flying his pursuers, and seeking refuge, which is afforded him in Cocaski's mill. In this scene, which is precisely similar to the one in the drama at Drury Lane, although unequal to it in effect, the accidental meeting of Charles with the Czar occurs; and here also, as in the other piece, Charles is made to owe his life to his enemy; a declaration ensues between them, and they part to prepare themselves for the battle, which must determine the fate of one of them. Peter is victorious, and arrives at his army in time to save the life of Colonel Eugene, who, from having entered the camp with the view of rescuing Floreska, is discovered, and is about to be shot by the order of his rival, who is punished by Peter for his ungenerous revenge, by being dismissed the army. Charles is here brought in a wounded prisoner, and obtains from Peter his release, together with all his followers. Floreska is given to the Colonel, and Pauliska to the miller. Mr. C. Kemble took a good deal of pains with the character of Charles, and by his exertions saved the piece. The other actors had very little to do, but did that little well. There was some very pretty scenery introduced, and the drama was announced by Mr. C. Kemble for repetition with applause.

**TUESDAY, Feb. 24.—Oberon; Planché.—Battle of Pultawa.**

Miss Paton appeared at this theatre, in the part of Reiza, after an absence of two years. The house was crowded to overflow, and her reception was most enthusiastic. We are happy to state that the reports which have appeared in many of the provincial journals of the great alteration in her appearance, are apparently unfounded; as she seemed in excellent health, and never gave her songs with more taste, feeling, and execution.

Mr. Wood was allotted, for the first time, the arduous part of Sir Huon; though not possessing the science and powerful execution of his predecessors, he sustained the part very creditably. Mr. Henry's Oberon was far from being equal to Bland's, and so the audience seemed to be of opinion. Madame Vestris was encored in the air of "Farewell, my native land." Mr. J. Russell played Sherasman, instead of Mr. J. Penson.

**WEDNESDAY, Feb. 25.—Recruiting Officer; Farquhar.—Midas; O'Hara.**

**THURSDAY, Feb. 26.—Sublime and Beautiful; Morton.—Invincibles; Morton.—Battle of Pultawa.**

**FRIDAY, Feb. 27.—Oberon; Planché.—Battle of Pultawa.**

**SATURDAY, Feb. 28.—The Beaux Stratagem; Farquhar.—Ballet.—Battle of Pultawa.**

## ADELPHI.

MONDAY, Feb. 9.—After the burletta of *Monsieur Mallet*, a nautical drama was produced, from the pen of Mr. Ball, entitled *The Red Rover*. The business of the first act is entirely taken from the novel, and consists in Lieut. Helder seeking an interview with the commander of the Dolphin, who boldly avows himself to be the Red Rover, and offers Helder the second in command, which he accepts, on condition that his two friends, Fid and a Negro, may accompany him; the embarkation of Madame de Lacy and Gertrude; the capture of the inquisitive sailor, Homespun; and the departure of the Dolphin. The second act is entirely laid on board the main deck of the Dolphin. The unfortunate Homespun having offended the Rover's crew, is put by them into a cask, and is on the point of being made food for fishes, when Fid interposes and saves him: the enraged crew turn upon his rescuer; consequently a riot takes place, which is stopped by the appearance of the Rover. The poor sailor is still kept in a state of considerable anxiety, for he overhears one of the sailors declaring that he will blow him out of the great gun; and to avoid this terrible fate he spikes up the touch-hole with his bodkin. A ship is supposed to be seen, which turns out to be the Dart frigate. The Rover discovers that his new lieutenant and friends had but lately quitted it. The pirates demand they should be given up to them, but their leader nobly refuses; upon which they turn one of the cannons upon them, but it is of course the same Homespun had applied his bodkin to. After this second disturbance has been quelled, Madame de Lacy discovers Helder to be her son, whom she supposed had perished with his father. He had been saved by the humanity of Fid, who had removed him from the wreck where his parent had died. The pirates again insist upon sacrificing the strangers; and the Rover still attempting to save them, is shot. At the same instant the hold is discovered to be on fire. Helder and the ladies, &c. during the confusion, get into the boat, and escape; a tremendous explosion ensues, and the Rover's vessel, amidst the shrieks of the crew, gradually disappears, overwhelmed by the sea; and the Dart is seen with the lieutenant and his party clinging to its sides.

The characters were all most effectively sustained. Mr. Yates personated the brave and reckless Rover with great spirit and propriety; he in some parts well embodied the hero of the novel (as far as Mr. Ball had permitted him). Mr. Wilkinson, as Homespun, was very amusing; it is by far the best character he has been allotted at this theatre for some time: there is a certain quaintness in his style, and an originality of humour, not to be surpassed by any actor of the day. Mr. T. Cooke's performance of a British sailor is too well known to need our commendation; it most likely never was surpassed.

## SURREY.

This elegant and commodious theatre is particularly worthy of commendation: besides the veteran leader, whose name is a tower of strength, there is a very admirable company, both for the serious and comic department. On Wednesday last Mr. Charles Elliston took his benefit. The performances were Morton's eccentric and amusing comedy of *The Way to get Married*; a new farce, from the pen of Mr. Hood, called *Mr. Sims*; and a pantomime. The first was uncommonly well played: Mr. Elliston's Tangent had all the humour and vivacity of his earlier efforts; his assumption of madness to escape from the grasp of John Doe and his worthy coadjutor was truly laughable. Mr. Watkins Burroughs, formerly proprietor of this theatre, has been playing here during the month, and seems greatly improved by his sojourning in America.

The company of this establishment are about to present Mr. Elliston with a service of plate, for his firm resistance of what is termed "shilling orders," a system as injurious to the actor as in the end it must inevitably be to the manager.

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COBURG.

A new drama was performed here last week, under the imposing title of *The Ruby Cross*, which is a complete salmagundi of horrors, enough to satisfy the most greedy admirers of hot melo-drame.

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WEST LONDON.

Mr. T. Dibdin, that true agent of the laughter-loving god, has taken the management of this theatre. We wish him every success. 4

## HISTORICAL DEDUCTION OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.

That the present age is little productive of dramatic excellence, is a position that may be safely admitted. What can strictly be termed original is, with very few exceptions, not good ; and what may challenge our admiration is void of novelty. A developement of the causes which have produced this decline of an enchanting art, may not be unamusing, and, it is hoped, not without its use. When the mighty genius of Shakspeare formed our national drama, criticism was an art but little cultivated, and the translated models of ancient art were few ; the audiences of our theatres were generally mean ; learning, or rather the pedantry of learning, was then confined to the court. If we compare the productions which were collateral, we shall see that those played within the verge of the court were but coldly studied and extravagantly laboured, larded with quotations, and deformed by a phraseology against the idiom of our language. The courtiers forsook the vulgar where the vulgar were right ; and sense and passion sunk under the load of

“ Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,  
 “ Three pil’d hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
 “ Figures pedantical.”

The common stages, indeed, were sustained by more natural efforts. Sterling sense was little debased by a barbarous taste for the ancients, and the powerful creations of our native fancy were not mutilated by the application of a scale upon which they were never constructed. The magic of Macbeth was wrought by the aid of popular charms ; and the incantations of Lucan and Horace were unknown, or, if known, happily disregarded. The people could furnish a bolder enchantment, and one more suited to the genius and to the taste of Britons. How this drama has been weakened by its refinement ; how criticism has persisted in exacting imitation instead of originality, and loudly applauded what it neither felt nor loved, we proceed to investigate.

The influence of a court must, sooner or later, be universal : no sooner did the dawn of our dramatic day appear, but it was destined to be deformed by two reigns of perverse study and learned affectation. The steed that had been rough-riden by Elizabeth, was scrupulously appointed by James. Nature was smothered entirely by art, and genius was taught his stated paces, and limited in his course. If this mischief had only stiffened a court, it would have been but of little moment ; but it infected the people ; their common entertainments were interlarded with latinity, and all the mob processions, tricked out with odds and ends, stalked like Romans under arches decorated with Latin sentences.

The dialogue of the drama was thus studied ; but, morally still worse, what was deformed by bad taste was shortly to be defiled by indecency ; and the restoration of the theatre exhibited such prurience both of plot and dialogue, as was alone sufficient to ruin the manners of the people. Such, indeed, was the necessary result from a revolution which converted puritanic preciseness into profane licentiousness. The stage, utterly abandoned, lampooned decency, and insulted religion and morals.

From this gulf of depravity the drama was slowly redeemed, but it had suffered too much to retain any vestige of its origin ; and a set of features were carefully modelled from a French cast after the antique, but which they had invested with the garment of intrigue, and the lineaments of which all announced the refinement of gallantry and love.

Thus have we displayed the spirit of the stage from the period of its perfection until it became polluted by an affectation of classical literature ; but the time was hastening when the pursuit of manly genius, or of conceited learning, were to yield before the rage of puritanism in religion, and republicanism in the state. In the civil war died the drama that had sprung up perfect, and existed only sixty years in the country. An æra, however, was speedily to arrive when the king and his servants were to have their own again, and the people receive their former amusements ; then, from the corners in which they had pined away in penury, the aged survivors of the stage emerged to notice ; their art had not suffered by disease ; what they themselves knew was soon communicated to others ; and the works of the favorite of nature were, although sparingly, brought before the public.

But a revolution so sudden in the state, was preparing the depravation of manners, and the stage is but the mirror of the time. From men who were bigots in religion so horrible a regicide had proceeded as, by an erroneous association of ideas, to throw the very decencies of conduct into disrepute and suspicion. From the continent, Charles had brought a set of profligate practices, and his court soon laughed at the decorum of language and of life ; impiety and indecency were wit ; and conjugal infidelity were treated with the levity of approbation. Such was the spirit of the court, and the stage displayed its reflection with the usual fidelity. Then what a succession of horrible dramas did they exhibit ; every character had the fashionable taint.

“ Harpies and hydras, all the monstrous forms

“ *Twixt Araby and Ind.*”

The last step towards general impurity was taken ; and the gallants and belles of their comedies talked familiarly of brothels and china-shops ; the men were all bullies, and the women impudent and unchaste. Let any one who wishes to wonder at the problem life, read three plays of the reign of Charles the second, and avoid shuddering if he is able.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## MISCELLANIES.

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"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

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The following curious circumstance, relating to Shakspeare's acting the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*, is taken from a paragraph by Dr. Lodge, published in the year 1566, called "*Wit's Misirie and the World's Madnesse*," discovering the devils incarnate of this age. One of these devils is "*Hate-Virtue, who*," says the Doctor, "looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, which cried so miserably at the theatre, like an oister-wife, '*Hamlet, revenge*.'"

At Athens, when the drama had arrived to its highest degree of perfection, ten judges, men of known merit and integrity (who had places set apart for their conference) were chosen to decide what pieces merited the preference. They took an oath to decide equitably, and without the least regard to solicitations from any quarter: their authority extended so far that they exercised a right, not only to recompense men of merit, but to punish, even with whipping, those who were destitute of it. We are led to think that the generality of modern authors would have no wish to see a custom of this kind introduced into England.

It is "the common cry" of critics, that our modern actors are constantly thrusting themselves forward in characters for which their genius and abilities are utterly unsuited. We give two instances of persons indulging in this fault, fully equal to any that could be produced of the present day. When Mossop was manager of the Dublin Theatre, the *Maid of the Mill* was so successful that he resolved on producing it at his theatre. He had vocal performers sufficient in his company, and a band uncommonly good at that time; the opera, therefore, was announced in the green-room for rehearsal, and all the parts distributed, except that of Lord Aimworth. This excited some curiosity amongst the performers, to know who could be the person cast for the part. The secret was however kept back till within a few days of the performance, when the bills pompously announced in capitals, "*The part of Lord Aimworth (without the songs) by Mr. Mossop*." The opera, strange to tell, was played in this mutilated state to crowded houses. However absurd this conduct of Mossop's, what shall we say of Sheridan transferring Mercutio's fine description of a dream to the part of Romeo, merely because he would monopolize so fine a speech to himself.

*A Theatrical Epistle from an itinerant Player to his Friend,  
describing his Country Excursion.*

DEAR TOM.—To let you into *Secrets worth Knowing*, my last *Trip to Scarborough* afforded me a fair opportunity of turning *Dramatist*, and obtained me some small portion of *Notoriety*. The *Critic* called me the *Child of Nature*; and I was said to have merited the appellation of a *Humourist*. I afterwards sustained a principal character in *Love, Law, and Physic*, and the *Wedding Ring*, and assisted in the *Taming of a Shrew* by means of *Matrimony*; but this proved nothing better than a *Tragedy Rehearsed*, for, notwithstanding we lived as *Man and Wife*, it turned out, before the *Honey Moon* was consummated, that she was the *Wife of Two Husbands*. Of course there was the *Devil to pay*, although you perhaps may think it *Much Ado about Nothing*; but as *Every One has his Fault*, I determined to leave her, like a *Choleric Man*, in spite of her sighing *Heigho! for a Husband*, without calling in the *Village Lawyer*, or any one to *Hear both Sides*; and, as *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, I broke open the door, and performed the part of a *Runaway*. After this *Duplicity* on the part of my wife, and regarding such *Cabal and Love* as the mere *Follies of a Day*, I turned *Doctor and Apothecary*, and *Deaf Lover*, forming strong resolutions, while thus a *Prisoner at Large*, to follow the advice of *My Grandmother*, who always said to me, *Look before you Leap*, and be sure to *Know your own Mind*. Being reduced, however, by this *Chapter of Accidents*, to the *Manager's last Kick*, it was soon with me *Who wants a Guinea?* and *Turn Out* soon followed a *House to be Sold*; indeed it might have truly been said that I was the *Manager in Distress*, which, to tell you another *Secret*, brought on the *Blue Devils*, and I appeared to be in a complete *Doldrum*; inso-much that I even contemplated *Suicide*, had not a *Recruiting Officer* prevented it, by taking me to see a *Review at Hartford Bridge*. It was here I saw the *World in a Village*, and entered into a new *Speculation*, by personating the *Heir at Law* to the *Votary of Wealth*; by which *Stratagem—Knave or Not*—I had nearly succeeded in eloping with an *Heiress*, but for the sudden interposition of the *Man of the World*, her *Guardian*, assisted by the *Miller and his Men*, who stopped us at the *Turnpike Gate*. I considered myself now completely in the *Road to Ruin*; but, favoured by the darkness of the *Midnight Hour*, which was certainly *Darkness Visible*, I escaped to a *Woodman's Hut*; and next morning, *Just in Time*, commenced my *Journey to London* in the *Stage Coach*, to devise *Ways and Means* for *Raising the Wind*; but not as a *Provoked Husband*, *Fortune's Frolic* having deprived me of my intended, but now, *Mourning Bride*.

My fellow travellers were a *Fair Quaker of Deal*, a *Benevolent Tar*, a *Citizen*, a *Poor Gentleman*, and a *Monk*. The citizen seemed contriving

*How to grow Rich.* The benevolent tar and the monk were emblems of *False and True*; and as I looked in the face of the fair quaker, I could not but conclude that she was thinking more of the *Way to get Married*, than of those about her; for notwithstanding I by no means conceived her to be a *Romp*, yet her beautiful eyes seemed alternately to say *She Would and she Would Not*; and you need not be informed, Tom, that *Seeing is Believing*. The *Poor Gentleman*, who was an attentive, yet a silent, observer of all that passed, reminded me of *Days of Yore*, though his countenance indicated that he wanted *A Cure for the Heart Ache*; while the spare form and lank visage of the monk had the appearance of the *Castle Spectre*. I was awoke from these *Trances of Nourjahad*, as the coach stopped opposite the *Haunted Inn*, by the pressing solicitations of an interesting *Country Girl*, who was a *Sailor's Daughter*, in behalf of a *Distressed Mother*. The benevolent tar emptied his *Purse*, the monk gave her his benediction, the fair *Quaker* a tear or two, the citizen some sage advice she was not capable of following, which is too often *The Way of the World*, and the *Poor Gentleman* administered *Sighs*, those envoys of the heart, which he would fain have repressed, and which bespoke him a *Man of Ten Thousand*. The company here separated. I took up my abode in the *First Floor* of a *Boarding House*, resolving to adopt *Cheap Living*, as our theatre is not yet opened; and as I am not certain but you will set all this down as the *Lie of the Day*, or consider me as acting the part of *Harlequin Hoax*, I shall, without wasting any more time, subscribe myself, dear Tom, your's truly,

Jan. 28th, 1829.

J. P.

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### MODERN ENGLISH OPERA.

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Music shall wake her: That bath power to charm  
 Pale sickness, and avert the stings of pain:  
 But ever on the mind the sure effects  
 Are most conspicuous, where the varied notes  
 Can raise or quell our passions, and becalm  
 In sweet oblivion the too wakeful sense  
 Of grief or love; and print a dimpled smile  
 On the green bloodless cheek of dumb despair.  
 Such powerful strains bid harmony resound:  
 Such as good spirits are supposed to sing  
 O'er saints, while death dissolves the union band,  
 And frees them from the fretful dream of life.—FENTON.

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Perhaps no department of the English drama has degenerated more than the opera, and it may therefore be interesting to many to trace the origin and progress of this species of stage performances from the beginning of the last century to the present day. The operas, though not



known by that title, represented in the time of Dryden, are now nearly forgotten; and of those which the famous Purcell composed only a few of the most celebrated songs and choruses remain. The Indian Queen, the Indian Emperor, Bonduca, and Don Quixote, with several others, once so celebrated, are nearly consigned to oblivion, and Dryden's *Tempest* is the only one now generally known: the beauty of its music will always ensure admiration, so long as music shall continue to charm. About a century ago, the excellence of Handell's compositions, which were a species of music imported from the Italian school, brought the Italian opera into fashion, and from its novelty and style delighted an English audience. The applause with which the operas of *Rhadamistus* and *Agrippina* were received, as recorded in Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, appears to have far exceeded the approbation bestowed on some similar productions of later times. Indeed, the rage for the Italian opera was then so great, that it called forth the censure of Addison, who endeavoured to show the folly of his countrymen, in their pretending to admire what they could not understand; and to correct, at that time, the taste of the English audiences, he endeavoured to introduce upon the stage a species of opera which should combine intellect with harmony; he produced, therefore, in 1707 his *Rosamond*, of which it has been justly observed, "that the subject is well chosen, the fable agreeable and interesting, the imagery beautiful, and the versification easy and harmonious." It did not, however, with all its beauties, succeed, in consequence of its music, which was by Clayton, being as bad as the opera itself was excellent; but had the music been from the pen of an eminent composer, such as Arne or Shield, there is little doubt that it would have met with the greatest success. Some years afterwards the *Beggars' Opera* appeared. This is one of the most whimsical dramas ever produced upon the English stage, but notwithstanding possesses much to entitle it to the success it has always met with. The music was by Dr. Pepusch, and he harmonized the popular ballads to which the songs are written in a very correct and masterly manner. We are, however, indebted for some of our best English operas to the united talents of Bickerstaff and Arne; of which Love in a Village (although almost literally taken from Charles Johnson's *Village Opera*;) is one of the best specimens now extant; its music, composed by Dr. Arne, combines sublimity with harmony, peculiar to his own style of composition, and can never be heard by an English audience without the highest gratification. His *Artaxerxes* has generally been considered his *chef-d'œuvre*; but he has there copied too closely the Italian school of his time, and has endeavoured, by the difficulty of his bravuras, to astonish rather than delight his audience. The operas of *Lionel* and *Clarissa*, the *Maid of the Mill*, and the *Duenna*, are excellent productions, and must always hold a distinguished rank in our theatre, and continue to be admired by all real lovers of English melody.

If we examine the operas of the present day, we shall find by far the greater number of the stories contemptible and ridiculous, and the music more distinguished for its difficulty than its melody. The fable of an opera is now generally made a vehicle for songs, and it is of little consequence how frivolous or absurd it may be; and, as long as there are words capable of being arranged to music, the merit of the drama is entirely overlooked or forgotten. If any one of our modern operas was to be performed without its music, an audience would not tolerate it for a single night; but with the aid of Braham, Paton, Madame Vestris, Love, &c. it is repeated with the greatest success for a whole season. Every one, who is capable of understanding them, knows what wretched productions the Italian operas are; but, fortunately for the poet, (for it seems a poet is a regular appendage to the Opera-house) the greatest part of the polite world who frequent that theatre do not understand scarce one word they hear. But are our English authors condemned to write, and our composers to set, nonsense? why do they seem to act on the maxim of the old Italian opera writers, that "nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense?" and which has been so well satirized by Addison.—"The English," as that elegant writer observes, "have a genius for performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment." It is not, however, the words only of our modern operas that deserve censure, but the music also; this yet demands much innovation to raise it to that state of excellence which may be brought in comparison with those pure specimens and excellent models of English music, the works of Purcell and Arne, and more recently the compositions of the late Mr. Shield, will ever afford us. Let any person examine the music of our modern operas, and he will find them without either the boldness and animation of Purcell, the simplicity and elegance of Arne, or the purity and melody of our late lamented composer, Mr. Shield. Their labours are specimens of the genuine English school, and will ever be heard with delight; while, in the generality of modern compositions, ornament supplies the place of feeling, and rapid execution is substituted for true genius and correct taste. It is to be hoped that we shall now be provided with an author who will write an opera with more regard to dramatic rule, or at least with some attention to sense and probability; and a composer who will be content to imitate those pure models of simplicity and harmony which at one time spoke so feelingly to the heart, and tended in no little degree to improve the passions, in the place of that vitiated taste which has so long governed the style of our composers, and been the means of bringing the English opera to its present abject state.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

*Saturday, Feb. 7.* There was another bumper on Saturday night owing to the joint attractions of the four fascinating favourites. At the conclusion of the play Mr. Calcraft came forward and said, that, in gratitude for the favors Miss Paton had so repeatedly received from a Dublin audience, she would, with their permission, sing the Irish air of the "Minstrel Boy;" this announcement, with the song afterwards, was received with rapturous applause. Miss Foote charmed the auditory, in Variella, with the archness of her manner and the elegance of her dancing. On Monday the *Tempest*, *Personation*, and the *Forest of Bondy*, were well performed to a very thin house. The house was fuller on Tuesday, when Miss Foote personated Mrs. Haller, in the *Stranger*, in so feeling a manner that it drew tears from the eyes of many. Mr. Bennet was highly respectable in the *Stranger*. The Afterpiece exhibited the precocious talents of little Coveney, who performed Virginia to Master Correll's Paul. On Wednesday night Miss Foote performed Beatrice with all the tact necessary for this difficult part; Mr. Balls was the love-sick Benedict, and our old friend Williams, was, as usual, an excellent Dogberry. In the *Highland Reel*, Miss Foote delighted the audience with her singing and dancing as Moggie McGilpin; she was loudly encored in her Scotch reel. Miss Foote's engagement is but a short one; we are indeed surprised she has not drawn more crowded houses; the taste of Dublin must be strangely vitiated, when the "graceful siren-like and fascinating" Foote is suffered to exert her various and bewitching powers before such empty benches. Mr. Elrington will shortly make his first appearance on our boards, after an absence of seven years, as a tragedian; we have little doubt that this highly popular gentleman's

appearance will be crowned with complete success. *Rienzi* is to be got up for him. Monday Miss Foote and Mrs. Humby appeared in Lady Townly and Miss Jenny, in the *Provoked Husband*; a fashionable and crowded house.

Miss Coveney (who has been playing here for some time) took her benefit on the 14th, which was the last night of her engagement, in the characters of Polly in the *Beggars' Opera*, Mandane in *Artaxerxes*, and Apollo in *Midas*.

The opera of the *Nymph of the Grotto*, has been got up here with great splendour, but is nevertheless not likely to have any attraction. Miss Foote personated Amadis; her benefit, and the last night of her engagement, took place on Saturday, and she was then to proceed to Belfast, and afterwards to Cork.

### BELFAST.

*Tuesday, 17.* Last night presented what has never been the case here since Mrs. Waylett took her benefit last year, the most complete overflow, hundreds of persons being turned away from every avenue of the building. The favour in which Mrs. Waylett is held elsewhere has more than extended to Belfast; for nothing can surpass the enthusiasm with which she has been received on the boards. We should suppose the house, last night, must have reached 180l., which is 30l. more than we ever heard it had contained.

### LIVERPOOL.

The Theatre Royal opened on Monday, Feb. 9th. The performance was entirely operative, and extremely well attended from the attraction of Mr. Melrose, Miss Paton, Mr. A. Lee, and Miss Coveney, in addition to the regular company of the theatre. Miss Pa-

ton highly delighted her auditors in her "Soldier tired," and by her favourite ballads, "Oh, no, we never mention her," "The bank of Allan Water," and "Home, sweet home," in addition to the music of the pieces, *Love in a Village*, *The Haunted Tower*, and the *Devil's Bridge*, in which she appeared. The little warbler, Miss Coveney, was exceedingly attractive, and highly gratified the audience by her musical and histrionic talents, which she displayed (for her age) in a most extraordinary manner in her several performances. Her last night of appearance was Saturday the 14th, in the character of Apollo, in *Midas*, in which she was most rapturously applauded. Miss Paton's engagement terminated also on the same evening; she appeared as Lucy Bertram, in the musical play of *Guy Mannering*.

#### BATH.

The Italian Operas performing here by the pupils of the Royal Academy, under the arrangement of Signor de Begnis have drawn numerous and elegant audiences. Miss Childe, Mr. A. Sapio, and Mr. Bussi, are very highly spoken of. Monday, the 23d, was advertised as the last night of their performing.

#### MANCHESTER.

*Monday, Feb. 9.* Mr. Vandenhoff, an actor of great provincial celebrity, commenced an engagement of a few nights in the character of Coriolanus, which he sustained with great dignity and force. On Tuesday he appeared as Brutus, a part [indeed for which the talents of Mr. Vandenhoff are admirably adapted, and for which even his defects, or at least his leading defect, namely, a certain stiffness and

rigidity of deportment, is rather favourable than otherwise. The part of Cassius was well played by Mr. Waldron, who is our head tragedian, and an actor of great promise. The heroines are sustained here by Mrs. M. Gibbon, who performed a few seasons ago at Drury-Lane, and afterwards at the Coburg and other minor theatres. The Pantomime has been very successful, and does great credit to the inventor; it has run upwards of forty nights.

#### EDINBURGH.

THEATRE ROYAL. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 4, Miss L. Paton appeared as Peggy, in *The Country Girl*; on Thursday, the 5th, as Albina, in *The Will*, and as Lady Truelove, in *The Day after the Wedding*; and on Saturday as Letitia Hardy, and Marian Ramsay in the *Belles' Stratagem* and the *Turn Out*. The Theatre has been altogether badly attended, particularly during the month of January, but Miss Isabella Paton's benefit, on Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. was exceedingly well attended, the house was a real bumper. The comedy was *Know your own Mind*; and Miss Paton's representation of Lady Bell, was received with the most rapturous plaudits. A concert followed, in which Miss Eliza Paton particularly distinguished herself in "Mary's Dream," and "La Calona Place da," both of which were most deservedly encored. Miss I. Paton's "Merrily goes the Bark," and "Mary of Castle Carey," must not be omitted. The entertainments of the evening concluded with the *Romp*. *Charles the Twelfth* has been played here nightly with great success; the hero of the piece was sustained by Mr. Denham.

### ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

According to the authority of the best writers, Luzare Baif, a gentleman of Angevin, was the first who intro-

duced tragedy in France; but his dramas were merely translations from those of Sophocles and Euripides.

Jodelle is considered as the founder of the French tragedy; his first work was called *Cleopatra Captive*, published in the year 1552; his next was *The Sacrifice of Dido*, taken as closely as possible from Virgil, and a comedy, called *Eugene, or the Rencontre*. As *Cleopatra Captive* was the first tragedy ever acted in France, we will give a brief outline of the plot.

The piece is opened with the ghost of Antony, who complains that the Gods, jealous of his glory, had connived with Cupid to render him a slave to that passion which had caused his death. The ghost then appears to Cleopatra in a dream, and advises her rather to kill herself than be led in triumph, and chained to the chariot of Cæsar. The ghost (out of regard probably to the rules of Aristotle) enjoins her to meet him in the shades in less than twenty-four hours. In the second act, Cæsar enjoys the idea of Cleopatra's captivity. In the third he has an interview with the lady, who threatens to kick him, and he runs away. In the fourth she kills herself; and in the fifth they deplore her death.

A number of dramatic authors followed Jodelle, with various success; but as it is not our intention to give an exact history of the French stage, we shall say nothing of them till we come to Corneille, the Shakspeare of France. This great man, and well he deserves that epithet, was born at Rouen, on the 26th of June, 1606, and was originally intended for the bar. His first comedy, called *Mélite*, brought out at the age of nineteen, arose from the following circumstance: A young man took his friend (Corneille) with him to visit his mistress; the lady chose the friend and rejected the lover; the friend, charmed with the preference, instantly became a poet.

His first tragedy was called *Medée*, which had not by any means very great success, and appeared in the year 1635; and in 1636 was performed the famous tragedy of the *Cid*, and never had a

drama more celebrated success; it was repeated by heart, was taught to children, and it was the custom to say, "Beau comme le Cid." It is hardly possible to enumerate the nest of envious hornets which were roused by the extraordinary merits and success of this piece. It was afterwards followed by a variety of tragedies and comedies that met with almost equal favour; but, at last, even this great writer was obliged to introduce machinery, splendid decorations, &c. to make his dramas go down, as we find in the account of the living pegasus which was introduced into his *Andromède*, brought out in the year 1650. We subjoin an account.

"The great object of admiration was a living pegasus, slung in a way so peculiar that he sprung into the air and seemed lost in the clouds. The poor horse, it seems, was kept without food till he was almost starved, and in that condition fastened in the flies to a cord, with pulleys so constructed that by a counterpoise his own weight would carry him to the other side of the stage. When it was the proper time for this pegasus to exhibit, a man on the other side, so concealed as not to be seen by the audience, held in sight of the famished animal a sieve of oats. The creature instantly began neighing and pawing, and when he had been sufficiently irritated, the rope that had restrained him was loosened, and the effort threw him into the air till he arrived at his stable in the clouds, when he was recompensed by a good supper for his dexterity. It is true (adds the author of the article) we have seen living horses in the Italian opera, but none of them had to boast of the warlike ardour of the pegasus in Corneille's tragedy of *Andromède*, his movements were admirable, and certainly contributed very materially to the success of the piece."

(To be continued.)

## POETRY AND SONGS.

## THE BAD ACTOR.

A PARODY OF CARDINAL WOLSEY'S  
SPEECH IN HENRY VIII. DEDICATED  
TO MR. . . . .

————— "A poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon  
the stage,  
And then is heard no more."

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my  
acting.

This is an actor's state : to night he  
puts forth

The diffident words of hope, the next  
night bellows,

And bears his friends' applauses loud  
upon him ;

The next night comes a hiss, a killing  
hiss,

And when he thinks, good easy man,  
full surely

His fortune is ripening—nips his fame,  
And then he falls as I do. I have  
ventured,

Like harmless wanton bards who swim  
with the tide,

These several evenings in a dream of  
glory,

In parts behind my power ; my high  
strained rant,

At length, broke under me, and now  
has left me,

Weary and tired with speeches, to the  
mercy

Of a just pit that will for ever damn me.

Vain pomp and glory of the stage, I  
hate ye ;

I feel my mouth new opened, Oh ! how  
wretched

Is that poor man who hangs on critics'  
favors !

There is betwixt the applause we would  
aspire to,

That sweet aspect of faces and loud  
hands,

More pangs and terrors than news-  
papers have ;

And when he falls, he falls as dead  
men do,

Never to act again.

*We have selected the following Airs, &c.  
from the New Drama of Peter the  
Great.*

## SONG.—ILLO.

Your Highness, when he courted me,  
He looked as sad as sad could be,  
And talked a heap of flummery,  
Which I've forgot.

At last, determined to unmask,  
Says he, "It is a tender task,  
But, dearest, I have come to ask—  
You know what."

Says I, then pitying his distress,  
Since you your meaning can't express,  
You would be tying, I should guess,  
A certain knot !

And so we crave, ere it is tied,  
Your blessing, and, my Lord, beside,  
You promised you would give the bride,  
You know what.

## PETER.

A rover all over the wide world, I've  
found,

Wherever I sought 'em, good-fellows  
abound ;

And be they of Swedish or Muscovite  
mothers,

To me all good-fellows are welcome as  
brothers.

My foe in the field, when his weapon's  
put up, [wine cup.

A weary campaigner shall share my  
Then hob-a-nob, sing hob-a-nob,  
and drink while you may,

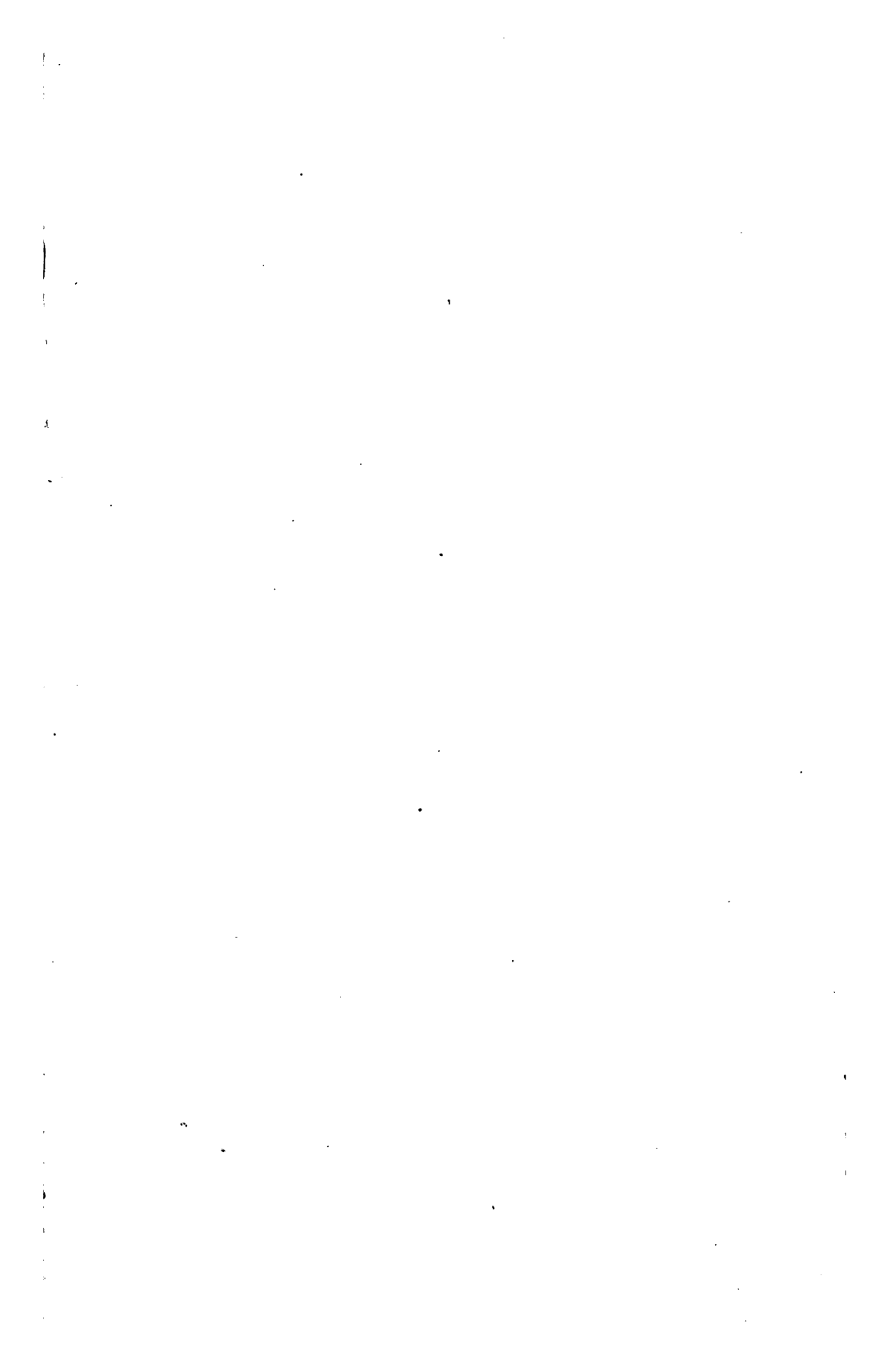
To-morrow, boys, fight, but be  
merry to-day.

'Tis pity that heroes fall out when they  
please, [ease ;

'Tis pity that millers can't live at their  
But what's that to you, they fight or  
they quarrel, [their laurel.

Content with your pay and a sprig of  
Be true to your leader, and conquer  
who will, [the mill.

Remember the welcome you had at  
Then hob-a-nob, &c. &c.





*Painted & Engraved by T.L. Burbu, for the Dramatic Magazine*

MISS PHILLIPS & M<sup>r</sup> YOUNG,

*as Claudia, & Cato, Ricci, in the*

*Tragedy of Ricci!*

*London, Published April 1<sup>st</sup> 1829, by Whittaker, Treacher & Arnot, Ave. Maria Lane,  
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THE  
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APRIL 1, 1829.

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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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DRURY LANE.

**MONDAY, March 2.**—*Measure for Measure*; Shakspeare.—*Ballet.*—*Don Giovanni*; Moncrief.

The original story upon which this play is founded is borrowed from Cynthio Gerald's novels. The scene in the novel, like the play, is laid at Vienna; but Shakspeare has made some material variations from Cynthio's text. In the original, Claudio is executed, and the Governor sends the head of his victim, with an air of infernal triumph, to his sister Isabella, after he had seduced her, by the most fallacious promises, to yield to his desires. In the novel, the Governor marries Isabella, to conceal the disgrace attendant on her pregnancy, and the deceived lady implores the Duke (in Cynthio an Emperor) to spare her husband's life, although he had been her brother's murderer. But all these unnatural occurrences are wisely eluded by the introduction of the episode of Mariana, who is aptly created by Shakspeare to furnish him with a power to avoid such incongruities.

Miss Phillips undertook, for the first time, the part of the heroine. Isabella is the most glowing portrait of exalted virtue that a poet ever delineated; for where can we find so sublime an instance of heroic courage, strong sisterly affection, and magnanimous suffering? In reviewing the character, we may exclaim with the poet,

—————" But if there can be virtue,  
A power that can preserve us after ashes,  
And make the name of men out-reckon ages,  
This woman has a god of virtue in her."

There were several touches of Miss Phillips's performance of this very difficult character that evinced an extraordinary knowledge and proficiency of the histrionic art; though, at the same time, we should be very bold and dangerous flatterers were we to say that her acting at all approached to perfection. Among many successful scenes, we have to notice her appeal to Angelo to spare her condemned brother's life; it

was most touching, most forcible, and spoke home to the heart. She was also extremely happy in the exquisite truth with which she delivered our immortal bard's emphatic eulogy on the godlike attributes of mercy. We were also much pleased with the correctness and beauty of her declamation, in speaking the following reproof to Angelo,—a reproof more pregnant with verbal nerve, philosophic strength, and moral beauty, than any one passage to be found in the wide range of dramatic literature :

—————“ Oh ! 'tis excellent  
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.”

We must not omit the glowing burst of indignation, when she abjures all affinity and alliance with her brother, on beholding him wavering in his resolutions, and eager to consent to his sister's shame, in order to prolong a forfeit life. Mr. Young's Duke, from first to last, as well when he supports his high rank and station, as when he assumes the garb of a friar, was a finished performance, blending dignity with ease, and firmness with feeling. Mr. Cooper's Angelo is liable to the objection of being on the whole too formal, and betraying at times too palpable symptoms of hypocrisy, for his character so long to have remained misunderstood. This gentleman has, in the course of the season, sustained a greater variety of characters, first, second, and third rate, than any person we recollect, and gets through them all very creditably ; yet few persons would say Mr. Cooper possessed much versatility of talent. The less we say about Mr. J. Vining's Claudio the better. In the lighter parts of the play Mr. Jones is entitled to much applause for his spirited personation of the gay, the thoughtless, and volatile Lucio. Mr. Harley's Pompey is a truly ludicrous performance. The same may be said of Mr. Webster's Froth. The play was received with great approbation by a very excellent house.

TUESDAY, March 3.—*Peter the Great* ; Morton and Kenny.—*Ups and Downs* ; Poole.

The new drama, to the great dismay and astonishment of the managers, authors, and composers, music-sellers, actors, &c. &c. has completely failed to draw, and has therefore, as little Keeley observes, been withdrawn. Had the hero of Sweden been made a more prominent part, and sustained by Mr. Farren, and all the tiresome loves and adventures of Alexis, Dorinski, &c. been cut out, we think the play would have been successful.

WEDNESDAY, March 4.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 5.—*Caswallon* ; Walker.—*Deaf as a Post* ; Poole.—*Charles the Twelfth* ; Planché.

FRIDAY, March 6.—No performance.

SATURDAY, March 7.—*Every One has his Fault*; Mrs. Inchbald.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*Amoroso*.

MONDAY, March 9.—*Measure for Measure*.—*Ballet*.—*Der Freischutz*.

TUESDAY, March 10.—*Casket* (first time).—*Ballet*.—*Youthful Queen*; Shannon.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—The Grand Duke, Mr. AITKEN; Count Blomberg, Mr. W. FARREN; Ludolph, Mr. BRAHAM; Wilbert, Mr. JONES; Starlitz, Mr. WEBSTER; Charles, Mr. HARLEY; Bernhalt, Mr. COOPER; Emmeline, Miss BETTS (her first appearance); Adela, Miss LOVE; Madame Bernhalt, Mrs. W. WEST.

The plot of the new opera is as follows: Count Blomberg has two daughters, Emmeline and Adela, whom he resolves shall immediately wed two persons he has never seen. The first he wishes to marry the nephew of Bernhalt, the court jeweller, and the other Wilbert, the son of an old friend; but these young ladies, as is the wonted custom of all heroines, whether of romances or operas, have already bestowed their affections; for Emmeline is in love with a stranger who had lately saved her life, (of course at the hazard of his own,) and Adela fancies herself deeply in love with her cousin Charles, whom she has not seen for eight years. Leaving the Count to overcome these difficulties, we turn to Bernhalt's house, who is on the point of setting off with Ludolph for Blomberg Castle. It appears that Bernhalt has no nephew, but has agreed to pass his friend Ludolph off as such, in order that he may ascertain whether the lady of the name of Emmeline, whom he had a short time ago prevented from being run over, is the Count's daughter. The jeweller, however, is prevented from accompanying his friend, and it is resolved that Ludolph shall go to the castle alone; but previous to his departure he deposits with him a casket of jewels worth 12,000 ducats, together with the writings of his estates. To the castle Ludolph goes, is well received by the Count, discovers Emmeline to be the person he had so anxiously wished to meet, and the act concludes with the lovers singing a duet.

Act II.—Miss Adela having prevailed upon her fond father to write to Wilbert to delay his coming to the castle, gives the letter to Starlitz to take. At this juncture Wilbert arrives, obtains possession of the letter, and finding that the inhabitants of the mansion are not inclined to receive him in his own character, he resolves to pass himself off as Charles, the Count's nephew. The Baron enters, and Wilbert makes a variety of affectionate gesticulations, which the other cannot comprehend; at length he informs him that he is his nephew Charles. The

Baron is tempted to exclaim with Foigard, "Devil take the relationship," he being, of all persons, the one he least wished to see at this time, and is therefore eager to hurry him out of the castle before he sees Adela; that lady, however, presently enters, learns that the gentleman is her cousin, eagerly rushes towards him, is of course delighted to see him, and, what is very astonishing, expresses little or no surprise at the very great change in his appearance. (Now mark, courteous reader, Mr. Jones wears a black wig and Mr. Harley a white one.) The Baron being obliged to leave the room, Adela questions her supposed cousin on their early pastimes, which of course very much perplexes Wilbert for replies. The lady finally quarrels with him for not having the ring she placed on his finger when they last parted. The Count returns, and orders him instantly to quit the castle. While Wilbert is puzzled how to act, Charles arrives, who is an awkward blockhead, and makes himself known to Wilbert, (as he is in great distress on account of some heavy bills that have been sent to his uncle,) who advises him to call himself Mr. Wilbert. He is accordingly introduced to the Count as such, who is as much delighted at his arrival as the daughter is annoyed, and who, moreover, thinks him to be a terrible ugly fellow. The Count now discovers that Ludolph had appeared to him under a false title. The act concludes with the two setting off for Frankfort, in order that Bernhalt may produce the jewels, and convince Blomberg of Ludolph's respectability.

The last act opens with the arrival of the Count and his intended son-in-law at the jeweller's house, who firmly denies that any casket of jewels had been left with him, and calls in his wife, who also declares the same, and Ludolph leaves the house in a half-distracted state. We now return to the castle, where all mistakes are cleared up. Adela is disgusted with her old playfellow, and perfectly satisfied with her new lover. The last scene is the palace of the Grand Duke, to whom Ludolph has stated his wrongs, and, as a foreigner, thrown himself on his protection. Bernhalt, accompanied by the Count, enters: after a long cross-examination, the Grand Duke (he ought to have been called *arch* Duke) commands the jeweller to write the following note to his wife: "All is discovered; send the casket by the bearer." This, of course, Bernhalt refuses to do. The Grand Duke then manages to get his signet-ring, under a pretext, and sends it to his wife with a message to the above effect. This stratagem succeeds; for the wife presently enters with the "damning evidence" in her hand. Bernhalt is led off to prison. Emmeline and the remainder of the *dramatis personæ* enter, and the opera concludes with the double union of Wilbert and Adela, Ludolph and Emmeline.

This new opera is also the production of Mr. Lacy, who appears determined to make up in quantity what he lacks in quality. When a man writes much, who ought not to write at all, he must write a great deal

of nonsense. What a man *must* do, he does. We thought, when witnessing the representation of the *Step Mother*, the *Soldier's Stratagem*, the *Orphan of Russia*, &c. that certain of our playwrights had attained to the very summit and *acmé* of folly, and that the impossibility of proceeding further in the pursuit furnished a rational ground of hope for reformation. But, vain and futile hope! for our writers have discovered an art and mystery unknown to the dramatists of former times, of refining upon nonsense, and improving in extravagance. We shall make no comment on the new opera, save that at the conclusion the disapprobation was so great as to prevent Mr. Cooper from announcing it for repetition. The music is by Mozart, and has never been performed in this country. Some of the airs possessed the brilliancy of that composer, but there was a great sameness about them, as they were all set in a slow movement.

Miss Betts appeared for the first time at this theatre, and was very favourably received. The quality of her voice is good, she is a very practised musician, and gave the airs allotted to her with very great success; but she evinces no feeling in her singing; it is more calculated to perplex than delight, and reminds us of an anecdote, as Sancho would say, pat to the purpose. When Ferrari, the great master of the bravura style, played a favourite and intricate composition to the illustrious Geminiani, he rested upon his violin with much self-satisfaction, and eagerly asked the opinion of that great master as to the merits of his performance, "Your execution, Sir," replied Geminiani, "is wonderful, but it has only affected my *ears*, not my *heart*." The airs allotted to Miss Love met with little approbation, and Mr. Braham sung with but little spirit.

The acting was very good. Mr. Jones, Mr. Harley, and Miss Love, spite of the gross improbability of the situations, occasionally betrayed the spectator into a laugh. Mr. Cooper had a character allotted to him that would have pleased a Coburg audience beyond measure. Mr. Braham was very energetic in the last scene, and Mr. Farren was a very pleasant old gentleman.

WEDNESDAY, March 11.—Handel's *Oratorio* of the *Messiah*.

THURSDAY, March 12.—*Rienzi*.—*Deaf as a Post*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

FRIDAY, March 13.—No performance.

SATURDAY, March 14.—*Casket*; *Lacy*.—*Ballet*.—*The Illustrious Stranger*; *Kenny*.

MONDAY, March 16.—*Carwallon*.—*Ballet*.—*Der Freischutz*.

**TUESDAY, March 17.**—*Siege of Belgrade*; Cobb.—*Love in Wrinkles*; Lacy.—*Charles the Twelfth*.—Katherine (first time) Miss BETTS.

**WEDNESDAY, March 18.**—A Grand Performance of *Antient and Modern Music*.

**THURSDAY, March 19.**—*Rienzi* (31st time).—*Deaf as a Post*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

**FRIDAY, March 20.**—No performance.

**SATURDAY, March 21.**—*Provoked Husband*; Vanburgh and Cibber.—*Ballet*.—*All at Sixes and Sevens*. (first time.)

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Lord Townly, Mr. YOUNG; Manly, Mr. COOPER; Sir Francis Wronghead, Mr. W. FARREN; 'Squire Richard, Mr. HARLEY; John Moody, Mr. LISTON; Count Basset, Mr. BROWNE; Lady Townly, Miss PHILLIPS (her first appearance in comedy); Lady Grace, Mrs. FAUCIT; Lady Wronghead, Mrs. C. JONES; Miss Jenny, Miss LOVE. t

Among all the stock comedies which our theatres are in the habit of representing, this is, in our idea, the very best. Its formation is natural, and its incidents probable; and there is a moral involved in nearly all the scenes, which, if duly attended to, must prove advantageous to a major part of the auditors. How many calamitous events might have been prevented in the higher circles of life, had the abettors and perpetrators of connubial infidelity but taken a lesson of caution and propriety from the passing miseries incidental to the matrimonial disputes between Lord Townly and his lady.

There is a curious anecdote relating to this piece, which perhaps some of our readers may not have met with. The comedy was originally begun by Sir John Vanburgh, who died before he had finished it. What he left was little more than those comic scenes relative to the Wronghead family. The serious part is entirely Cibber's composition. This serious part was conjectured to be Vanburgh's, and, under this notion, highly applauded the first night by Cibber's enemies; while the part really Vanburgh's was censured and condemned, on the supposition of its being written by Cibber. This partial injustice obliged Cibber to publish his part and that written by Vanburgh separately, when his enemies were shamefully convinced that the influence of their prejudice had led them, through mistake, to applaud what they would willingly have censured.

It is the imperative duty, however painful, of the critic, always to deliver his sentiments in the most free and open manner; his motto should ever be,

—“ Nor fear to strike,  
Where justice bids me on, nor dare to strike  
Where she forbids.”

To praise is far more congenial to our disposition than to censure, and fain would we relinquish the painful task of reviewing Miss Phillips's performance of Lady Townly: we say painful, it being little more than a complete failure. We do not mean to assert that Miss Phillips is to blame for appearing in the part of Lady Townly, but we think the managers acted very injudiciously in placing her in a character in which it was hardly possible for her to succeed. A person may be taught to sing, to play, to dance, to recite, or to excel, provided there is genius, in any other accomplishment; but the almost indescribable grace and manners of a lady, not only moving, but taking the lead, in the first circles, are not to be taught; they are to be acquired. That Miss Phillips has not had the time or opportunity to acquire all these superior excellencies, is a proposition we may very safely venture upon; but, independent of this, the lady has little or no genius for comedy; her manner was not sufficiently vivacious, and her humour

“ Was like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.”

Mr. Young's performance of Lord Townly was that of a perfect gentleman, a man of talent, and of the purest sensibility. In the scene where he informs his lady of his having determined on a separation, there was a noble and commanding earnestness in his countenance, a melancholy grandeur in the fine cadences of his voice, which made a deep impression on the audience. All the other characters were so admirably sustained, that there is little for the critic to say. At the conclusion Mr. Young came forward, and announced the comedy for repetition, “with your permission,” on Thursday and Saturday.

After the play a new farce was produced, called *All at Sixes and Sevens*, from the pen of Mr. C. Dibdin, which, to use the phrase of a popular author, “was strangled in its birth.” The characters were,—

Ebenezer, Mr. GATTIE; Whirlton, Mr. JONES; John Stubb, Mr. LISTON; Spruce, Mr. HARLEY; Grubb, Mr. HUGHES; William, Mr. LEE; Dob, Mr. W. BENNETT; Muzzle, Mr. WEBSTER; Miss Varnish, Mrs. ORGER; Betty, Mrs. WEBSTER; Miss Stubb, Miss LOVE.

As this composition has been ushered into the world under the designation of a farce, it may naturally be concluded that it has a plot; perhaps it has two, though we must confess our humble abilities will not permit us to understand the author's intention; but such parts of it as we are enabled to depict and decypher, we will.

Whirlton is a young man of fashion, and of considerable property, which he is not to come into possession of till the age of twenty-five; he therefore borrows money of a Jew, which his guardian Ebenezer hearing of, informs the Jew that there is a clause in the will to this effect:

should Whirlton borrow any money before he arrives at the age of twenty-five, the whole of the fortune is to go to him (Ebenezer). Whirlton, hearing of this clause, starts off with Miss Stubbs, a farmer's daughter (who has just left the fashionable boarding-school of Miss Varnish,) whom he meets by accident in the street, for Gretna Green. They are pursued and taken. Whirlton is arrested by the Jew Grubb, and placed in the King's Bench, and is shortly released by Ebenezer, who invented the scheme in the clause of the will to check his ward's extravagant disposition; while the fair partner of his Gretna Green excursion marries William, an old sweetheart. The piece altogether was so truly absurd, that the cries of "Off, off, off," soon became pretty general. This brought on Mr. Cooper, who stated that it was neither the interest nor the wish of the managers to thrust any production on the public. The farce was by the author of several popular pieces; and if they would give it a fair hearing, he pledged himself that, if it was then disapproved of, it should be withdrawn. It has accordingly been withdrawn. The great fault was the dialogue, which was composed of some of the vilest puns we ever heard. The acting was very good. Mr. Liston had the part of a Hampshire farmer, whose constant phrase was "Excuse my joke." Mr. Harley was a pert valet, and a corrector of phrases, a sort of walking dictionary. Mr. Jones was very amusing, especially in the last scene, when confined in the King's Bench. His entering in the regular bankrupt's costume, with a candle dangling on his finger, four muffins in his hand, and an ounce of "five-shilling green and four-and-eightpenny black;" this, together with his horror on his hearing that a barber was chum'd on him, produced some laughter. Miss Love made the most of her part, in the character of a farmer's daughter, blessed with all the affected airs and graces of a boarding-school Miss, speaking bad French, and imitating the waddle of her foreign governess.

MONDAY, March 23.—*Measure for Measure.*—*Deaf as a Post.*—*Illustrious Stranger.*

TUESDAY, March 24.—*Artaxerxes*; *Arne.*—*Portrait of Cervantes.*—*Haunted Inn.*

*Artaxerxes*, first time, Miss BARTOLOZZI; *Mandane*, Miss BETTS.

WEDNESDAY, March 25.—*Performance of Ancient and Modern Music.*

THURSDAY, March 26.—*Provoked Husband.*—*Ballet.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*

FRIDAY, March 27.—No performance.

SATURDAY, March 28.—*Provoked Husband.*—*Ballet.*—*Critic.*



## COVENT GARDEN.

MONDAY, March 2.—*Virginius*; Knowles.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

A Mr. Pemberton, who has obtained great professional celebrity in several of our provincial theatres, and who moreover gives lectures on the drama, appeared this evening in the part of *Virginius*. Mr. Pemberton's figure is below the middle stature, but is well proportioned; the outline of his features is good; his eye is full, but lacks lustre; his countenance is thin, and has a care-worn look, which renders it incapable of any great variety of expression. His action is awkward, and his whole deportment stiff and pedantic. His voice wants fullness and depth of tone, and even in level or pathetic dialogue possesses but little harmony or pathos; it is ill calculated either to subdue or command the passions. Though he cannot be styled an imitator, his representation of *Virginius* was evidently modelled after Macready's. Yet, with all the imperfections we have enumerated, Mr. Pemberton deserved and obtained, in several scenes, the warmest applause. The first three acts went off heavily. The whole of that beautiful scene, where *Virginius* betroths his daughter to *Icilius*, and which former representatives made so touching and impressive, Mr. Pemberton gave with very little effect. But in the appalling part of the drama, where the wretched father "with his own hand slays his only daughter," his acting may almost be said to have commanded the attention of his auditors. The deep agitation ere he struck the fatal blow; and his motionless attitude, with all the horror of his own act fearfully delineated on his countenance, after it was accomplished; though, in our opinion, he delayed the fatal stroke too long, for we think had *Virginius* been so long meditating the sacrifice, the father's feelings would have prevented it from being completed. In the last act Mr. Pemberton's manner has been censured by many of the critics, as being too violent and exaggerated, especially in the prison scene with *Appius*; but does not the fault lie with the author, in having introduced so disgusting a scene? The expression of his countenance, when he seizes on the tyrant, had the most fiend-like and determined look of vengeance we ever witnessed, and caused an involuntary shudder in many of the spectators.

At the conclusion there was considerable applause, and Mr. Pemberton was loudly called for, but did not appear. There was a very tolerable house.

TUESDAY, March 3.—*Oberon*; Planché.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

WEDNESDAY, March 4.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 5.—*Recruiting Officer*; Farquhar.—*Ballet*.—*Bottle Imp*.

FRIDAY, March 6.—A Grand Performance of *Ancient and Modern Music*, under the direction of Mr. Hawes.

SATURDAY March 7.—*Maid of Judah* (1st time).—*Battle of Pultawa*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Cedric of Rotherwood, Mr. H. PHILLIPS; Ivanhoe, his son (under the guise of a Pilgrim), Mr. WOOD; Wamba (the Jester), Mr. KEELEY; Gurth (the Swineherd), Mr. FARLEY; Robin Hood, Mr. DIDDEAR; Little John, Mr. O. SMITH; Oswald, Mr. HENRY; Friar Tuck, Mr. BARTLEY; Allan-a-Dale, Mr. MEARS; Miller, Mr. J. ISAACS. *Normans*. Sir Lucas de Beaumanoir (Grand Master of the Templars), Mr. EVANS; Sir Brian de Boisguilbert, Mr. WARDE; Sir Maurice de Bracey, Mr. G. STANSBURY; Damian, Mr. HOLL; Albert de Malvoisin, Mr. BIANCHI TAYLOR; Herald, Mr. IRWIN; Warder, Mr. TURNOUR; Norman Troops, &c. *Jews*. Isaac of York, Mr. EGERTON; Rebecca, his Daughter (the Maid of Judah), Miss PATON.

The vigorous and beautiful tale of Ivanhoe has been so frequently dramatized, and at the same time must be so familiar with all admirers of literature, that we shall depart, in this instance, from our usual plan of detailing the plot of every new production. Mr. Lacy is the author of the present drama, and the whole interest lies in Rebecca, the Jew's daughter, the only female character introduced. Cedric is almost immediately reconciled to his son, and Brian de Boisguilbert (as in the former drama produced at this theatre) has many of the sins of Reginald Front de Bœuf, as well as his own, to answer for. As a literary production it is truly contemptible, and not to be considered or reviewed in that light. It is of the music we have to speak, which is ably selected from the operas of Semiramide, Comte Ory, Armide, Donna del Lago, and other of Rossini's compositions. All the songs, chorusses, &c. are very happily introduced, and reflect great credit on Mr. Lacy's arrangement. But the chief attraction of the opera lies in the skill, mind, and wonderful ability displayed both in the acting and singing of Miss Paton. We shall not particularize the various pieces of music in which she excelled, but we think that the narrative song in the first act, and the difficult cavatina at the commencement of the second, are most entitled to notice. Of Miss Paton's acting we cannot speak too highly, for she gave such force and beauty to the part of Rebecca, as to become not only an object of delight, but a high example for the imitation of others. In every part of the character we had reason to approve, and frequently to admire. There was one scene in which she was so prominent as to excite the approval of every judicious person in the theatre; and that was in the 3d act, (when before the Grand Master,) by the air of majestic dignity, blended with feminine softness, when she threw down her

glove, demanding a champion. Next to Miss Paton, Mr. Egerton deserves very favourable notice, for the great feeling and pathos he displayed in the part of Isaac. He met with the deserving applause in the dungeon scene, where he pleads to the Templar to spare his daughter's honour. Mr. Phillips was of great assistance to the opera, by the richness of his base tones in the concerted pieces. Mr. Wood proved that, notwithstanding the great taste he has displayed in singing English ballads, he is unequal to the scientific music of the Italian operas. The other characters were well sustained. The piece was received with the loudest approbation by one of the most crowded houses of the season.

MONDAY, March 9.—*Merchant of Venice*; Shakspeare.—*Giovanni in London*; Moncrieff.

Mr. Pemberton appeared this evening in the part of Shylock, and more than improved the very favourable impression which he had made by his performance of Virginius; his faults, physical and acquired, were not so apparent, and the turbulent and unsatisfied passions of the Jew were given with much truth and energy. On the Jew's final exit, after his sanguinary scheme of revenge has been completely blasted, Mr. Pemberton made what is technically termed a new point. Kean, it will be recollected, replies to Gratiano's jest of the twelve god-fathers, by throwing the whole expression of his countenance into one look of withering scorn, while Mr. Pemberton turned round with an air of defiance. On the whole, we must observe on this gentleman's performance, that, notwithstanding some passages showed great force of observation and a sound judgment, it may be classed more under the head of an able lecture on the part, than a theatrical representation. He is constantly giving (and clearly understands) the author; yet not sufficiently dramatic. The Bath critics, some time ago, spoke very highly of his performance of Sir Edward Mortimer. We regret he has not tried that character in London, as he succeeds most in portraying the violent emotions of the soul; and his gloomy, care-worn look, and the wild expression of his eyes, are admirably adapted for that character. The house was well attended.

TUESDAY, March 10.—*Maid of Judah*; Lacy.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

WEDNESDAY, March 11.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 12.—*Sublime and Beautiful*; Morton.—*Invincibles*; Morton.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

FRIDAY, March 13.—Performance of *Ancient and Modern Music*.

SATURDAY, March 14.—*Maid of Judah*.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

MONDAY, March 16.—*Hamlet*.—*Miller and his Men* ; Pöcock.

TUESDAY, March 17.—*Maid of Judah*.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

WEDNESDAY, March 18.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 19.—*Recruiting Officer*.—*Home, Sweet Home*  
(first time).

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Captain La Roche, Mr. FAWCETT ; Colonel Henry La Roche (his son) Mr. WARDE ; Edward Malaise, Mr. WOOD ; Chevalier Charles Valcour, Mr. Wrench ; Natz, Mr. KEELEY ; Bronze, Mr. MEADOWS ; Madame Germance, Madame VESTRIS ; Florine, Miss FORDE ; Lisette, Miss GOWARD. The Overture and Music, with the exception of the National Airs, composed by Mr. BISHOP.

Henry La Roche, some years ago, left his native village, a poor ensign, deeply smitten with a young Savoyard, to whom he had given a written promise of marriage. During his absence the village-girl has married a rich old gentleman, and is become a widow of 3000*l.* a year. Henry (now Colonel La Roche) is about to return to his native village, and wishes to see his betrothed under an assumed name, as he is scrupulous whether an humble Savoyard is suitable to be a colonel's wife (not having heard of her first marriage). His intention is, however, betrayed to the lady by his father, and she is determined to give him a Roland for an Oliver. Accordingly she appears to him in the guise of a gay widow, and quite enchants the colonel with her beauty and accomplishments. She then assumes the garb of the humble Savoyard, and equally delights him with her modest grace and simplicity, so that the Colonel is puzzled which to chuse. At length his honour compels him to marry his first love, and he accordingly declares his intention to the widow. The lady pretends to faint, and while he is endeavouring to extract the cork from a smelling-bottle, she throws off the garb of the gay widow, and appears in the dress of the Savoyard.

The other portion of the piece is occupied with Edward Malaise deserting from his regiment, for the sole purpose of viewing his native valleys ; and, after having given his friends and his love Florine a great deal of trouble, his pardon is obtained.

The piece itself has very little merit, the dialogue being very common-place ; and the plot (that much-abused term) and incidents were very stale ; but the music was pretty, the scenery beautiful, and the acting excellent. Madame Vestris was most bewitching as the amiable Savoyard ; Warde, easy and agreeable as the Colonel ; Wrench, impudent and familiar, as the good-natured Valcour ; and Wood and Miss Forde had some very pretty airs allotted to them, which they gave with all due effect. The opera was received with very great applause by a crowded house.

FRIDAY, March 20.—A Performance of *Ancient and Modern Music*.

These performances have met with very indifferent success this season, notwithstanding there has been a very efficient company, and the selections have been made by Mr. Hawes with great taste and judgment.

SATURDAY, March 21.—*Maid of Judah*.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

MONDAY, March 23.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Home, Sweet Home*.

TUESDAY, March 24.—*Maid of Judah*.—*Auld Robin Gray* (a new divertisement).—*Raising the Wind*; Kenney.

WEDNESDAY, March 25.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 26.—*Home, sweet Home*.—*Invincibles*.—*Frankenstein*.

FRIDAY, March 27.—A Grand Performance of *Ancient and Modern Music*.

Handel's noble composition of Alexander's Feast was executed in the most masterly manner. Miss Paton made her first appearance at these performances.

SATURDAY, March 28.—*Maid of Judah*.—*Auld Robin Gray*.—*Honest Thieves*; Knight.

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## COBURG.

MONDAY, March 9, 1829.—A new drama was produced here from the pen of Mr. Milner, under the title of *The Spirit of the Waters*; or, *Undine and the Goblin Page*. The plot is as follows: The knight Hulbrand is lured by the Goblin Page, who is an agent of the Water King, to the cottage of Sturmvetter, a fisherman, where he meets with Undine. Fascinated with her beauty, he vows eternal fidelity to her amidst an assemblage of water-gods and Amphitrions. He then brings her to the court of Swabia, where the lady Bertalda, whom he had before been betrothed to, is residing. He is induced by her persuasions to desert Undine, and, to protect himself from the vengeance of her father, the Water-King, seek the aid of the Fire-King. A conflict ensues between the two elements. The Fire-King is of course vanquished, and the piece concludes with the union of the knight Hulbrand and Undine.

Some of the scenery was extremely beautiful, particularly the scene of the Black Valley, which is filled, by the influence of the Water-King, with a rolling torrent. This is instantly changed by the Fire-King into one of liquid fire, and finally, by the Water-King, into a limpid sheet of azure.

Miss Watson displayed uncommon merit in the part of Undine. Her appearance was wild and romantic, and her movements graceful and agile. All the other characters were well sustained. A Mr. Williams seems to be a very energetic and correct actor. Mr. Leach, the American dwarf, who appeared in the Pantomime at Drury Lane this season, plays the part of the Goblin Page, and goes through a variety of astonishing movements, not the least entertaining part of the performance. The house was very well filled ; and, notwithstanding the shilling orders, the company seemed quite as respectable as those we have been accustomed to see at the Cobourg.

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### ADELPHI.

March 14.—Mr. Henry commenced his annual Entertainment this evening. It consisted of *Sayings and Doings, Dissolvent Views, &c. &c.* Mr. Matthews has been so unwell, that his performance of *Monsieur Mallet* has been stopped two nights in consequence.

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### SURREY.

A long, full, and particular account of the entertaining performances at this theatre shall be given in our next. But, with the exception of Mr. Elliston's *Sir John Falstaff*, the last month has been occupied with benefits.

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### WEST LONDON.

The public will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that this hitherto losing speculation is in a fair way of amply rewarding Mr. T. Dibdin for his able and enterprising undertaking.

*Instances of the great estimation in which the Drama was held by the  
Antients.*

Acting was instituted on a religious account; and so tenacious were the Greeks, so jealous of the funds which were raised for the celebration of those shews, so watchful that they should not be expended in any other service, that it required not only all the art but all the credit of a Demosthenes, to throw out a hint to the people, and that too but obliquely, for the theatrical money to be appropriated to the advantage of the whole Athenian state, by applying it towards carrying on the war. "Was it me, oh, Athenians! who said the money raised for the exhibition of our plays should ever be laid out in necessaries for the present war? No, no; Jove, the thunderer, bear me witness. I would not so fatally incur the indignation of the people."

The Athenians have been known to lay out a hundred thousand pounds upon the decoration of one single tragedy of Sophocles. Not, sure, as it was merely a spectacle for idleness, or vacancy of thought to gaze at, but because they were the most rational, most instructive, and delightful compositions that human wit had yet arrived at, and consequently the most worthy to be the entertainment of a wise and warlike nation. And it may still be a question, whether this public spirit inspired Sophocles, or whether Sophocles inspired this public spirit?

The divine Socrates assisted Euripides in his compositions; the wise Solon frequented plays even in his decline of life; and Plutarch informs us he thought plays useful to polish the manners, enlighten the mind, and instil principles of virtue in the breast of every beholder. The Grecian states were all encouragers of plays; nay, Epaminondas, who, it is said, was rarely observed to laugh, was a great supporter of comedies.

As arts and sciences increased in Rome, when learning, eloquence, and poetry flourished, Lelius improved his social hours with Terence. A Scipio thought it not beneath him to enjoy the polite and brilliant party. Then triumphed wit indeed.

Mighty Cæsar, who gave laws and freedom to Rome, was an excellent poet as well as orator; he thought the former title an addition to his honour, and never mentioned the names of Terence and Menander but with reverence and respect.

His successor, Augustus, found it easier to make himself sovereign of the world than to write a good tragedy; he began a play called *Ajax*, but could not finish it.

Brutus, the virtuous, the moral Brutus, thought his time not misemployed in a journey from Rome to Naples, only to see an excellent troop of comedians; and was so well pleased with their performance that he sent them to Rome, with letters of recommendation to Cicero, to take them under his patronage. This too, was at a time when the

city was under no small confusion from the murder of Cæsar; yet, amidst the tumult of those times, and the hurry of his own affairs, he thought the having a good company of actors of too much consequence to the public to be neglected; and in such estimation was Roscius held by Cicero, that in pleading the cause of the poet Archias, he speaks of that actor emphatically and affectionately, and says, "Who of us was so brutish of temper, or hard of heart, as not to feel the tenderest emotions from the death of Roscius; true, he died old, but methinks, for the excellence and beauty of his art, he merited to be exempted from death."

In the days of Augustus dramatic entertainments were the common public diversions of the people through all the provinces of that spacious empire; had they been deemed immoral, could they have passed uncensured by all our Apostles, who at that time went forth by divine command to convert all nations. No vice, no impiety escaped them; not only crying sins provoked their censure, they even reprov'd the indecencies of dress, and indelicacies of behaviour. In many places they must certainly have met with theatres: but we have not heard of any one poet or actor who received any reprimand from them. The holy Scriptures does not furnish us with an argument against plays; on the contrary, we find quotations there in favour of them. The text of St. Paul, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," was an expression of the comic poet, Menander, three centuries before. By the Apostle adopting this sentiment it clearly shews that dramatic writings does not lay under the censure of the Gospel. Would St. Paul, who was one of the most learned men of the Apostles, have incorporated the noted saying of a heathen poet into the Gospel (however moral the expression might be), if plays had been deemed criminal and improper, or if such entertainments had been thought unworthy of Christian auditors?

A further instance of his respect for dramatic writers, we find in the 28th verse of the xviith chapter of Acts; it runs thus: "in him we live and move, and have our living, as certain writers of your own have said, for we are his offspring also."

Again, in the 12th verse of the 1st chapter of his Epistle to Titus, he uses the words of Epaminondas the poet, when he says, "One of themselves, even a prophet, said, the Cretans are always liars." Thus the Apostle not only speaks in the words of the poets, but he also vindicates the usefulness, innocence, and morality of the drama.\*

*(To be continued.)*

\* The latter part of this paper is taken from a dissertation of Theophilus Cibber.



# COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS AMONG DRAMATIC WRITERS.

View this majestic ruin, and then judge,  
By what remains, how excellent a pile  
Grief hath defaced : absent to all things else,  
And self-resign'd to silence and despair,  
See, he appears his own sad monument.

*Marina.*

LILLO.

---

Awhile she stood,  
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd  
Her own pale monument.

FENTON.

---

Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls  
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak ;  
And in the shadow of the silent night  
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.  
*The Jew of Malta.*

MARLOW.

As I have been a vulture to thy heart,  
So will I be a raven to thy ear,  
As true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,  
As ever flapp'd its heavy wing against  
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair.  
YOUNG.

---

It is decreed ; nor shall the fate of Rome  
Resist my vow. Though hills were set on hills,  
And seas met seas to guard thee, I would through ;  
I'll plough up rocks, steep as the Alps, in dust,  
And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds,  
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city.  
*Cataline.*

BEN JONSON.

The vow is made, nor shall thy flattering fate,  
O Mirza, contradict it ; though thy troops  
Hood like a wall about thee ; nay, though Jove  
Press all the gods to guard thee, and should arm  
Them every one with thunder, I would through ;  
I'll tear the groundsels of thy towers up,  
And make their nodding spires kiss the centre,  
But I will reach thy heart, thy heart, proud victor.  
*Mirza.*

BARON.

---

This Roman resolution of self-murder,  
Will not hold water at thy high tribunal,

*Coincidences and Imitations.*

When it comes to be argued ; my good genius  
 Prompts me to this consideration. He  
 That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it ;  
 And at the best shows but a bastard valour.  
 This life's a fort committed to my trust,  
 Which I must not yield up till it be forced :  
 Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,  
 But he that boldly bears calamity.

*The Maid of Honour.*

MASSINGER.

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What more speaks  
 Greatness of man that valiant patience,  
 That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes ?  
 These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,  
 Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,  
 Which we erroneously do stile the deeds  
 Of the heroic and magnanimous men,  
 Was dead-eyed cowardice and white-cheek'd fear ;  
 Who, doubting tyranny, and fainting under  
 Fortune's false lottery, desperately run  
 To death for dread of death : that soul's most stout,  
 That daring all mischance, dares last it out.

*The Honest Man's Fortune.*

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

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That eating canker, grief, with wasteful spite,  
 Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty.

ROWE.

What a rich feast the canker, grief, has made !  
 How has it suck'd the roses of thy cheeks,  
 And drank the liquid crystal of thy eyes !

SEWELL.

---

Even as an aged oak  
 Push'd to and fro, the labour of the storm,  
 Whose largest branches are struck off by thunder ;  
 Yet still he lives, and on the mountain groans ;  
 Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,  
 And more rever'd in ruin than in glory.

YOUNG.

---

Like an aged oak, that long  
 Hath fought with tempests, and withstood the rage  
 Of burning air, now yields to every gust  
 A bough or arm, till one more violent  
 Shatters the dried limbs, or quick roots it up.

NABB.

( *To be continued.* )

## THE ENGLISH DRAMA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

There is no subject more replete with romantic interest, with room for philosophic inquiry, materials for the qualification of antiquarian research, and mete food for the poetic mind, than the Drama ; it embraces philosophy, poetry, and romance, in its ample scope ; and the student, he who enters upon the wide field of research, with that love of his subject which ought to animate every one who devotes his pursuit to any particular object, cannot fail to derive unspeakable delight from the perusal of the imperishable works of those older dramatic bards, who, having shed a brilliant light over their own generation, cast a more sober, but an equally vivid reflection upon ours.

The first rudiments of the drama are very similar in every country. The dithrambic hymns to Bacchus bear a resemblance to our mysteries and moralities ; and what was the car of Thespis more than those stages on which these mysteries and moralities, and other peagants were performed ?

It is probable that in England, dramatic representations were revived at a period as early as in any nation in Europe, probably earlier. Wm. Fitz Stephen, a Canterbury monk, who wrote his *Descriptis Nobilissimæ, Civitatis Londoniæ*, probably about 1174, certainly before 1186, says, " London, instead of common interludes belonging to the theatres, has plays of a more holy subject, representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear." It thus appears that there were at this early period two species of theatrical entertainments, viz. interludes, which, as the worthy monk contrasts them with the other species, were probably of a secular cast ; and miracle plays, which, there is no doubt, were the mysteries that afterwards became so popular. Strutt imagines that the interludes were older than the miracle plays ; and says they were " acted by strolling companies, composed of minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, hourdoin, or jesters, and other persons properly qualified for the different parts of the entertainment, which admitted of a variety of exhibitions." He suggests, that the gaws made by these itinerants excited the cupidity of the monks, and induced them, and other " ecclesiastics to turn actors themselves, in order to have a share of public bounty." But as they could not perform in secular plays without great scandal, " they took the subject of their dialogues from Holy Writ, and played them in their churches." A clerical writer of the period \* seems to attribute the introduction, or the patronage, of religious plays by the clergy, to the immorality of the interludes.

Mathew Paris, who wrote about 1240, is the first writer who records

\* John of Salisbury, who flourished in the 12th century.

the performance of a particular mystery in England. This was called *Saint Catherine*. It was written by Geoffery, a Norman, who came to England to take charge of a school belonging to the prior of St. Albans; he, however, waited in Normandy too long after he received an invitation from the prior; and when he arrived in England found the school otherwise disposed of; he finally fixed himself at Dunstable, and here the mystery of *Saint Catherine* was composed, probably by his scholars. We find that the sacrist of St. Albans sent Geoffrey some of the sacred vestments in which the characters were attired.

M. Henault says, in his *Abrégé Chron. de l'Hist. de France*, that this was the first attempt towards the revival of dramatic entertainments in Europe; but, according to Fitz Stephen, the drama, such as it was, had been amongst the amusements in England for upwards of a century before. In Italy, we cannot trace the representation of theatrical pieces, either secular or ecclesiastical, higher than the year 1298, in which year on the Feast of Pentecost, and two following days, *The Way of Christ* was represented by the clergy of Civita Vecchia; in France, there are no records of the drama existing further back than 1398, when the mystery of *The Passion* was represented at St. Maur.

The earliest mysteries of which we have any topics now extant, are those of Chester, which were written by Ralph Higden, a Benedictine monk, and compiler of the *Polychronicon*. They exist in MS. in the British Museum, among the Harleian MSS. and are twenty-four in number. They are generally supposed to have been written about the year 1327, and it seems the author had to go three times to Rome before he could obtain leave of the Pope to have them exhibited in the English tongue. These myteries continued to be performed in Chester for upwards of two centuries and a half; the last time they were represented being in 1600. The following extracts from Archbishop Rogers's MSS. (Harl. 1948,) will give our readers some idea of the mode in which the myteries were enacted.

"The manner of which playes was thus: they weare divided into twenty-four pagiantes according to the companyes of the cittie, and every companye brought forth their pagiante, which was the carriage or place which the played in. And thei first beganne at the Abbaye gates, and when the firste pageante was played at the Abbaye gates, then it was wheeled from thense to Peritire, at the hyghe Crosse, before the Maior, and before that was donne the seconde came,—and the first went into Watergate streete, from thense unto the Bridge streete, and so one after an other, till all the pagiantes weare played, appoynted for the firste daye, and so likewise for the seconde and the thirde daye—there pagiante or carige was a highe place made like a houze with two rowmes, being open on the tope,—the lower rowme theie apparrelled & drecied themselves, and the higher rowme theie played, and theie stooode upon VI wheeles, & when the had donne with one cariage in one place theie wheled the same from one streete to another."

Whoever they were written by, these mysteries were, as the prologue sets forth, regularly represented at Chester at Whitsuntide; and they were considered "to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people on the most important subjects of religion, that one of the popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably" to their representation. "And this indulgence was seconded by the bishop of the diocese, who granted forty days of pardon; the pope at the same time denounced the sentence of damnation on all those incorrigible sinners, who presumed to interrupt the due celebration of these pious sports."\*

Perhaps our readers may like to see, from a few extracts, how much these mysteries were to contribute to the information and instruction of the people. The first extract is from *The Creation*; this mystery was represented by the Drapers Company, and the following stage direction is given, after the Deity, (who the authors of these entertainments made no scruple of introducing on the stage) has announced his determination to create woman as a helpmate for man.

[Then GOD doth make the woman of the ribb of ADAM; then ADAM waking, speaketh unto GOD as followeth:]

Adam.—O Lorde, where have I long bene,  
For, since I slept, moch have I seene;  
Wounder that withouten weene  
Hereafter shall be wiste.

Deus.—Rise up, Adam, and awake,  
Here have I formed thee a mate,  
Her to thee thou shalt take,  
And name her as thy sister.

[Adam rising up saith,]

Adam.—I see welle, Lorde, through thy grace,  
Bone of my bone thou her mase,  
And flesh of my flesh she hase,  
And my shape through thy lave;  
Wherefore she shall be called says I aysse  
Virago, nothinge amisse;  
For out of man taken she is,  
And to man she shall drawe,  
Of earth thou madest first me,  
Both bone and flesh now I see;  
Thou hast her given thorough thy portye  
Of that life I in me had.

Therefore man kindly shall forsake  
Father and mother, and to wife betake,  
For in one flesh, as thou tane make  
Eyther other for to gladde.

\* Warton.

This is a very fair specimen of this mystery ; the following is from the *Deluge*, which was represented by the Dyers. Noah is entreating his wife to enter the ark, after all the beasts and fowls are safely housed therein.

*Noe.*—Wife come in, why standes thou there?  
Thou art ever froward, that dare I sweare,  
Come in on Godes halfe ; tyme it were,  
For fear that lest we drowne.

*Wife.*—Yea, Sir, set up your saile,  
And rowe forthe with evil haile,  
For withouten anie faile

I will not oute of this towne ;  
But I have my gossipes evrich one,  
One foot further I will not gone ;  
They shall not drown, by St. John,  
And I may save ther life.  
They loved me full well, by Christ :  
But thou will set them in thie chist,  
Ellis rowe forth Noe, when thou list,  
And get thee a newe wife.

*Noe.*—Sem, sonne, nowe thie mother is war o'woe,  
By God faith another I doe not knowe.

*Sem.*—Father, I shall fetch her in I trowe,  
Withouten anie faile.  
Mother, my father after thee sends,  
And biddes thee into yonder shippe wends ;  
Looke up and see the winds,

For we bene readie to sayle.

*Wife.*—Sonne, go again to him and saye,  
I will not come therein to-daye.

*Noe.*—Come in wife, in twenty devill way,  
Or ellis stand there without.

*Cham.*—Shall we all fetch her in ?

*Noe.*—Yea, sonnes, in Christ's blessing and mine,  
I would ye hied, yea, bety me ;  
For of this flood I stand in doubt.

*The Good Gossipes.*—The flood comes fleeting in a-pace,  
One every side it spreadeth full fore ;  
For fear of drowning I am agast.  
Good gossipes, let me draw neare,  
And let us drink ere we depart ;  
For oft-times we have done so :  
For at a draught thou drinks a quart,  
And so will I doe or I goe.

(*To be continued.*)

## MISCELLANIES.

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“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

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When Mr. Colman had written his excellent piece called the *Spanish Barber*, elated with the happy incidents which he had chosen, he immediately repaired to Foote to give him an account of it. The wit listened with very great attention, and Mr. C. with great satisfaction explained it, adding that he had fixed upon one of the happiest duets imaginable: “ One fellow sneezing, and another yawning; now I have found a player who sneezes most admirably, but there’s not one I can teach to yawn.” “ Well, well,” returned Foot, with a smile of pleasure; “ that can easily be remedied: take him, whoever he is, to your house, and read the last two acts of the *English Merchant*, and I engage you make him yawn.”

*Drury Lane Theatrical Dinner.*—On Wednesday the Anniversary Dinner of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund took place at the Freemasons’ Hall; his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence in the Chair. A most numerous and elegant auditory congregated to do honor to the occasion. Messrs. Broadhurst, T. Cooke, Bianchi Taylor, Leete, Evans, Fitzwilliam, Stansbury, Nicholson, and Masters Smith, King, and Foster, contributed in no small degree to enhance the evening’s entertainments. The Duke of Clarence, on his health being drank, said, it was his opinion, as a statesman, that no country could be well governed unless it was happily governed, and the happiness of the subject ought to be the first consideration of the state, and that nothing would contribute so much to that happiness as a well regulated and well conducted stage. Mr. Harley, on behalf of the charity, made a most forcible and eloquent appeal to the hearts of the company, which was received with the loudest plaudits. He stated, that from 1793 to 1818 the Fund was so much depressed, that the utmost it allowed to the annuitants was from 30*l.* to 45*l.* per annum; many are now receiving from it an annual income of from 40*l.* to 100*l.* Among the subscriptions announced we have much pleasure to record the following;—His Most Gracious Majesty the King, 100*l.*; his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, 50*l.*; the Duchess of St. Alban’s, 50*l.*; the Duke of Bedford, 50*l.*; the Duke of Montrose, 50*l.*; the Marquis of Stafford, 50*l.*; the Marquis of Clanricarde, 50*l.*; the Earl of Chesterfield, 25*l.*; the Earl of Essex, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Lord Fife, 10*l.*; Sir Gilbert Heathcote, 10*l.*; Stephen Price, Esq. 25*l.*; Edmund Kean, Esq. 20*l.*; with a variety of other subscriptions, making in the whole upwards of 1,000*l.*

A Minor Theatrical Fund is, we are glad to hear, about to be established. A second meeting of the actors of the Coburg Theatre, at which theatre the proposition originated, was held on the 13th, when the first subscriptions were received.

## DRURY LANE.

	Persons.
The Dress Circle of Boxes will contain 26 Boxes, 9 persons in each .....	234
First Circle, 14 Boxes, 14 persons in each.....	196
Second Circle.....	480
Private Boxes, 20 Boxes, 8 in each.....	160
Private Family Boxes, 16 Boxes, 6 in each.....	96
Proscenium Boxes, 8 Boxes, 8 in each .....	64
Slips.....	180
Pit.....	800
Lower Gallery.....	550
Upper Gallery .....	350
Total number....	3060

## COVENT GARDEN.

	Persons.
The public Boxes will contain .....	1200
The Pit .....	750
Lower Gallery .....	500
Upper Gallery.....	350
Total number....	2800

(*From the Companion to the Theatre.*)

*Mr. Cumberland.*—It was reported that Mr. Cumberland had received a handsome present from the Israelites, in consequence of the white-washing, or rather gilding he had given them in his *Jew*. This report induced a gentleman to ask him the question—"No," said Mr. C. "they gave me nothing, and, to tell you the truth, I am rather glad of it, for if they had, in all probability, I should have been indicted for receiving stolen goods."

*Expences of the Theatres.*—In 1805 Drury Lane Theatre held 3611 persons, when the receipts amounted to £770. 16s. The expences including performers, lights, ground-rent, &c. were upwards of £200 per night. Salaries £740 per week, or about £124 per night. The receipts of Drury Lane Theatre during the four years after building in 1812, were, first year £79,924; second year £78,389; third year £71,585; fourth year £49,586. In 1816, the seven last nightly receipts on Kean's performance (as Sir Giles Overreach, and one as Bertram) were £3984, averaging £569 each night. From a statement of the accounts of Covent Garden Theatre from 1803 to 1809, six years, it appears that the receipt of each season averaged £61,000, and the average profit of each year £8345.

It appears by the pending suit in Chancery relative to Covent Garden



Theatre, that the annual expences of that establishment amounted to an average of about £53 or £54,000, making the nightly expences between £3 and £400. By the same proceeding it appears that the average profits are about £12,000 per annum. The nightly expences of each patent theatre is elsewhere stated to be from 200 to 220 guineas, and Mr. T. Dibdin, who has examined the Drury Lane books, gives the expences of that house at the latter sum.

*The Devil in the Theatre.*—It is told of some English theatre, that, during the performance of Doctor Faustus, the audience and the doctor suddenly discovered one more and much uglier devil than belonged to the piece, who was dancing and kicking his heels about very merrily with the rest. Immediately on his being observed, he took flight, and, it is added, carried away with him the roof of the theatre. I find this story alluded to in a curious work, entitled “The Blacke Booke,” (a proper depository!) “London, printed in black letter, by T. C. for Jeffery Chorlton, 1604.” “The light-burning Serjant Lucifer,” says of one running away through fear of fire at a brothel, “hee had a head of hayre like one of my divells in Doctor Faustus, when the olde theater crackt and frighted the audience.” The French have amongst them a similar fable. J. J. Rousseau, in his “*Œuvres Diverses*,” Amst. 1761, vol. ii. p. 186, relates it thus, according to my translation: “I have in my youth read a tragedy called *The Slave*, in which the devil was represented by one of the actors. The piece was once performed, as I was informed, when this personage coming on the stage, found himself in company with a second devil, the original, who, as if jealous of the audacity of the counterfeit, appeared in *propria persona*, frightened all the people out of the house, and put an end to the representation.”

We insert the following passage from the life of the late Dr. Cumberland, to contradict a very silly anecdote that has been long circulated against him:

“It is not my single misfortune to have been accused of vanity which I did not feel, of satires which I did not write, and of invectives which I disdained even to meditate. It stands recorded of me in a review to this hour, that on the first night of *The School for Scandal*, I was overheard in the lobby endeavouring to decry and cavil at that excellent comedy: I gave my accuser proof positive that I was at Bath during the time of its first run, never saw it during its first season, and exhibited my pocket-journal in confirmation of my *alibi*; the gentleman was convinced of my innocence; but as he had no opportunity of correcting his libel, every body that read it remains convinced of my guilt. Now as none, who ever heard my name, will fail to suppose I must have said what is imputed to me in bitterness of heart, not from defect in head, this false aspersion of my character was cruel and injurious in the extreme. I hold it right to explain that the reviewer I am speaking of has been long since dead.”

Macklin, the celebrated performer, being with a party of friends one evening, was asked, whether Mr. Macklin, the late printseller in Fleet-street, was any relation of his? "No, Sir; I am the first of my name; there was no other Macklin before me, as I invented it merely to get rid of that damned Irish name, M'Laughlin." "But might not such a name exist without your knowing it?" said a dignitary of the church present. "No, Sir," growlingly. "Why, now I think of it," replied the other, there was a printer, towards the close of the sixteenth century, near Temple-bar, of that name;" and appealing to a gentleman present very conversant in black-letter learning, "I believe you might have seen books of his printing." "O, yes," says the other; "several works with the name of Macklin at the bottom of the title-page." Upon this most of the company exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Macklin, what do you say now? Here is proof positive." "Say now, Sir?" says Macklin; "why, all I have to say is, that," looking the two antiquarians full in the face, "black-letter men will lie like other men." This did not, however, interrupt the harmony of the company, and Macklin fell into his good-humoured way of talking again, which he continued to the end of the evening, exhibiting a very uncommon specimen of spirits and conversational talents for the age of ninety-one.

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#### DRAMATIC WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

*Longinus*; a tragedy, in five acts. By Jacob Jones, Esq. Second Edition.

*The Stepmother*; a tragedy, in five acts. By Jacob Jones, Esq.

*The Companion to the Theatres, and Manual of the British Drama.* By Horace Foote. This little work is literally what the title-page expresses, a companion to the theatres, and, in addition to a complete history of all the metropolitan theatres, abounds in a variety of matter deeply interesting either to the play-going person or lover of the drama. We have made a few extracts from it, but refrain from taking more, as we think most of our readers will have this valuable work in their possession.

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#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MISS PHILLIPS, OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

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"The Poet designs for representation, but it is the Performer who gives to the draught a form, a spirit, a countenance, a mind."—MURPHY.

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The interesting subject of this brief memoir affords but little of that broad and dazzling material which is calculated to attract the curious reader. She has herself excited a most unusual and deserved sensation;

but we do not flatter ourselves that such will be the lot of her history. Miss Louisa Anne Phillips was born on the 27th of December, 1812, in Little Chelsea, and is the youngest of six children; her father is a geographical engineer and engraver, and formerly resided at Brighton. Like several of the most celebrated of our dramatic heroines, Miss Phillips evinced, at a very early period, a predilection for the stage; for we find that at the age of thirteen she took so great an interest in theatrical representations, and exhibited so decided a passion for the histrionic art, that a friend of the family was induced to apply to Mr. Price, the lessee of Drury Lane, to know whether he would enter into a plan for educating a young person exclusively for the stage. To this Mr. Price, having previously ascertained that the young lady's pretensions to future excellence were not unfounded, cheerfully consented, and warmly interested himself in her behalf. Miss Phillips was accordingly placed under an eminent dramatic professor, and, like the late Miss Macklin, is one of the few instances to be found of a person being educated for the profession. Notwithstanding the ardour and enthusiasm she evinced in the more immediate studies of the histrionic art, the essentials to form a perfect actress were not forgotten, such as the varied accomplishments of singing, music, dancing, &c. in all of which we know, from practical observation, our heroine excels. So great was Miss Phillips's application that the professor who had the direction of her studies, and her friends, thought they would not delay presenting her to the public. Accordingly, on the 13th of September, 1827, she made her first appearance on any stage, at the Southampton theatre, in the character of Juliet. The applause with which she was greeted by a crowded house was confirmed by that bestowed on her other performances, in all of which she was received with that loud and universal approbation, which proclaimed the general opinion of her merit. She played but six times at the Southampton theatre, for her growth was so rapid, and the exertion of playing so great for one of her delicate habit, that her patrons resolved she should go to France, as well to benefit her constitution as for the purpose of studying the best models of French excellence. On her return to England she lost no time in resuming her professional avocations, and commenced an engagement at the Norwich theatre, which she was compelled to throw up, as her voice was completely inaudible in consequence of a chronic inflammation of the lungs, which seemed to threaten consumption. The apprehension of this fearful malady soon subsided, and by the aid of youth, good spirits, and the kind attention of friends, our fair heroine regained her health, and shortly afterwards appeared at the Swansea theatre; where she personated all the heroines for some time with the most unqualified success.

Mr. Price having made his arrangements for Miss Phillips appearing this season at Drury Lane, she was obliged, however reluctantly, to comply, notwithstanding the whole of her practical experience had been

but four months. She accordingly appeared at Drury Lane Theatre on Thursday, October 9, 1828, as Claudia, in the tragedy of *Rienzi*.

As we have to speak so frequently of this lady in our Theatrical Journal, we here make no comment on her acting. We shall sum up this brief sketch by observing, that Miss Phillips is of a tall yet graceful figure, her deportment elegant yet unaffected, and her voice not only possesses great compass but sweetness of tone; this, together with the wonderful talent she has exhibited in several of her performances, induces us to announce, that if she perseveres as she has begun, she must necessarily arrive at the head of her profession, and obtain the deathless fame of a Barry, a Prichard, a Cibber, and a Siddons.

In conclusion, we have the pleasure of remarking that the facility, quickness, and good humour with which she enters into the business of the theatre, the sweetness and conciliation of her manners, and her unassuming candour and gratitude to all who afford her information, have procured her the esteem and admiration of her professional brethren. The following is a list of the characters Miss Phillips has performed in London: Claudia, in *Rienzi*; Mrs. Haller, in the *Stranger*; Mrs. Beverly, in the *Gamester*; Juliet, in *Romeo and Juliet*; Eva, in *Caswallon*; Imogene, in *Cymbeline*; Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*; and Lady Townly, in the *Provoked Husband*.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DUBLIN.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 26th, Maturin's tragedy of *Bertram*, was presented, and introduced an old favourite to the Dublin audience in the person of Mr. Elrington, who performed the part of the hero; and we can honestly affirm, that whether we consider his natural capabilities, his talents, or those acquirements the result of cultivation, we know of no one more decidedly qualified to succeed in the higher and more intellectual department of the drama. His person and voice are imposing and impressive, while his enunciation and emphasis are clear and correct. Should it be the intention of Mr. Elrington to make the stage a profession, we think we may venture to predict that his success is certain. On the occasion of his second appearance the new tragedy of

*Rienzi* was produced with brilliant success.

### ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Mr. Elrington made his second appearance at this theatre in the character of *Rienzi*, after a long absence from the stage. We know not how he could have been induced to leave a profession in which he must make his way to its highest honors. He is, we should think, not above thirty-six years of age, while Young, C. Kemble, and the other principal actors, Kean excepted, have passed their fifty-fifth year. Mr. Elrington's *Rienzi* is a most masterly, original, and brilliant part. As he progressed in the play he developed in every scene fresh powers, and was rewarded by the most unanimous bursts of applause we ever witnessed. His scene with the Barons, his pathetic

rebuté of Ursini, his affectionate dialogue with his daughter, and the scene in the fourth act with Angelo, were all classical and in the purest taste; he is throughout this very arduous character simple, natural, and highly affecting. The piece, we are glad to find, will be repeated on Tuesday and Thursday next.

*March 7, 1829.* On Saturday evening last Miss Foote concluded her engagement, which she accepted for four nights; and we are much gratified at being enabled to state that the second engagement proved even more attractive than the first, and we are confident that could it have been prolonged its succeeding nights would have increased its attraction.

*March 14, 1829.* Madame Catalani, the wonderful, the transcendent Catalani, made her appearance on Saturday night. She has been engaged at an enormous expence, and affords a further proof of the spirited and anxious exertions of Mr. Bunn to gratify the public. This has been announced, and we believe it, to be the farewell visit to Ireland of the unrivalled singer; and no one who pretends even to any fondness of music, should let slip this the last opportunity of hearing her almost superhuman powers of voice, and the splendid unsurpassed qualities of her tones have made her a standard of excellence, with which all comparison in her art must be instituted, and by which the judgment of those who have heard her must continue to be guided and refined. It is a long time, we will not say how long, since the Empress of song first astonished and delighted us; yet we venture to say, that her powers are still unimpaired, and that her voice and execution are as full and perfect as ever. Since her last visit here she has increased *en bon point*, but she carries herself so much *à la reine*, that she yet excels in grace and dignity. At the end of the second act of the comedy she was led on the stage by Mr. Balls, and was greeted on

her entrance with the most enthusiastic cheering. She sang "Al Fri-onto," a grand aria by Portagallo, in spirited style; and, by the way, her selection of this for her first song, was not inapt, for it was the *Semiramide* of this great master that first introduced her to an English audience. At the end of the third act she sang "Cruda Sorte," by Rossini, in which she beautifully exemplified the *sostenuto* of her voice and the delicacy of expression of which it is capable; but it was in "Sarmiento's magnificent Bolero, al Mesto cor la Place," which she sang at the end of the comedy, that she displayed all the wonders of her delightful art; the distinct and rapid execution, the increasing swell, the amazing run through a chromatic passage of nearly three octaves in which not a note was passed, and the brilliant shake actually electrified the house, and called down a rapturous encore, with which, notwithstanding the vast effort, she at once most kindly complied. Before the farce she sang "God save the King," assisted by the whole company, nothing could exceed the effect she produced in this, not merely by her unequalled style of singing our national anthem, but by the appropriate grace and grandeur of action with which she expressed it. This was also loudly encored, and the demand was cheerfully answered; and here, for the sake of our city, we are ashamed to say, a scene of turbulence and noise commenced disgraceful to the theatre. Some ill-bred fools in a box near the stage, called for "Rule Britannia;" this was at once seized on by the ruffians in the gallery, that public nuisance, and notwithstanding the gentle remonstrances of Mr. Calcraft, who was obliged to come forward, the uproar continued through the whole of the farce, and until the curtain fell. Mr. Calcraft should think more of his business and less of his benefits; the tone and manner of his address was most inappropriate, though

highly conciliating. By apologising for the fatigue of Madame Catalani he conceded the rights of the miscreants who were exciting the uproar to the call they were making; never was it our lot to witness a more unworthy deference to the gallery. We must take this person in hand; his self-sufficiency, where it ought not to be exhibited, is becoming intolerable. The leaders of this disturbance were easily distinguished; they appeared from their dress to be, of the better class; one of them wore spectacles, another stood on the seat in a drab great-coat, waving his hat, and a third had his leg over the front, which he continued kicking most diligently, yet the police did not interfere or attempt to apprehend them. The house was crowded with fashion and elegance, as it must continue to be while the wonder remains here with us.

#### BELFAST.

Feb. 28. It is truly pleasing to us to be enabled to state that the engagement of Miss Foote (which terminated this day) has proved highly successful. The Belfast people are most enthusiastic in her praise.

#### CORK THEATRE.

The season promises to be one of the most brilliant ones on record; for every night increases in its product to the treasury, and in the satisfaction the performance affords the public. The acting, the singing, and the beauty of Mrs. Waylett, are the theme of every tongue, and every song she sings is rapturously encored, every word she speaks applauded to the echo, and every look is delightful.

#### PLYMOUTH.

Miss Fanny Ayton made a successful and delightful *debut* here on Thursday, evening, March 12th, in the *Marriage of Figaro*; she has since performed

Clari, and Rosina, in the *Barber of Seville*, &c.

#### BRISTOL.

Signor de Begnis, and the pupils of the Royal Academy, were performing here during the early part of this month.

March 17. Mr. Rayner has been displaying his talent, last week, in Tyke, Zekiel Homespun, Walter, Risk, and several characters in which our admiration has formerly been called forth by the exertions of Emery; and it is but justice to say, that since the days of that estimable actor we have not seen a more successful candidate for public favour in those parts than Mr. Rayner has proved himself.

#### MR. KEAN.

(From the *Scots Times*.) We lately noticed how ill in health this eminent actor looked when he lately arrived in Rothesay; but we now have the pleasure to state, that the far-famed climate of Bute has operated like a charm upon him, and he is already so far recruited as to be able to accept an invitation to perform a few nights in Dublin. He accordingly proceeds thither immediately. An engagement of the most flattering terms has also been offered to him to perform in Edinburgh; but he has declined it for the present.

#### BATH.

The performances here have been entirely taken up with benefits. *The Battle of Pullawa* was performed on the 24th, for the benefit of Mr. Bellamy, manager, Charles the Twelfth, by Mr. Montague, and Peter the Great by Mr. Stuart.

#### EXETER.

March 2. Mr. Dowton commenced an engagement of four nights as Falstaff, in *Henry the Fourth*, and richly

delineated the joyous humour of that "moving monument of fish, flesh, and fowl;" on Tuesday he performed Sir Abel Handy, on Wednesday Sir Robert Bramble, and on Friday closed a successful engagement in the characters of Sir Matthew Seraggs and Mr. Simpson.

March 14. Notwithstanding the manager has used the most spirited

exertions to obtain the approbation of the public by the constant introduction of novelty and talent, we regret to state that the house too frequently exhibits a beggarly account of empty seats. *The Bottle Imp, Youthful Queen, Ups and Downs*, &c. have been produced, and received, we are grieved to add, with the most chilling indifference.

## POETRY AND SONGS.

### RECITATIVE.

#### REBECCA.

Oh! adverse Fortune! wherefore in  
thine anger

Destroy my hopes for ever?

Let me no longer bend in tame submission,

But, bold against oppression,

With daring heart confront the ills  
that fright me.

Come, hated tyrant,

And Virtue's glance shall blight thee.

#### CAVATINA.

Fortune's frowns the heart may wring,

But the soul can fate despise;

Sorrow bath its piercing sting,

Yet superior to its darts,

Noble minds and virtuous hearts,

'Bove the ills of life can rise.

Ah, let Love, benignant smiling

Cast around its magic spell,

Then shall joy each care beguiling,

In this bosom fondly dwell;

While my heart, tho' death be  
nigh,

Tyrant power shall still defy!

### NARRATIVE SONG.

#### REBECCA AND CHORUS.

#### REBECCA.

Boisguilbert, of guilty fame,

Who, nor fear nor pity knows;

Boisguilbert, whose dreaded name

Terror spreads where'er he goes.

#### CHORUS.

Boisguilbert, whose dreaded name

Terror spreads where'er he goes.

#### REBECCA.

He who ne'er was known to spare

Fair in hall, or foe in fight;

Still his presence seems to scare

My very soul with wild affright!

As we journey'd o'er the plain,

Nor dreamt of danger in our way,

The wily Norman, with his train,

Surpris'd and mark'd us for his prey!

We beheld their numbers near—

In vain we strove to shun their sight,

Ev'ry moment grew our fear,

While the foe pursued our flight!

#### CHORUS.

Ev'ry moment grew their fear,

While the foe pursued their flight!

#### REBECCA.

Where, alas! for safety hie?

Where the friend to aid our need?

Horrid thought! no hope is nigh!

On, on they come with fellest speed!

One only chance as yet remain'd—

A friendly wood at hand we view'd—

If once its dark'ning shade we gain'd,

Our dreaded foes we might elude.

Closer still their force appears,

Still they track our winding path,

Closer still glance their spears,

Hark! their shout of vengeful

wrath!

## CHORUS.

Closer still glance their spears—  
Hark! their shout of vengeful  
wrath!

We now defy the villain crew,  
Who basely sought us for their  
prize.

## CHORUS.

They now defy the villain crew,  
Who basely sought them for their  
prize.

## REBECCA.

Almost breathless, wild with danger,  
I at once leap'd off my stead;  
And a kind, assisting stranger,  
Nobly help'd us in our need;  
Receding fast across the plain,  
The sounds we fear now fainter  
grow;  
With hope renew'd each nerve we  
strain,  
To 'scape the vengeance of our foe.  
Swift and silent on we flew  
Until this mansion blest our eyes;

## REBECCA.

Let them dare to seek us here,  
Our terrors now are at an end;  
Their rage we need no longer fear,  
The valiant Cedric is our friend.

## CHORUS.

Their rage we need no longer fear,  
The Saxon Cedric is your friend.

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## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to thank Mr. STAFFORD for his series of articles on the Ancient and Modern English Drama, which we shall feel happy to insert as often as our limits will allow.

We have seen I. P. on the subject of F. D.'s letter, who asserts that the articles alluded to was taken from a defunct publication entitled *The Scourge*, published in 1816.

We beg to inform GEOFFREY MUFFINCAP his amusing Parody will be inserted in our next.

We are obliged to THEATRICAL for correcting our slight mistake, and shall be careful of its occurring again.

APOLLO, on Scotch Music, in our next.

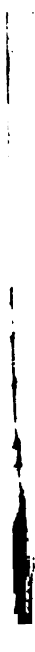
D. Y.'s Theatrical News arrived too late for insertion. We shall feel happy to hear from him again.

We received H. W. B.'s letter too late to attend to his wish in this Number; but next month a Journal of the performances at the principal Minor Theatres shall be given; and at the end of the year a complete list of all the New Pieces brought out at the different London Theatres.

We are sorry that we cannot comply with Mr. Stack's request.

\*.\* We should feel obliged to our Correspondents to remit their favours before the 15th of each month.







MISS BYFIELD,

MR. KEELEY,

AS REBECCA.

AS WAMBA.

in the Opera of the Maid of Judah.

*Drawn from Life & on Stone by Hamberger for the Dramatic Magazine  
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THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

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MAY 1, 1829.

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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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DRURY LANE.

**M**ONDAY, March 30.—*King Lear*; Shakspeare.—*Ballet*.—*Giovanni in London*; Moncrieff.

It is a circumstance highly creditable, both to the discernment of the manager and the taste of the public, that the plays of our illustrious bard have been more frequently performed, and met with greater success in the representation, at this theatre, during the present season, than has wont to be the case for many years.

Mr. Young's *Lear* may be classed as one of his most classical and highly-finished portraits. Some of the critics complain that his style is too artificial and declamatory for the sudden and pathetic changes with which the part abounds; yet, notwithstanding this defect, it is a performance truly calculated to excite our admiration, our tears, our terror, and ever our pity. One great merit in Mr. Young's acting was, that, notwithstanding he so admirably portrayed the feebleness and decrepitude of fourscore, his deportment ever expressed the monarch. "He was every inch a king." In the assumption of madness there was a kind of solemnity, mixed with the wildness of frenzy, perfectly congenial with the nature and complexion of Lear's despair. It is not our intention to minutely detail a performance so well known to the public; but we shall not easily forget the expression of Mr. Young's countenance, when addressing the elements; it was stamped with the most heartfelt look of indelible woe we ever witnessed. There is also a scene in the latter part of the drama very deserving of notice; it is when the aged monarch finds himself restored to his kingdom; his "o'ercharg'd heart" eases itself by a joyous exclamation; at once to his delighted imagination rush the transporting ideas of greatness, majesty, and power restored; he declares that his worthy child, his dearly-beloved daughter Cordelia, shall be queen. His distressed mind thus suddenly relieved, bursts forth into wild and enthusiastic expressions, bidding "winds catch the sound, and nature listen to the change, that Lear shall be a king again, and his dear child a queen." Here the pride of the monarch and

the tenderness of the father are admirably blended by the author, and were admirably portrayed by the actor.

The angelic Cordelia, that sublime model of filial piety, was well sustained by Miss Phillips, (for the first time). Her acting in the scene where Lear is gradually restored to his senses, was most interesting and affecting. Her delivery of the beautiful passage,

“ Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Did challenge pity of them,”

breathed the very soul of pathos.

Mr. Cooper's Edgar is one of his best characters; he deserved and obtained much applause, and that is saying a great deal after having seen Charles Kemble in the part, whose performance of it is almost beyond praise. Mr. Aitken's Edmund was about as good as Mr. Diddier's, and we are sure that's no praise. Kent and Gloster were well sustained by Farren and Younge.

**TUESDAY, March 31.—***The Stranger*; Kotzebue.—*Ballet*.—*Green-Eyed Monster*; Planché.

**WEDNESDAY, April 1.—**Handel's Oratorio of the *Messiah*.

**THURSDAY, April 2.—***Rienzi* (32d time).—*Ballet*.—*My Wife!*  
*What Wife?* (first time).

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Captain Hector Tempest (of the Royal Navy), Mr. W. FARREN; Captain Hector Tempest (of the Light Dragoons, his nephew), Mr. JONES; Simon Pym, Mr. HARLEY; Staunch, Mr. BROWNE; Thomas, Mr. YARNOLD; Blunt, Mr. BENNETT; Allsauce, Mr. SALTER; Lady Longpurse, Mrs. C. JONES; Louisa, Miss CURTIS.

The naval Tempest has just arrived at Portsmouth from India, and writes to his agent to purchase a town and country house for him. This agent has a ward with whom the military Tempest is enamoured; and being acquainted with the contents of his uncle's letter, he assumes his manner and dress, and by the assistance of a roguish valet succeeds in passing himself off upon the agent as the elder Tempest; and as that gentleman is about to make a voyage to Lisbon, he kindly offers to take his ward off his hands. To this the agent most willingly consents, and the only obstacle to young Tempest's wishes lies in the lady, who is somewhat loath to marry one of so aged an appearance. She is at length overcome by his attentions, and consents to the match, but just as the wedding is about to take place, the uncle arrives. After a scene of much perplexity, the military Captain sets off with his bride to the villa, leaving the old gentleman assailed on all sides by his nephew's creditors, servants, &c. The poor Captain is terribly annoyed and enraged, and vainly endeavours to convince them that he is not married.

As a last resource, he sets off for the villa, to endeavour to clear up the mystery. Here he meets with the bride, is so pleased with her beauty, and the amiability of her manners, that he tries to persuade himself that he is married. After the joke has been carried on for some time with much spirit and ingenuity, the *denouement* takes place in the nephew throwing off his disguise, and entreating forgiveness, which is granted, and all parties, not excepting the audience, are perfectly satisfied. This piece is the production of Mr. Poole, one of our best farce writers. He has a genius for caricature and the ridiculous, which with great knowledge of stage effect, produces all that is desired of farce, (provided all the rules of common sense are not utterly violated) ludicrous situations, and a broad grin. On the other hand we must observe that the main incident is as old as Mr. ——— last joke, and been worn as threadbare as the dresses of the senators in *Venice Preserved* at this theatre.

Mr. Dibdin has turned the joke of a nephew appearing in the disguise of his uncle to very good account, in an amusing farce called *What Next* to which *What Wife* bears a very strong resemblance. It was admirably acted. Farren was very great in his character, and most humourously delineated the horror of a rough old bachelor hearing that he was married to a young wife. Mr. Jones had a very arduous part to sustain, which he got through with very great success. Mr. Harley had a very insignificant part allotted to him, a sort of sponge, or dinner hunter, yet he contrived to come in for a full share of the laughter and applause. The new farce was announced for repetition with great applause.

FRIDAY, April 3d.—No performance.

SATURDAY, April 4.—*Artaxerxes*; Arne.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.—*The Poor Soldier*; O'Keefe.

Miss Love undertook *Artaxerxes* in the place of Miss Bartolozzi, who made rather a failure of the part. In the *Poor Soldier*, Miss Betts appeared as Kathleen, and Mr. Weekes as Father Luke, both for the first time, with great success.

MONDAY, April 6.—*Venice Preserved*; Otway.—*Ballet*.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.

Miss Phillips appeared this evening as Belvidera, a character that demands in its general outline and delineation more imposing powers, more energy and forcible appeal to the stronger passions, and at the same time more calculated to harrow up the soul with the agony of human suffering, than any one part (not excepting Mrs. Beverly) which this lady has performed. Miss Phillips's acting evinced throughout much judgment, and she was very successful in many of the scenes of tenderness and refined sensibility. We were much gratified with the just horror she displayed, and the rapidity of her utterance when she described the approach of the villian Renault; but in many scenes, like her husband,

Mr. Cooper, she too often gave loud and empty declamation for heart-felt anguish. There is a most unfortunate plumpness about this lady's face, which occasionally renders her very inadequate to express the more violent emotions of the soul, for we observed in several scenes where her eye faithfully declared her feelings, the lower part of her countenance was as calm and unruffled as a mill pond on a summer's evening. Mr. Cooper with all his discrimination and knowledge of stage effect, (and we allow him to possess a good deal,) is very unequal to the part of Jaffier, it was in many instances a very exaggerated piece of acting; he was loving without tenderness—frequently giving rant for enthusiasm, vehemence for feeling; when he replies to Pierre,

“ Then friend, our cause  
Is in a damn'd condition,” &c.

his action and utterance was so violent and overstrained that we really thought he was going to floor Mr. Young. Besides, his voice is very ill adapted to the part; for those melting and endearing expressions addressed to Belvidera, which should steal on the soul “like the South wind o'er a bed of violets,” sounded more “like the midnight bell, that with his iron tongue and brazen mouth, sounds one into the drowsy ear of night.” Mr. Young, in his performance of Pierre stands unrivalled and alone. Mr. Younge gave great effect to the part of the villain Renault, but he ought to have played Priuli, for Mr. Aitken looked that character very ill, and played, it still worse; Mr. Mude (Bedemar) is a very correct actor.

TUESDAY, April, 7.—*Provoked Husband*; Vanburgh and Cibber.—*Charles the XII*; Planché.

WEDNESDAY, April 8.—A Grand Performance of *Ancient and Modern Music*.

THURSDAY, April 9.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*Deaf as a Post*; Poole.—*Ballet*.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.

FRIDAY, April 10.—No performance.

SATURDAY, April 11.—*Provoked Husband*.—*Ballet*.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Being the last night of performing till Easter Monday.

MONDAY, April 20.—*Venice Preserved*; Otway.—*Les Alcides*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge* (first time).

*Dramatis Personæ*.—O'Donoghue (the enchanted Prince of the Lakes), Mr. BEDFORD; Usga (his Squire), Mr. YARNOLD; Dan O'Reilly, Mr. WEEKES; Lord Glencar, Mr. VINING; Samson Sinister,

Mr. HARLEY; Dennis, Mr. GATTIE; Martin, Mr. SALTER; Aureana (a Fairy Amazon), Miss ROSA BYRNE; Dame Kearney, Mrs. C. JONES; Kate Kearney, Miss S. BOOTH; Brulobrand (Ruler of the Fire Spirits), Mr. CATHIE; Flibbertigibbet, Master WIELAND.

This drama is founded on a very popular tradition in the South of Ireland, related by Mr. Crofton Croker in his *Fairy Legends*, namely, that under the water is a country, as well as above the earth, where the sun shines, trees blossom, &c. &c. inhabited by happy fairies, of whom O'Donoghue is the king. The main incident of the piece is as follows: Dan O'Reilly being rejected by Kate Kearney, the object of his love, endeavours to drown his sorrow by constant application to the whiskey bottle; when O'Donoghue, who from his being a worthy honest fellow, interests himself in his behalf, appears to him, and informs him that Kate's affections are gained by Lord Glencar (a sort of Irish Don Giovanni) in the disguise of a peasant, and that he must instantly to the cottage, press his suit with the mother, and to further his success, the benevolent fairy fills his pocket with gold, and bids him inform the damsel of the deception that has been planned upon her. In conclusion, to revive Dan's spirits, the Fairy King gives him a bottle of some whiskey five hundred years old; after drinking which, he finds himself almost instantly transported to the cottage of Kate, who that very night has made an appointment with Lord Glencar at Glena Bay. Dan has an interview with his love, and vainly uses all his rhetorical and vocal powers to dissuade her from keeping this assignation. Finding her thus determined, he leaves her a large supply of money the fairy had given him, to make her happy with the man she loves; at the same time resolving to be present at the midnight meeting at Glena Bay. He accordingly takes his station on one of the rocks, after having provided himself with a shillelah in case of accidents. Samson, the Baron's servant, first makes his appearance, who is commissioned by his master to be in readiness to assist in carrying off the lady, in case she should prove scrupulous. He therefore hides behind a bush, and Lord Glencar and Kate enter. He admits he is not the person he pretends to be, and asserts the old story, that he assumed the disguise to prove whether she loved him for himself alone. Kate then makes some disagreeable inquiries about the wedding-day, which he declines answering: This rouses her fears, and on his attempting to lay hold of her, she declares that all her love is changed to bitter hate; at the same time calling loudly for assistance, she endeavours to elude his grasp. Samson rushes forth to assist his master, and is instantly knocked down by O'Reilly. Kate escapes. Glencar fires at O'Reilly, and wounds him, and then pursues Kate, who jumps off the rock into the lake; and the act concludes with O'Donoghue rising from the water with his fairies, and Kate in their arms, whom he orders to be conveyed to his kingdom.

In the 2d Act O'Donoghue again appears to O'Reilly, and informs

him that he shall see Kate on May Day, whose affections are now completely turned from Lord Glencar to him. He gives him a box of fairy ointment, with which he is to anoint his eyes after the sun rises on May Day; by which means he will see the fairy procession over the lake, otherwise invisible to mortal eyes, at the same time cautioning him not to use it before sun-rise, or he will be placed in the power of the evil spirits. O'Reilly is afterwards brought before Lord Glencar, on the charge of having murdered Kate, and is ordered to be executed at midnight. His box of fairy ointment falls into the possession of Samson, who thinking it may be the ointment which, by applying to the eyes, has the power of discovering all the gold and precious stones hidden in the earth, tries its power, and is instantly surrounded by a legion of devils, who determine—but let the author speak for himself:

“ Hear me, hear me ; I've a merry jest  
Will punish the prying earth-worm best.  
There is an innocent man in yonder tower,  
Who is doom'd to die this very hour.  
We will work a spell that shall alter the case,  
And this wretch shall be hang'd in O'Reilly's place.”

Accordingly, O'Reilly escapes, and by recovering the box of fairy ointment is enabled to witness the ascent of O'Donoghue and his Court to the surface of the lake, and is of course united to Kate.

This drama we think is very likely to have a run ; for the incidents are well arranged, the music very ably selected, comprising some of the most favourite Irish melodies, the scenery truly beautiful, and the dialogue very inoffensive. As to the acting, the whole business of the piece rests with Mr. Weekes, who personated a warm-hearted, good-humoured, loving-whiskey Irishman, with great comic effect. The author has given Mr. Harley very little to do in the part of Samson, but he contrived to make it amusing. Miss S. Booth appeared at this theatre after an absence of seven years, and was very well received ; her acting was unaffected and interesting. We must not omit to notice the dancing of Miss Rosa Byrne, which for lightness and grace cannot be excelled. The house was very full.

Between the play and the entertainment, two Frenchmen went through a variety of extraordinary feats ; but as a Dramatic Magazine is not supposed to contain critiques on wrestling, we shall say nothing about them.

TUESDAY, April 21.—*Provoked Husband* ; Vanburgh and Cibber.—  
*Les Alcides*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge* ; Planché.

Miss S. Booth played Jenny, in the place of Miss Love.



WEDNESDAY, April 22.—*Jane Shore*; Rowe.—*Les Alcides*—*Thierna*—*Na-Oge*; Planché.

Miss Phillips appeared this evening in the part of Jane Shore. Before we proceed to comment on this lady's performance, we wish to draw the attention of our readers to the following observations. It is a well known fact, that Garrick, before he re-appeared in an old character, was accustomed to shut himself up for days, inaccessible to his most intimate friends; now if Garrick, at the time he was a perfect master of his art, found so much preparation necessary to appear in an old character, in what terms are we to speak of the conduct of the managers of this establishment, who place a girl of sixteen, night after night in a new character, without scarcely allowing her sufficient time for LEARNING the dialogue; for Miss Phillips has, during the last ten weeks, played in seven new characters, and all of them requiring great physical and mental exertion. This conduct of the managers is so selfish, and at the same time so injurious to the interests of Miss Phillips, that it calls loudly for reprehension; and it is not only her interests, but her health that is endangered; for this lady has by no means a strong constitution, and when we consider that she has played some weeks every night, and on an average, near four times every week during the present season, our fears are not without foundation; indeed, Miss Phillips has already given symptoms of having suffered from this severe exertion, as we have heard many remark that her voice is much weaker than when she first appeared. We feel it our duty to make these observations, and we now turn to the performance. The part of Jane Shore, with the exception of one energetic scene, is quiet and subdued throughout. Miss Phillips sustained all the early scenes with a sort of respectable mediocrity, but when she came to the one with Gloster, where she invokes heaven to bestow its choicest blessings on Hastings for guarding the orphan's rights, she was merely noisy without feeling; in the last act she depicted the miseries of the wretched penitent with great force, her voice had a hollow choaked sound that fearfully expressed the agonies of one dying of starvation.

Mr. J. Vining looked the part of Gloster admirably well; we were much pleased with the arrangement of his wig, its rough uncombed state is far more suited to the character than the graceful ringlets with which most of our representatives of Richard adorn their heads. He got through the part very well, but was occasionally too violent. We missed that finely marked point of the late John Kemble's in the hypocritical transition in the speech where Gloster insinuates to Hastings the inefficacy of the powers with which the council have invested him.

*"Scorn'd by my foes—and useless to my friends."*

Mr. Young's Hastings was a splendid piece of acting. His fine glowing burst of enthusiasm when he imprecates heaven's vengeance on

the man who for wealth or power would plunge his native land in the horrors of a civil war—met with tremendous applause. His second scene with Alicia was very affecting, the exchange of mutual forgiveness was marked by a most impressive solemnity. Mr. Cooper's Dumont was merely respectable, he does not excel in pathetic scenes. Mr. Younge's Belmont was a very sensible performance. Mrs. Fawcett played Alicia with great judgment.

On the whole the tragedy was well received. The pit was crowded, and the boxes tolerably well filled.

THURSDAY, April 23.—*My Wife! what Wife?* Poole.—*Scape Goat*; Poole.—*Les Alcides*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

FRIDAY, April 24.—*Illustrious Stranger*; Kenny.—*Deaf as a Post*; Poole.—*Les Alcides*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

SATURDAY April 25.—*Provoked Husband*; Vanburgh and Cibber.—*Les Alcides*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

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Miss Phillips continues to play Lady Townly (and if we may judge from the frequent repetition of the comedy) to the advantage of the manager. Our opinion of the merits of the performance remains unchanged.

We wish that those critics who so warmly extol this lady's acting, would season their remarks with a little more candour, for being unable to afford her the unqualified praise they wish in this character, they come in with the sweeping assertion, that no actress of the present day could play the part so well. This is unjust, for we could point out two or three actresses who have performed Lady Townly, not only as *well* but much *better*.

Miss S. Booth looks far too antiquated for the youthful Jenny.

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**MISS GOWARD.**

*as Lisette  
in Home Sweet Home.*

*London, Published May 1, 1829, by Whittaker, Treacher & Co. Ave Maria Lane.*

## COVENT GARDEN.

MONDAY, March 30.—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Shakspeare.—*Home, sweet Home*; Pocock.

TUESDAY, March 31.—*Maid of Judah*; Lacy.—*Ballet*—*Honest Thieves*; Knight.

This very lively farce has been revived here with great effect. Mr. Reeve appeared more at home in the character of Obadiah than we have seen him for some time. Power displayed not only a very rich brogue, but some genuine comic humour, in the part of Teague. Mrs. Day, Ruth, and Abel, were very adequately sustained by Mrs. Davenport, Miss Nelson, and Keeley.

WEDNESDAY, April 1.—No performance.

THURSDAY, April 2.—*Home, sweet Home*; Pocock.—*Invincibles*; Morton.—*Presumption*; Peake.

Among the many occurrences which daily take place in this best of all possible worlds likely to perplex and amaze us, we confess that the success of the new drama of *Home, sweet Home*, has afforded us a large share of speculation; for how a piece so wretchedly meagre in plot, character, incident, and dialogue, should continue to be played frequently as a first piece; and that too at a period when damned dramas are "as plentiful as blackberries," is a mystery, beyond our comprehension. The manner in which the author has wound up his plot, and saved his hero from being shot, is by one of the most ingenious and original expedients we ever met with. Fearful that the author's modesty may prevent him from publishing the drama, to the great and irretrievable loss of posterity, we take upon ourselves the pleasing task of detailing it. Edward Malaise has deserted from his regiment, is retaken, and is about to undergo the just sentence of the law. Now comes the author's brilliancy of invention. Why, three days before he had deserted, his discharge had been signed by the commanding officer; "but how," exclaims a soldier, "is it that the discharge had never arrived at the regiment?" "Why I confess," says Captain La Roche, "that stuck in my gizzard; but the courier who had to bring it died on the way."

It is the sole employment of a great many young and middle-aged gentlemen of this city, to write, adapt, and translate for the stage; and many of these gentlemen contrive, by the aid of a French dictionary, Joe Miller, scissors, paste, an old novel, &c. &c. to produce three, four,

may sometimes five dramas in a season. Now, suppose for a moment that some of these pieces were put into the hands of an unprejudiced man of common sense, with the exclamation, "There, Sir, these are the works of a *genius* of the present day; *he does nothing else*, you may easily imagine: for he has written all this, and may perhaps, should Heaven spare his valuable life, do as much again." What the man of common sense would say, after reading over this rich store of sound morality, elegant learning, sterling wit, deep research, brilliant fancy, and exquisite judgment, we leave to the reader's candour to declare.

FRIDAY, April 3.—A Grand Performance of *Ancient and Modern Music*

SATURDAY, April 4.—*Maid of Judah.*—*Ballet.*—*Honest Thieves.*

MONDAY, April 6.—*Maid of Judah.*—*Presumption.*

TUESDAY, April 7.—*Padlock*; Dibdin.—*The Feast of Neptune*, consisting of a variety of Dibdin's Songs.—*The Quaker.*

The above entertainments were performed for the praise-worthy purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Charles Dibdin. An Address, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, was spoken by Mr. Bartley. The house was very full. An apology was made for the absence of Miss Paton, who was unable to appear through illness. Miss Byfield sustained her part in the *Padlock*.

WEDNESDAY, April 8.—No performance.

THURSDAY, April 9.—*Home, sweet Home*; Pocock.—*Honest Thieves*; Knight.—*£100 Note*; Peake.

FRIDAY, April 10.—A Grand Selection of *Ancient and Modern Music.*

SATURDAY, April 11.—The last Act of the *Maid of Judah.*—*Home, sweet Home.*—*Invincibles.* For the Benefit of Mr. Fawcett.

This admirable comedian, who is no less admired for his private virtues than he is for his public excellencies, being as good an actor off as he is on the stage, had as crowded a house as his warmest friends could wish. In consequence of the continued indisposition of Miss Paton, Miss Byfield appeared in the part of Rebecca.

MONDAY, April 20.—*The Point of Honour*; C. Kemble.—*Honest Thieves*; Knight.—*The Devil's Elixir*; or, *the Shadowless Man* (1st time).

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Francesco (a Capuchin), Mr. WARDE; Count Hermogen (his brother), Mr. WOOD; Nicholas (the Bell-Toller), Mr.

KEELEY; Gortzburg (Demon of the Elixir), Mr. O. SMITH; The Shadow King, Mr. PURDAY; Oldburg and Stormwurg (his agents), Mr. HENRY and Mr. TETT; Page, Master WATSON; the Lady Aurelia, Miss HUGHES; Ureka (her attendant), Miss GOWARD.

The first scene is in the mystic cavern of the Shadow King, who addresses an assembly of devils, and in his oration states that the hour is come when he may relieve Gortzburg, the Demon of the Elixir, from his imprisonment, who has been confined one hundred years in a cell of ice by St. Anthony, for having offered him his elixir. Gortzburg being relieved, is told he may revenge his sufferings by betraying the soul of Francesco, the Capuchin friar, who has entertained a most unholy passion for the Lady Aurelia, the intended bride of his brother Count Hermogen. To this proposition Gortzburg most eagerly consents, and instantly sets about ensnaring the monk's soul. The scene then changes to the friar's cell, who dreams he sees Aurelia bestowing the fondest caresses on his brother. Maddened at the sight, he awakes. While meditating on the dream, Nicholas enters, who, after some conversation with Francesco, says there is a bottle in the convent called the Devil's Elixir, taken from the devils by St. Anthony, and deposited in the strong chest among the holy relics. Nicholas adds, that one draught of it has the power to enable any one to assume the form of his successful rival. He concludes by observing, that he would have broken open the box, and have tried its effect himself, in order to gain Ureka, but for the dread of the punishment, namely, to be deprived of your shadow. Francesco resolves immediately to view the Elixir, and therefore sends Nicholas away, and descends to the relic Chamber. Just as he has opened the box, and taken out the mysterious vial, he is surprised at the sudden arrival of his brother, who communicates to him the very agreeable intelligence that he shall marry Aurelia in a few days, after he has returned from a short mission entrusted to him by the Emperor. His brother having departed, Francesco tastes the contents of the vial, and is instantly metamorphosed into the form of his rival; the monastery vanishes, and he finds himself on a plain near Aurelia's residence. Here he meets Nicholas (who has just run away from the convent) and whom he engages as his servant. Francesco observing his brother approach, hides himself, and Nicholas gets well caned by Count Hermogen for addressing him as his master; and when the Count is gone, gets caned by Francesco for denying to be the Count's servant. These two beatings arouse some very unpleasant suspicions in the mind of Nicholas, and he determines immediately to ascertain whether his master has got his shadow. In the mean time Francesco has obtained admission to Aurelia (of course in his brother's likeness), and urges a speedy union. The real Hermogen presently appears, who accuses him of being an impostor, and the first act terminates with a combat between the two brothers.

In the second Act the impostor is discovered, through the ingenuity of Nicholas, in making him pass before a blank wall. The shadowless Francesco is taken and imprisoned in the belfry of the monastery, where he is visited by the demon, who promises him the hand of Aurelia if he will swear that he will not refuse her before eight o'clock that night; he swears, and immediately, by the aid of the demon, is conveyed to Aurelia's residence, while his brother is imprisoned in his place. Francesco is on the point of being united to Aurelia at the shrine of St. Anthony, when Hermogen suddenly appears (who had escaped from his lofty incarceration by the dexterity of Nicholas). The Count is, however, seized upon as an impostor, and ordered to instant death. But in consequence of his offering up a prayer for the happiness of Francesco, who he had just heard had been missed from the monastery. His guilty brother is so stung with remorse that he rejects the hand of Aurelia. The enraged demon then appears to claim his victim, but the monk takes refuge at the shrine of St. Anthony, which is instantly destroyed by lightning, and buries the demon of the Elixir in its ruins. We then behold the monastery of the Silver Palm tree. Francesco appears in his monks garb, and comes forward and unites the hands of Hermogen and Aurelia. The author of the above drama is indebted for the name and some of the incidents, to a very interesting Romance, translated from the German, which appeared in this country a few years ago. The plot and most of the characters are Mr. Ball's invention. The idea of a man being divested of his shadow is taken from a little work called Peter Schemil.

This drama is not altogether so happily arranged, nor the characters so well chosen as some of the Easter productions we have witnessed at this theatre. But the splendour of the scenery, and the rapid and ingenious changes with which it abounds, we think will cause it to run. The music, we are sorry to add, is very bad, though Mr. Wood and Miss Hughes made the most of their songs. Of the acting we have little to observe, the performers having no new opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

Mr. Warde announced it for repetition every evening till further notice.

TUESDAY, April 21.—*Recruiting Officer*; Farquhar.—*Devil's Elixir*; Ball.

WEDNESDAY, April 22.—*Beggar's Opera*; Gay.—*Charles the Second*; Payne.—*Devil's Elixir*.

THURSDAY, April 23.—*Beau's Stratagem*; Farquhar.—*Devil's Elixir*.

FRIDAY, April 24.—*Barber of Seville*; Coleman, senior.—*Katherine and Petruchio*; Shakspeare.—*Devil's Elixir*.

SATURDAY, April 25.—*Recruiting Officer*.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.



## ADELPHI.

SATURDAY, April 11.—This theatre closed for the season. The performances were for the benefit of Miss Graddon. In the course of the evening the following address was delivered by Mr. Yates :

“ It devolves upon me, ladies and gentlemen, to perform the last task of the season, and it is the only painful one that has fallen to my lot during its progress, since it is that of bidding you farewell ; for your kind approbation and patronage has rendered all our other labours so light that we have scarcely designated them as tasks. It is both pleasing and painful to return thanks—pleasing, from our grateful recollection of the obligations which call for them ; and painful, from the inadequacy of words to the expression of our gratitude. As for Mr. Matthews and myself, there are very few words between us ; and, were we to search through the most elaborate edition of Johnson's Dictionary, we should not find enough of them to express our sense of the obligations we are proud of acknowledging to you. The fact is, the vocabulary of the heart is in its feelings, rather than in words, and you must therefore take the *Will for the Deed*.

“ It will be, perhaps, in the recollection of some of you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that we commenced the season with *Wanted a Partner*, and I need not tell you how efficiently that want has been supplied by the firm of Mathews, Yates, and *Company* ; and though you, who have found the capital for carrying on the firm, have not been actively engaged in the concern, yet we trust you have been any thing but sleeping partners ; nor can you blame us from any want of activity, since our *Earthquake* has filled the pit, our *May Queen* outlived the Christmas season, and our *Rover* induced so many to imitate him, and quit their homes ; while you have over and over again enabled us to pay the postage of *My Daughter's Letter*, which, since its receipt, has been any thing but a dead letter in our treasury. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a time for all things. Our season is over ; our *Earthquake* is silenced ; our *May Queen* must be put to bed ; our *Rover* must be laid up in port : and our *Daughter's Letter* remain in the post-office unopened—till the magic touch of the Lord Chamberlain's license, like *Harlequin's* wand, shall again set them free.

“ But though our regular season is past, we do not mean to be idle ; and I beg to announce to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that in this interregnum it is Mr. Mathews's intention to be *At Home* for the first, time in his own house ; and as solitude, even at home, is sometimes uncomfortable, I intend to keep him company ; but, though our company be thus reduced behind the curtain, we hope that it may not be reduced before it, since it is our determination to omit no exertion that our *At Home* should not attract you from yours.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, in the name of my partner and myself, and in the names of all the performers of the Adelphi Theatre, I beg to return you our best thanks for your past indulgence, and to promise, by our exertions, to try to deserve your future patronage; and you must be aware that the promises of actors are always followed by performance. Ladies and Gentlemen, I respectfully bid you farewell."

## SURREY.

MONDAY, April 20.—The performance commenced with a new drama called *John Overy or the Miser of Southwark ferry*.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—John Overy, the Miser of the Southwark Ferry, Mr. WILLIAMS; Shotbolt, one of Overy's Ferry-men—a rejected suitor of Mary Overy, Mr. OSBALDISTON; Bosk, an apprentice of Overy, Mr. VALE; Baron Fitzgeffery, disguised as Will Shafton—a favored lover of Mary Overy, Mr. WARWICK; Tristan, the Baron's Page, Miss SOMERVILLE; Mayfly, a ruined dissipated gallant, Mr. WYNNE; Paroquet and Dagger, Mr. ROGERS and Mr. HICKS; Wolstand, an English Merchant—Brother to Overy, Mr. GOUGH; Lennard, Grandson to Overy, Miss PRISCILLA HORTON; Mary Overy, daughter of the Miser, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.

This Drama is founded on an old biographical fragment of John Overy, who, before there was any bridge built over the Thames, rented a ferry boat which used to convey passengers, &c. from Southwark to the City. Overy was a prodigy of penuriousness; and by a just visitation of providence, fell a victim to his avarice, for it is told of him, in the fragment before alluded to, "that to save one day's expences, first he counterfeited himself sick, and the next day to die, and his body laid out, for no other purpose than to save one day's provisions; apprehending that whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unnatural as to take any manner of food till they had seen him in the earth, purposing to recover next morning, after the charge was saved; and with this he acquainted his daughter, who, against her own will, consented to satisfy his humour. He was then laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a sheet (for he would not be at the expense of a coffin) in his chamber, with one candle set burning at his head and another at his feet, which was the custom of the time. His apprentices hearing of the good tidings, hoping to be rid of this penurious servitude, came to see the joyful spectacle, and supposing him really dead, began to dance and skip about the corpse. One ran into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the brown loaf, another fetched out the

cheese, and a third drew a flaggon of beer, and began filling their empty bellies (being almost starved) and rejoicing among themselves, thinking they were in expectation of future help and comfort, and to be freed from the hard usage they had endured. The old man laid quaking all this while to see the waste, and thinking he should be undone, he could endure it no longer, hut stirring and struggling in his sheet like a ghost, and taking a candle in each hand, was going to rout them for their boldness when one of them, thinking it was the devil in his likeness, in amazement caught hold of the but end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains. Thus he, who thought only to counterfeit death, occasioned his own death in earnest, and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as he was the prime occasion of his own death."

In the Drama the author has made his heroine, Mary Overy in love with and beloved by Baron Fitzgeffery, who (disguised as Will Shafton) to prove her constancy, proposes to the father to purchase her as his mistress; the latter willingly accepts the offer, and insists on his child's compliance; the daughter however refuses it with every just feeling of horror and indignation, and flies to a neighbouring convent for protection. The father, determined she shall be given up to the Baron, employs Mayfly and his associates to carry her off, but she is rescued by her lover, Will Shafton. Her father is afterwards arrested for stealing a diamond, which he received from Mayfly, who had stolen it; and as his freedom can only be obtained by paying the sum of 200 pounds, his daughter contrives to take it, unknown to him, from his money chest. At this juncture John Overy's brother arrives from India, and visits the miser, without avowing the relationship, and to try his feelings, tells him his brother is very poor, and will shortly call and see him, on which the miser resolves, to prevent meeting him, to feign to be dead. An interview now takes place between Overy and his daughter, who confesses she had abstracted £200. from his money chest; the miser is so enraged that her life is only saved by the arrival of Will Shafton. Mayfly and his accomplices at the same time break into the house, and discover the miser's treasure, who rushes in in a state of madness and, endeavouring to save his long hoarded wealth, expires, leaving Mary in quiet possession of his immense riches, and the hand of her lover. This drama is by the author of Ambrose Gwinett, and is altogether highly creditable to his talents. The diction is good, the characters well developed, and the situations effective.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam appeared to great advantage in the part of Mary. This lady in characters of romance or passion can only be excelled by Miss Kelly; her acting this evening was at once spirited, unaffected, and deeply interesting. Mr. Williams has not altogether sufficient tragic powers to fully depict the feelings of so difficult a character as the miser. The other parts were well sustained.

The Apprentices Opera, or the Fancy Lad, followed, but we have

little to say about it, as the drama has been so frequently played before at this theatre. The entertainments concluded with a pantomime called *Harlequin and Cupid or Love in humble shed*. It has little recommendation except the dancing of Miss Barnett. The whole of the pieces were well received by a very crowded house.

THURSDAY.—April 23. Mr. Webb, famous for performing Irish characters, appeared this evening in the part of Teague, in *Honest Thieves*, and met with great applause. Mr. Wynne played Manly in a very easy and gentlemanlike manner.

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## ASTLEY'S AMPITHEATRE.

*Under the Management of Messrs. Ducrow and West.*

MONDAY, April 20.—This theatre opened with a splendid "Historical, gorgeous, eastern, English, equestrian, melo-dramatic, military, grand spectacle," entitled "*The Storming of Seringapatam*." To detail the plot of so complicated a production, we must candidly confess is beyond our power. Therefore we shall simply observe that the business of the piece consists in a variety of combats, military and equestrian evolutions, and hair-breadth escapes. In one part a fine stud of black horses were introduced with great effect. The drama concludes with a grand attack on the fortress, with horse and foot. Of the performers, Mr. Cartlitch, as Tippoo Saib, looked very fierce, and roared as loud as any of the tigers of that royal sultan ever did. Mr. Gomersal appeared as Col. Wellesley, though he did *not* look the Hero of Waterloo so well as he did the Warrior of France, yet he supported the character with great judgment and energy. Mr. Herring, as usual, kept the house in a constant roar whenever he appeared, and he introduced a new medly song with great success. On the whole, we must observe, that the arrangement of the piece, as to the machinery, scenery, and costume, as well as the military evolutions, renders it altogether one of the most splendid melo-dramas we have witnessed for years. There were no less than thirty-seven new scenes introduced.

The entertainments in the circle followed, which afforded great satisfaction, particularly the little horse "*Butterfly*" leaping over three horses of his own size, and through three hoops, and over three horses at one and the same time. Mr. Ducrow also performed a variety of extraordinary feats on the backs of two horses. The entertainments concluded with a new burletta entitled *Paul the Rich and Peter the Poor*. The house was crowded in every part with a highly respectable audience.

## COBURG.

This theatre during the short recess has been newly decorated, painted, and embellished, in a manner that reflects equal credit to the taste of the artist, as well as to the liberality of the manager. The performances commenced with a new drama entitled *The Money Diggers, or the Devil's Ship*; the leading incidents of which are taken from Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*. It is altogether well got up for scenic effect, but the conclusion is far too abrupt, even for a Coburg audience. The second piece was a serious drama, (also performed for the first time) called *Peter Bell the Waggoner*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Mr. Arnold, Mr. MORTIMER; Dubois, Mr. WORRELL; Felix Durand, Mr. COOKE; Baptiste, Mr. H. WILLIAMS; Robert, Mr. E. L. LEWIS; Peter Bell, the Waggoner, Mr. DAVIDGE; Martin, a Tinker, Mr. SLOMAN; Charles Master MEYERS; Amelia, (Sister-in-law to Durand,) Mrs. DANSON; Catherine, Miss WATSON.

The piece opens with Amelia, accompanied by her child Charles, coming to take possession of some estates which Felix Durand has long held and considered as his, but in consequence of a clause in the will of his late brother, he is obliged to give the property up to her. Being almost reduced to beggary by this sudden stroke of fortune, he listens to the vile suggestions of his steward Baptiste, and after some hesitation agrees that the unfortunate lady shall be murdered. Baptiste commits the deed, and places the body in a chaise (for the lady had intended to have left the house late that night), which he follows on horseback; the postillion of course being totally unacquainted with the contents of the chaise, on their passing through a forest, Baptiste murders him, and retires to a distance. Peter Bell, at this juncture, is going home with his waggon through this forest, accompanied by his friend Martin, and seeing a chaise and horses without a driver, goes to the spot, and is much shocked at discovering the two bodies. While calling to Martin for assistance, a party of soldiers enter and seize him, taking him to be the murderer. Baptiste then appears, apparently in great agitation, accuses the waggoner of the murder, and orders the soldiers to strictly guard him. Bell vainly protests his innocence, and calls to Martin to speak for him; but the tinker, for fear of being taken as an accomplice, keeps close hid in the waggon. Peter is brought before a magistrate, and his examination ordered to take place; but previous to this he requests he may be permitted to have an interview with his wife, in order to gradually break the horrible intelligence to her. This is granted, and afterwards his examination commences, in the presence of Felix Durand, his wife, children, and neighbours. Baptiste is the accuser, and the proofs against him are very strong, as some of the property of the deceased is

found in the waggon, and his handkerchief is stained with blood. Bell is about to be carried off to prison, when Martin suddenly pops his head out of the waggon, and utterly changes the complexion of affairs, accuses Baptiste of having put the money into the waggon, and to strengthen his testimony, produces the child Charles, who had been purposely lost on the road by Baptiste, and picked up by Bell and Martin. The child declares that Baptiste had torn him away from his mother. The guilty Durand, conscience-struck, confesses his crimes, and dies. Baptiste is secured, and the innocence of Bell proclaimed.

The drama throughout possesses the most intense interest, and is altogether very ably constructed. Some of the serious parts of the dialogue are not devoid of merit. Mr. Davidge appeared to great advantage in the part of Bell; especially in the scene where he is first accused of murder; his agitation, horror, and surprise were very naturally expressed. He also evinced great sensibility when he endeavours to inform his wife of the charge brought against him, and in his forcible and impressive appeal to the magistrate, when caressing his children, "whether the hands that were stained with human blood could touch those innocents." A Mr. Cooke made his first appearance, and depicted the agonies of remorse and guilt with tolerable success. We recommend the manager to omit the kneeling of the four children a second time; the first is effective, but the repetition has too palpable an air of stage trickery. Undine concluded the performances to a crowded and satisfied audience.

#### COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

On Tuesday the 10th the Annual Festival of this most excellent Institution took place at the Freemasons' Tavern. It had been announced that the Duke of Clarence would take the chair on the occasion, but, in consequence of the death of the Prince of Hesse Hombourg, it was contrary to etiquette for his Royal Highness to appear in public, and Mr. Fawcett communicated the circumstance to the company in a very neat apologetical address, which was received with much good feeling; and when Mr. Fawcett announced that the Earl of Blesington had consented to be the *locum tenens* of the Illustrious Duke, the applause was very general. All the tragic, comic, and operative strength of the theatres was present. The Bohemian brothers and *Les Trois Troubadours* were present, and the instrumental performances of the latter, are equal to their vocal. They were encored.

The Earl of Blesington proposed the usual loyal toasts, which were received with the customary demonstrations of affection.

Mt. Mathews sung a most admirable comic song, which was universally cheered. Miss Hughes was encored in a very beautiful aria.

After the health of the Vice Presidents Lord L. Gower and Sir Edward Codrington had been drank, the "health of the Treasurer, Mr. Fawcett," was proposed, and that gentleman addressed the company in a very excellent speech.

My lords and gentlemen: This is most probably the last time I shall ever meet you here in the official situation I now hold: the Prompter, Time, that unsparing truth-teller, whispers in my ear that my stage drama is drawing to its conclusion. But before the curtain falls, I wish, under your sanction, to address a few words on the subject of this Fund to my brethren, to the junior members of them in particular. The illustrious founder of this anniversary dinner, when first he graciously condescended to patronise the institution, very naturally believed that every performer belonging to Covent-garden Theatre contributed towards its maintenance; for it is necessary to state, that many years before any dinner was given, this Fund was in existence, though but in a drooping state; his late Royal Highness could hardly be brought to believe what I was obliged reluctantly to confess, that many of them, both men and women, refused to add their mite to uphold this provident Institution, an Institution formed exclusively for their good, to support them in their age, to sustain them in case of accident or infirmity, and to aid their widows and children when they shall be no more. It has been said by an able theatrical critic, that I should not touch upon these disagreeable facts, but leave every performer to do as he pleased. From what premises he draws this conclusion he best knows; but this I can tell him, I have been years enough in Covent Garden to see many—very many most respectable performers, who have been compelled to leave the theatre in great want of the advantages to be derived from this Fund, but who have lost all claim to it in consequence of their obstinacy in not paying the trifling subscription its rules prescribe. The idle, the absurd, the unfeeling reasons, given by some of my unthinking brethren for not belonging to this most excellent Institution, would hardly be credited by those who are more in the habit of weighing consequences than they are. Some object to subscribe because they cannot afford it: now, when I state that 4*d.* per acting night from the lowest, and 1*s.* from the highest, is all that is required to entitle them to every advantage the Fund holds out, I need not say this reason cannot be the true one. By donations from our gracious king, and other branches of the royal family; by subscriptions from the nobility and patrons, added to our own contributions, we have been enabled to fund as much as permits us to pay in annuities nearly 1000*l.* per annum. At this moment twenty-seven families, many of them of your old favourite actors and actresses, are deriving advantage from this fund.

Mr. Fawcett in conclusion, congratulated the meeting that the subscriptions amounted to 1000*l.* His Majesty had been pleased to give one hundred guineas [cheers].

On the "health of Mr. Mathews, Mr. Young, and the rest of the stewards" being drunk, Mr. Mathews addressed the company as follows :—

Gentlemen, I am deputed by my brethren, I really don't know why, to return you their thanks for the honour just conferred upon them. Considerable difficulty in choosing a speaker, I conjecture, must have occurred before I was applied to. I am at a loss to know what was the occasion of the alarm that seemed to have been taken as to the task ; but I was applied to at the eleventh hour as it were. I certainly inquired why so *serious* a task should be imposed upon a *comic* actor [cheers], when there are so many persons who belong to the more dignified department of the drama, whose power would be more suited to the occasion. I was told they had all individually declined. One of the principle tragedians, to whom the noble Lord had referred, thought he was too *Young* for such an undertaking. Surely, I've a better right to this excuse, for every body knows I'm but a *minor* [laughter]. Mr. Keeley, though so often seen to advantage, thought he should not be seen here [laughter]—he was too *short*, he said ; I hope I shan't be thought too *long* ; and Mr. Blanchard thought his voice too *weak* for the room, not having been used to speak in a larger space than *Covent Garden* for the last twenty-five years ; and I feared that I should not be heard at all, having lately contracted my voice for the Adelphi, and having set up to be my own master, had some fear that it would be *infra dignitate*, to speak amongst his Majesty's servants. All would not do—positively I must return thanks ; and fearing your dreadful disappointment at not hearing a speech at all, I, therefore, prepared one, with which I had intended to occupy only one hour of your time—Judge then, my mortification, when I found that the health of the stewards was left to the very heel of the evening ; and when every topic I had meant to touch upon had been anticipated. I cannot flatter myself that a second subscription will follow my appeal, however eloquent. Therefore, as brevity is the sole of wit, I shall content myself with a very short speech, after having studied a very long one. Gentlemen, if the stewards have really done their duty, and you think so, you have done no more than your duty in drinking their healths ; but still, in common courtesy, they thank you, and I am desired to say so.

Mr. Morgan, the celebrated Irish singer, gave a national song in a most felicitous style. "The Ladies" was drunk with all honours ; and, after the chairman had quitted the chair, the choice devotees of the jolly god kept up the conviviality of the meeting till a late hour.



# COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS AMONG DRAMATIC WRITERS.

(Continued from page 50.)

We flatter ourselves that these Coincidences and Imitations will not prove the least entertaining part of our work ; as it must be curious and interesting to many to observe how writers have, in the ardour of their imagination, caught sentiments, words, ideas, and even entire lines from other poets, and, no doubt, frequently without being sensible of having committed any literary theft.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.

*Cato.*

ADDISON.

This vast and solid earth, this blazing sun,  
The skies through which it rolls, must all have end.

*Revenge.*

YOUNG.

For to be basely born,  
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty  
Of nature's freedom, or an honest birth.  
Nobility, claim'd by the right of blood,  
Shows chiefly that our ancestors deserved  
What we inherit ; but that man whose actions  
Purchase a real merit to himself,  
And rank him in the file of praise and honour,  
Creates his own advancement.

*The Fair Maid of the Inn.*

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

If being lowly born disgraces worth,  
Where is the call to virtue ? Race and name  
Are but the equipage and noise of honour :  
The truly noble are not known by pomp,  
But inborn greatness and diffusive good.

*Fatal Vision.*

HILL.

By death, relief from all our griefs we gain,  
And by one put an end to years of pain ;  
By that, we in one minute find out more  
Than all the busy gownmen study for ;  
Who, after in dull search they've ages spent,  
Learn nothing but to know they're ignorant.

*Alcibiades.*

OTWAY.

What is life,  
To him that's born to die ? or what that wisdom  
Whose perfection ends in knowing we know nothing ?

*Fatal Curiosity.*

LILLO.

---

A beam of hope  
Darts through my soul like the first infant light  
That glanced upon the chaos.  
*Step Mother.* ROWE.

---

Ha! it dawns,  
It rises to me like a new-found world,  
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,  
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purged off.  
*Revenge.* YOUNG.

---

This jealousy's a hydra; 'tis a monster  
Which flourishes the more, the more we maim it.  
*Philip of Macedon.* LEWIS.

---

It is the hydra of calamities,  
The seven-fold death.  
*Revenge.* YOUNG.

---

Tell me why, good heaven,  
Thou madest me what I am, with all the spirit,  
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires  
That fill the happiest man? Ah, rather why  
Did'st thou not form me sordid as my fate,  
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens.  
*Venice Preserved.* OTWAY.

---

Was it for this, ye cruel gods, ye made me  
Great like yourselves, and, as a king, to be  
Your sacred image? Was it but for this?  
Why rather was I not a peasant slave,  
Bred from my birth a drudge to your creation,  
And to my destined load inured betimes.  
*Ambitious Step Mother.* ROWE.

---

*Gloster.*—Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.  
*Ann.*—Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead.  
*Richard III.* SHAKESPEARE.

---

To one, whose father and whose family  
I so detest that I would lose my essence,  
And be transformed to a basilisk  
To look them dead.  
*Fair Maid of the Inn.* BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

---

There is a kind of mournful eloquence  
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clam'rous sorrow.  
*Theodosius.* LEE.

---

Oh cease to weep; words have their weight to wound us,  
But who can bear the silent eloquence  
Of woman's tears?  
HILL.

## THE ENGLISH DRAMA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

*(Continued from page 54.)*

Here is a pottell full of malmsay good and strong ;  
 It will rejoyce both heart and tong ;  
 Though Noe think us never so long,  
 Yet we will drinke a tyle.

*Japhet.*—Mother, we pray you all together,  
 For we are here your own children,  
 Come into the shipp for feare of the wedder,  
 For his love that you bought.

*Wife.*—That I will not for all your call,  
 But I have my gossippes all.

*Sem.*—In faith, mother, yet you shall,  
 Whether you will or nought.

*[The lady is forced on board by her children.]*

*Noe.*—Welcome, wife, into this boate.

*[She gives him a box on the ear.]*

*Wife.*—Take thou that for thy note.

*Noe.*—A ha, Mary ! this is whote ;

It is good for to be still.

Ah children ! methinks my boat remeves ;  
 Our tarrying here heughly me greves :  
 On the land that water spreads ;  
 God does as he will.

The reader will remark, that the orthography of these extracts is not that of the age in which they were written: the transcriber of them into the Harleian MSS. represents them as they were written in 1600; but does not adhere to the ancient spelling. The anachronisms of Noah's wife swearing by Saint John, of Noah himself invoking Christ's blessing, and of the Gossips talking of drinking malmsey, will also not escape observation.

It will be of little use multiplying extracts: the foregoing are quite sufficient to show the style of the dialogue, and to establish their pretensions as poetic compositions. In this respect they are at least equal to other productions of the age; and though the language may sound barbarous to our refined ears, yet we may well imagine, that when delivered with "due emphasis and good discretion," and represented with all the pomp and circumstance of theatrical decorations, they were capable of affording to our rude forefathers as much gratification as we can derive from the united labours of Grieve and Stanfield, and the histrionic talents of Kean, Young, or Kemble.

To conclude the notice of the Chester Mysteries, it only remains to

enumerate the different pageants into which they were divided, and the companies by whom they were played. They were these:—

1. The Fall of Lucifer, performed by ..... The Tanners.
2. The Creation ..... The Drapers.
3. The Deluge ..... The Dyers.
4. Abraham, Melchisedek, and Job ..... The Barbers.
5. Moses, Balak, and Balaam ..... The Cappers.
6. The Salutation and Nativity ..... The Wrights.
7. The Shepherds feeding their flocks by }  
Night ..... The Painters and Glaziers.
8. The Three Kings ..... The Vintners.
9. The Oblation of the Three Kings ..... The Mercers.
10. The Killing of the Innocents ..... The Goldsmiths.
11. The Purification ..... The Blacksmiths.
12. The Temptation ..... The Butchers.
13. The Last Supper ..... The Bakers.
14. The Blind Men and Lazarus ..... The Glovers.
15. Jesus and the Lepers ..... The Corvesarys.
16. Christ's Passion ..... {  
The Bowyers, Fletchers,  
and Ironmongers.
17. The Descent into Hell ..... The Cooks and Inkeepers.
18. The Resurrection ..... The Skinners.
19. The Assension ..... The Tailors.
20. The Election of Matthais, the Assension }  
of the Holy Ghost, &c. .... The Fishmongers.
21. Antichrist ..... The Clothiers.
22. The Day of Judgment ..... The Websters.

Thus much for the Chester Mysteries, those of Coventry will require a more particular notice.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### OTWAYS VENICE PRESERVED.

When in your Brigantine you sail'd to see  
The Adriatick wedded by our Duke.

These lines refer to the custom of the Doge of Venice marrying the sea, of which the following is the origin.

Sibastian Ziani, Doge of Venice, took part with Pope Alexander III. against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, whose son Otho, at the head of a fleet of seventy-five sail, he defeated, off the Punta di Salvori, in Istria, taking forty-eight of the ships, among which was the Admiral Gally, wherein Otho himself was. Ziani, returning into the city, was met by the Pope, who, congratulating him upon his success, presented him with a gold ring, saying,—“Take this ring, and with it bind the sea to thee in wedlock: this you and your successors shall do every year, that latest posterity may know that you have acquired the dominion of this sea by right of conquest, and that, as the wife is subject to her husband, so is that to the Republic of Venice.” And accord-

ingly the ceremony of marrying the sea, by throwing in a gold ring, was performed every year, with great solemnity, on Ascension Day.

Garrick was one day, in company, speaking of the difficulties attendant upon theatrical management, with respect to the repression of those jealousies and heart-burnings which too frequently arose from casting of parts; a circumstance that, he observed, had given him more trouble than any other in his situation, "There is Palmer," said he "a useful actor, but the greatest coxcomb upon earth; I had a part of considerable importance to put into his hands; but I well knew, that if I had offered it in the ordinary way, I should have had a hundred hums and has! so how do you think I managed him?"

"Nay, that is impossible to guess," was the reply.

"Why, I'll tell you," continued Garrick; "at the reading, he did not seem to like the piece; so I took him aside, and said, 'my dear Palmer, I intend that you shall play such a part in it.' 'Mr Garrick!' he returned, drawing up. 'I do indeed, my dear boy; there is not such a figure for it as yours in the company, and you shall have the finest suit of clothes.' Down dropped at once the kimboed arms of Palmer; his countenance brightened in an instant, and he answered, with a smile, 'well, if it will oblige you, Mr. Garrick.' 'To be sure it will, I cried, 'and the public too. The dress shall be magnificent.' 'And I,' said Palmer, 'will endeavour to do my best in it.'"

The following is an account of the suit of clothes alluded to: the ground of the dress was a most beautiful purple velvet, wove and cut in a mosaic pattern, which consisted of a number of lozenges of purple and silver, and in the middle of every lozenge was loosely tacked a large silver spangle; these consequently played with the motion of the arms and body, and exhibited a brilliancy of effect seldom equalled.

The following drama was produced a few years ago at Paris. We think Harley, Jones, or any others of our voluble actors might get it up with great effect for their benefits.

It was called the *Babillard*, and is properly a monologue, consisting of ten or twelve scenes. In fact, there is no dialogue, for only one person opens his mouth throughout the whole piece. This loquacious hero is called Dorante. He puts to flight five women with his tongue, remains master of the field of battle, and still talks while he remains alone on the scene. In the first scene, without allowing his valet the opportunity of putting in a word, he informs him of his love for a lady, of his hopes, and his project for marriage. In the second scene he meets his mistress, silences her by his volubility, and always interprets her silence in his favour. In the third, the father and mother of the lady arrive, and the audience expect at last to have some dialogue, but their hopes are vain. The indefatigable Dorante speaks for the father

and mother, and replies for his mistress. In short, all the other personages who appear have only the opportunity of expressing their sentiments by gestures. This whimsical bluetie was loudly applauded on the first representation, and the Parisians crowded to see it every night. Much of its success was owing to the exertions of the actor who performed Dorante. At the conclusion the name of the author was, according to the French custom, called for. One of the mute performers stepped forward, and was going to open his mouth for the first time, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the audience; but the talkative Dorante was too quick for him, and interrupted him with—"The piece which we have had the honour to represent"—"You should say, which I have had the honour to represent," cried a voice from the pit.

*Farquhar's apology for the Stage.*—Poetry alone, and chiefly the Drama, lies open to the insults of all pretenders, she was one of Nature's oldest offspring, whence by her birthright and plain simplicity she pleads a genuine likeness to her mother. Born in the innocence of time, she provided not against the assaults of succeeding ages, and depending altogether on the generous pride of her demeanour, neglected those secret supports and serpentine devices, used by other arts that wind themselves into practice for more subtle and politick designs. Naked she came into the world, and it is to be feared, like its professors, will go naked out.

## MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. MACREADY,

### *Manager of the Bristol Theatre.*

The late William Macready, father of the present celebrated actor of that name, was born in Dublin, and was bred to the business of an upholsterer, by his father, who carried on that trade there to a considerable extent. He declined this business however for the stage, and, having performed at most of the Irish Theatres, was in Mr. Daly's company when Mr. Macklin paid a visit to Ireland, who was anxious to appear in his own *Man of the World*, which he was eager to have well got up. The character of Egerton was given to Mr. Daly, the manager, who was instructed by the author with great petulance, as the defective memory of Mr. Macklin made him arrange the stage business differently every day, and his haughty confidence made him superior to contradiction. Mr. Daly submitted to the veteran's caprice in being directed like a school-boy, until the epithets of blockhead, stupid fellow, no actor, dunce, &c. &c. were bestowed with so much liberality on him, that he threw down the part with great indignation. Macready was now selected to personate Egerton, and accommodated

himself with so much deference to the will of Macklin, as induced the latter to predict in his favour, as he sustained the character very tolerably and was applauded. His tutor exulted in his triumph over the manager, complimented Macready on his talents, and offered him a sum of money, which being refused, Macklin said he would do something for him, and promised he would exert all his interest for an engagement for him at Covent Garden. He gave Macready some trinkets of value, and agreeably to his word fixed him the following season on a genteel salary with Mr. Harris.

He made his first appearance at Covent Garden in 1786, and he represented what are called the second rate walking gentlemen. He afterwards became manager of the Birmingham theatre, and, having left Covent Garden in consequence of a disagreement about salary, opened the Royalty Theatre, on the plan of Sadlers Wells, for the winter. This scheme proved unsuccessful, and he then obtained the management of the Sheffield company. He afterwards undertook the Manchester Theatre, in which concern he failed, and became a bankrupt in November 1819. His wife, who was likewise on the stage, died in 1804.

He afterwards became lessee of the Bristol, Swansea, and other theatres, which he held for many years. He married a second time in 1812.

He is author of the Bank Note, and Irishman in London.

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## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DUBLIN.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has granted to the family of Mr. Jones, late patentee of Brow-street theatre, a patent for the performance of opera, melo-drame, and every class of minor dramatic representation. A long list of noblemen and gentlemen have become subscribers, and a plan and estimate have been approved of for the erection of a theatre on the old ground in Brow-street.

*April 13.* Madame Catalani closed her engagement on Saturday evening, when she took her benefit; the house was crowded in every part with a fashionable audience.

*Wednesday, April 15.* On Monday last a splendid entertainment was given by the admirers and supporters of the drama to Henry Harris, Esq. the patentee of the Covent Garden and

Dublin Theatres. The dinner took place at Morrion's great room, and was conducted upon a scale the most magnificent. Above 60 persons of the first respectability and rank sat down, including several professional and literary characters, and a strong muster of the musical gentlemen. This tribute of approbation to the public exertions of Mr. Harris, was enhanced by the estimation in which he is held in private by those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and must have been gratifying at once to his feelings and his pride. Several excellent speeches were made in the course of the evening, and the entertainers and the guests separated with the mutual feelings of regard and respect, greatly heightened towards each other. Several glees were sung by Messrs. Robinson, Brough, &c. with great effect.

## EDINBURGH.

Mr. C. Kemble commenced his engagement in the character of Felix in *The Wonder*, to Mrs. Siddons' *Violante*. He has since played Hamlet, Archer, Romeo, Fainwell, Falstaff, Lord Townly, Charles the XIIth, Octavian, Macbeth, Captain Plume, and sustained Ranger in the *Suspicious Husband* for his benefit which was of course an overflow. Miss F. H. Kelly is playing here. With regard to Mrs. Siddons we have to express our regret that we are to lose her for a season; should a report which we have heard prove true, that her retirement is to be permanent, our regret will be deeper, while the quiet way in which she has effected it will but be in accordance with the whole of her gentle and lady-like demeanour.

*March 28.* A French drama, done into English after the most approved fashion, and yeilded "*Valeria*," was produced on Thursday, for the benefit of Miss F. H. Kelly. It seems that our volatile neighbours, having exhausted the records of their police courts, have now penetrated into the back shop of the surgeon in search of the pathetic. The whole interest of this piece depends on restoring sight, by means of a skilful oculist, to a blind lady, to the end that she may marry a gentleman with her eyes open. There is a stretch of genius in this, and we cannot in all our theatrical experience recall any thing one half so tender as the scene where the lover, pressing his mistress's hand, sighs out in love's most bland and mellifluous tones, "Will you *Valeria*, will you consent to undergo an operation?"

From such trifling we return to refresh ourselves by dwelling on the memory of Charles Kemble. We have known actors of intenser power, but few of a wider range or equal elegance. Mr. Kemble is of a goodly stature and well-proportioned, and with a face of the true Kemble cut. His deport-

ment is always graceful. His voice is good, and his elocution correct and pleasing. In the mere mimic part of his profession he is possessed of an extensive power of personation. He assumes with facility the deportment and peculiarities of many and widely differing characters, and that so completely as neither to remind us of his own personality, or any of his parts but that which he is at the moment supporting. These qualities are but the groundwork of his art, but they are a foundation as indispensable to a good actor as a knowledge of the mechanical details of colouring is to a painter. We proceed now to higher matter; and first of his qualifications as a tragedian. We have seen him during this visit in Hamlet, Macbeth, and Romeo, and the Result of our observation is as follows:—His powers of conception and execution want depth and intensity sufficient to admit of his filling to their full extent the two former, which, perhaps of the whole range of dramatic characters, are the most recondite, evincing more than any others piercing scrutiny of human nature in their author, and calling more for a kindred spirit in their actor. As to Hamlet, it is a character of the possibility of acting which we are very doubtful; and in Mr. Kemble's Macbeth there wanted that rich and mellow tone of feeling, that milkiness of nature and infirmity of purpose in evil, which is diffused through the whole character. In this part, too, Mr. Kemble was from first to last too much wound up. There is a soldierly frankness about Macbeth on his first appearance which we missed. Still Mr. K.'s performance of both these characters was far, very far, above mediocrity. Our opinion of his Hamlet is already on record; and in regard to his Macbeth, we would not wish to see finer acting than the scene when he waits for the discovery of the murder—the banquet scene—and the whole of the last act. His Romeo is perfect. There



is a quietness and depth of passion in it, which we never found in any other representative of the character. His is the Romeo of Shakspeare—not the mere puling boy that most actors make of him—but the gentleman complete in arts and arms—the gentle and well-governed youth of whom Verona bragged—he of whose parts the sage friar held so high an opinion—the man who could cope in wit with Mercutio, and at the sword with Tybalt. He is no whining Werter, predisposed from innate weakness to yield to passion; but a spirited and manly youth, whom its force overwhelms in despite of himself. His vessel does run upon the rocks, but it is a stoutly ribbed bark, gallantly manned, and it is a fearful tempest that drives it down. We have dwelt at greater length on his powers as a tragedian, because we fear they are not so generally done justice to as his comic talents. The quiet gentlemanly bearing of his Plume—the robust voluptuousness of his Archer—the fretful wayward jealousy of his Felix—the rich oily humour of his Falstaff—the stiff abrupt bearing of his Charles XII., are by all admitted, and this admission establishes a versatility of talent seldom equalled. Above all, he is almost the last relic of an earlier and more classical race of actors; and we must say, that the scanty attendance in the boxes during the period of his engagement reflects little credit on the taste of their occupants.

#### CORK.

In alluding to the calamities which have occurred to the drama in that city in the present season, mentions the following casualties:—Mrs. Humby and Mrs. Waylett differed about a song, which ended in the former withdrawing herself from the benefit of the latter; Miss Foote quarrelled with the management; a Mr. Norman appealed to the public; and Mr. Kean's illness rendered him un-

equal to the fulfilment of his engagement.

*Friday, 10.* As Mr. Kean was going through his very spirited performance of Macbeth he was suddenly seized, at the end of the third act, just before the banquet scene, with a fit of exhaustion which rendered him senseless for upwards of twenty minutes. Dr. Woodroffe was with him on the instant, but after restoration he was pronounced too weak to conclude the performance. During the delay the house began to grow impatient, and a gentleman from the side boxes called upon the manager; Mr. Shuter came forward and explained the circumstances, adding that a suitable apology for the delay should have been made before, were it not that they hoped Mr. Kean might so far recover as to continue the character to the end, and requested that the audience would suffer the substitution of a part of Douglas in which Mr. Kean jun. would act the part of Norval. This was promptly conceded to by the audience. Mr. Kean's benefit was to have taken place on the Monday following.

#### BRISTOL.

*April 2.* A beautiful little child named Coveney appeared as Rosetta, which she sustained with much grace and spirit. Her voice is powerful, sweet, and melodious, she not only delighted but astonished her hearers, and elicited the strongest marks of approbation. Her engagement concluded on Wednesday last, which was her benefit night, the house was well attended.

*April 11.* Mr. Macready was found dead in his bed.

Miss Love commenced an engagement here on Easter Monday, as Lilla and Giovanni she is a very great favorite of the Bristolians.

#### BATH.

*March 30.* Miss Foote made her first appearance here this season on

Monday evening in the characters of Letitia Hardy, and Annette the little jockey. She was greeted by an elegant and numerous audience with the utmost kindness and cordiality, and during the whole of her performance she received the most unbounded applause; and was unanimously encored in "Where are you going my pretty maid;" also in her celebrated jockey song, which she sang with inimitable effect, and in her beautiful dance from Cherry and Fair Stars. Last evening, Miss Foote again appeared as Donna Olivia and Variella, in both of which characters she "won golden opinions from all." In fact, whether we look at this lady in the very highest walks of genteel comedy, such as Letitia Hardy, or Donna Olivia, or in the more comic characters of the little Jockey and Variella, whether we view her elegant style of dancing or listen to her simple but sweet and unassuming style of singing, we are equally astonished and delighted at her great versatility of talent, and we are fully persuaded that this her fourth visit to Bath will be equally prosperous and profitable to her as her former ones.

April 9. The house has been better attended during the latter portion of Miss Foote's engagement, than it was during the earlier part. Notwithstanding the extreme unfavourableness of the weather. On Thursday was presented for the first time here, a new opera entitled the *Nymph of the Grotto*, the production we believe of our townsman Dimond. We are not prepared or disposed to say much in its favour; indeed, had the sense of the house been taken on the night of its performance, its claim to a favourable reception would have been thrown out by a very great majority. Miss Foote as Amadis did her best to make a dull heavy part as pleasing as possible. But she evidently laboured under the impression that her own great talents were unequal to the task, and we thought in one or two instances she

resigned the character to the fate it merited. The other performers exerted themselves far beyond the merits of the parts assigned to them. The lively farce of a Roland for an Oliver followed, in which Miss Foote delighted the house by her exquisite personation of Maria Darlington.

April 13. Miss Foote's engagement terminated this day with the performance of *Much Ado about Nothing* and the *Maid and the Magpie* for her benefit, and when compared with the great attendance of this season, we must consider that which has rewarded the accomplished actress during her stay here as being numerous and fashionable.

Madame Vestris commenced her engagement here on the 20th of April, she made her 1st appearance as Phœbe, in Poole's much admired comedy of *Paul Pry*.

#### CANTERBURY.

Our theatre closed on Saturday last, after a tolerably successful season. Mr. W. Dowton and his company proceed to Rochester, where they intend opening on Easter Monday.

#### MANCHESTER.

A Mr. Andrews has been playing here the last month; he excels in the testy old gentleman. He is engaged at the Haymarket.

#### NORWICH.

April 18. The evening of the manager's benefit afforded us the satisfaction of seeing the house well filled, in fact, in technical terms, it was a bumper. Of the three new pieces produced, we are unable to speak in terms of high praise. For all the beauties attached to *Gil Blas* we were indebted to the able pencil of Mr. Thorne. The good acting of Mr. Serle, Mr. Burton, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Beachum, and Mr. Wharton, and of Miss Sowter, (who undertook the *Boy of Santillane*, in

consequence of the continued indisposition, of Mrs. Hannam,) was unable to recommend it, and we were sorry to see so clever an actor as Martin in so stupid a burlesque as that of Domingo. The piece was not hissed off, but we think it will not be repeated, lest its fate should not be again so fortunate. The interlude called *Opposition*, or the *Rival Dancing Masters*, introduced Mr. Hayes of the Italian Opera, who proved himself fully capable of sustaining the character of a *Maitre de Dance*, and he was much applauded. The gentleman, we find, is to appear again next week with Miss Foote. The farce

called *Comfortable Lodgings*, or *Paris* in 1750, afforded great laughter. Mr. Burton was excellent as Mr. Hipping-ton Miff, an Englishman travelling on the Continent, who views every thing with an eye of suspicion, one who cannot be gay with the gay, is pleased with nothing, or if he does laugh, it is only like a double rap, ha! ha! his valet Rigmarole (Mr. Martin) is an opposite character, and will be merry in spite of his master's seriousness; the effect of the piece principally rests upon these two actors, who can scarcely be placed together without affording amusement.

## POETRY AND SONGS.

### CHORUS OF O'DONOGHUE'S PEOPLE.

O, the land of youth! the land of youth!  
At the bottom of the water,  
Is the place for fun, for my mother's  
own son,  
And my father's darling daughter!  
For the wears and tears of a hundred  
years,  
That would ruin poor human nature,  
Can never waste the smallest taste  
Of the supernatural creature.  
So we keep up a glorious hubbabbou,  
'Mid the pikes and the perriwinkles;  
And bother old Time with "eternal  
prime,"  
Which he never can load with wrin-  
kles.

O 'tis strange to see the analogy  
Betwixt all fairy versions;  
And how completely the elfin state  
Of the Pats is like the Persians!  
For here our class of spirits pass  
In water all their lives, Sir;  
And sure those elves must be like our-  
selves  
They call the Gins and Dives, Sir.  
Then hurrah hoo! for O'Donoghue,  
And the land that's under the water;  
'Tis the place for fun, for my mother's  
own son,  
And my father's darling daughter.

### AIR—O'DONOGHUE.

*(The Eagle's Whistle).*

Sound "the Eagle's Whistle,"  
Kerry's call to battle;  
Let the Eagle's Nest  
With its echoes rattle!  
Sing the song of yore,  
Raise the ancient banner;  
Once again the breeze—  
The mountain breeze—shall fan her.  
Cleave thou fair Loch-Lane,  
Forth thy chieftain sallies,  
Hail him once again  
Desmond of the Vallies!

### DAN O'REILLEY.

'Twas at the sign of the Fork  
Young Pat first opened his throttle;  
And being a native of Cork,  
No wonder he dipp'd in the bottle.  
His mother's own milk, they say,  
Soon made him quite funny and frisky,  
For when she put cream in his tea,  
By the powers! it was nothing but  
whisky.  
O! Paddy O'Flannagan,  
Neat, tipping Paddy,  
Pat was a darling boy!  
For England he sailed one day,  
Determined to be a great rover,

But fell overboard in the sea,  
When he'd been at least half-sea-  
over ;

But saved by a man was hard by,  
Who shew'd him a deal of good-  
nature :

The water, he said, made him dry,  
So he ask'd for a drop of the cratur !  
Oh ! Paddy, &c.

To the Devil's Punch-bowl he came,  
A pond that in Munster is brimming,  
And soon, for the sake of its name,  
Was seen in the Punch-bowl swim-  
ming.

For whiskey he wrestled and hurl'd,  
And won all his bets by his merits ;  
Then drank himself out of the world,  
To go to the world of spirits.  
Oh ! Paddy, &c.

AIR—*Count Hermogen*—MR. WOOD.

I've seen and kiss'd that crimson lip,  
With bonied smiles o'erflowing ;  
Enchanted watched the opening rose  
Upon thy soft cheek glowing ;  
Nor ever deem'd thy beauty's spell  
A purer charm could borrow,  
But, oh ! I had not then beheld  
Thy parting look of sorrow.

Although, in nature's garland gay,  
A thousand hues be twining,  
Can one surpass the snow-white flower,  
Through dew-drops meekly shining ?  
Dear maid, thine eye may prove less  
blue,  
Thy beauty fade to-morrow ;  
But, ah ! my heart can ne'er forget  
Thy parting look of sorrow.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should be very happy to comply with L. A. M.'s wishes, but we really cannot afford space.

R. Collins is informed that we do not think it would answer to alter our plan of publishing ; we shall be happy to receive any communication from him. With respect to the portraits that he mentioned, we fear we cannot accommodate him, as there are so many engravings of that lady out.

T. D.'s suggestion we think very worthy of attention, and we shall adopt it in every future number.

We are much obliged to Mr. Bates for the list of performers, but to give a memoir of all the persons he mentioned in his letter, is rather too imposing a task.

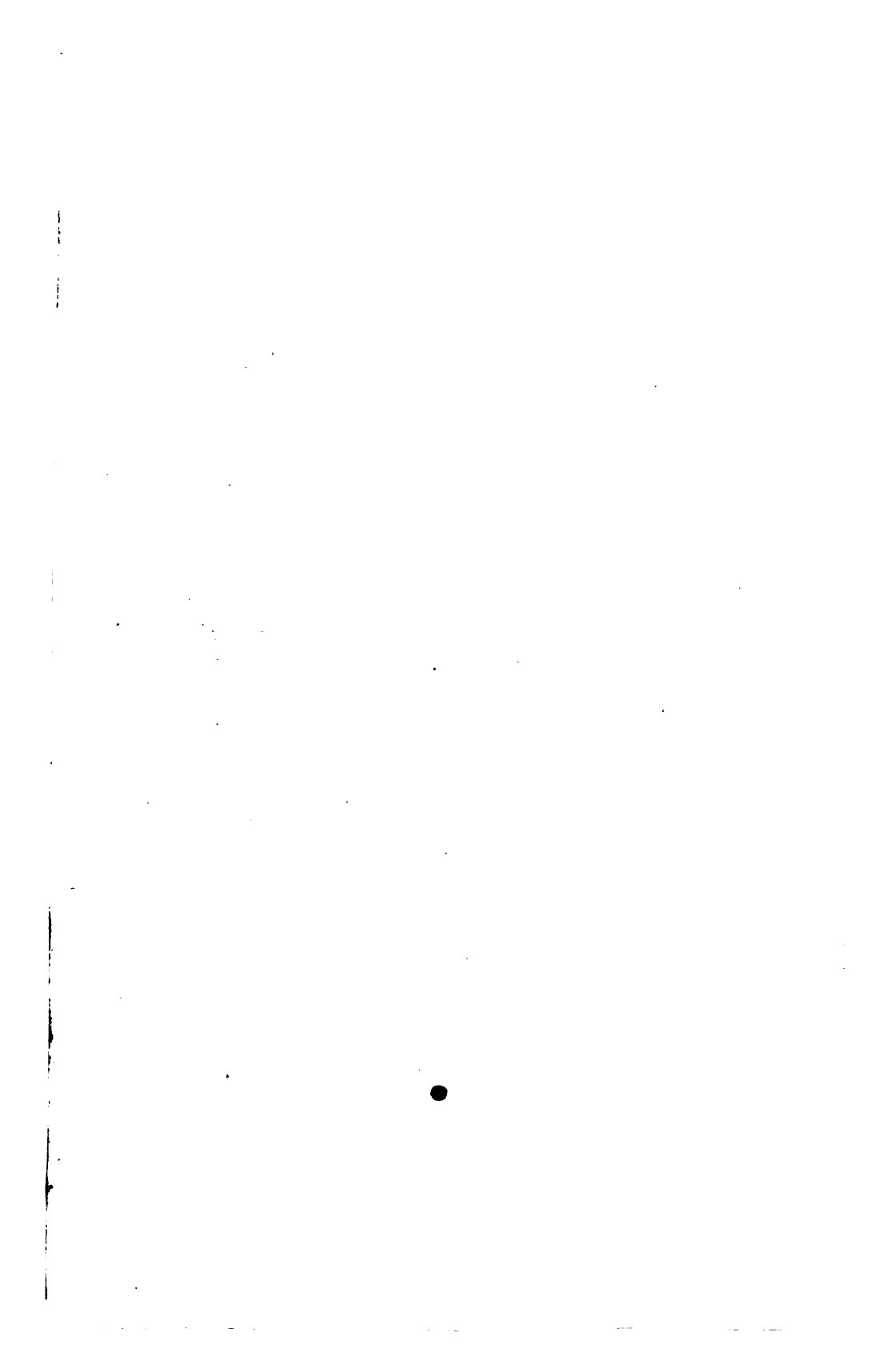
We should have been very happy to have published Edw. D.'s remarks of the performances at Wilmington theatre, but the arrangements of our work at *present* preclude us from noticing amateur theatricals.

We received E. D.'s communication too late for insertion ; it shall be in our next.

If Mr. Waugh will have the goodness either to send some tickets of admission, or inform us how we can get into the theatre he has mentioned, we shall be very willing (should there be any thing worthy of notice) to detail it.

A brief memoir of Miss Goward will appear in our next.

We shall be obliged to Geoffrey Muffincap if he will send us another copy of his parody, the first having been mislaid.





*Drawn by Robt. Cruickshank, and Engraved by Rich<sup>d</sup>. Sawyer.*

**MR. HARLEY & MR. WEEKES,**  
*as Samson & Don C. Bailey,*  
*in Thier na Oge.*

*London, Published June 1<sup>st</sup> 1829, by Whittaker, Treacher & Co. Ave Maria Lane,  
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THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1829.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DRURY LANE.

**MONDAY**, April 27.—*Venice Preserved*; *Otway*.—*Les Alcides*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

**TUESDAY**, April 28.—*Every One has his Fault*; *Inchbald*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

**WEDNESDAY**, April 29.—*The Stranger*; *Kotzebue*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

**THURSDAY**, April 30.—*Rienzi*.—*Two Wives*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

**FRIDAY**, May 1.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*My Wife! What Wife?* Poole.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

**SATURDAY**, May 2.—*Charles the Twelfth*.—*Portrait of Cervantes*; Griffulhe.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

**MONDAY**, May 4.—*Masaniello* (first time).—*Thierna-Na-Oge*; Planché.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—**MASANIELLO** (a Neapolitan Fisherman), Mr. BRAHAM; Don Alphonzo (son of the Viceroy of Naples), Mr. T. COOKE; Lorenzo (Alphonzo's Friend), Mr. LEE; Pietro, Mr. BEDFORD, Ruffino, Mr. BLAND; Moreno, Mr. YARNOLD (friends of Masaniello, and leaders of the Revolt); Selva, Mr. C. JONES; Commissioner, Mr. FENTON. Nobles, Peasants, Pages, Neapolitan Fisherman, Lazzaroni, &c. **ELVIRA** (Bride of Alphonzo), Miss BETTS; Fenella (Masaniello's Sister), Mademoiselle ALEXANDRINE; Inis, Miss Weston. Principal Dancers, Mr. GILBERT (from the Italian Opera House), Mr. OSCAR BYRNE, ROSA BYRNE, Misses ANGELICA, BASEKE, RYAL, &c.

The Piece opens with a grand procession of the nobility and Inhabitants of Naples to the Chapel of the Viceroy, to be present at the nup-

tials of Alphonso and Elvira ; the former makes his appearance, and after expressing his remorse for having betrayed some young female, proceeds to the chapel ; the bride enters, and is about to follow him, when Fenella, the Dumb Girl of Portici, who has just escaped from prison, rushes in and claims her protection. Her appearance awakens the sympathy of Elvira, and consequently she is desirous of learning her history. Fenella replies by a variety of signs and movements, which we are to understand implies that she has been carried off by some nobleman, and betrayed. Elvira promises to protect her, and enters the chapel. After the ceremony has been concluded the nuptial pair return, and Alphonso is discovered to be Fenella's seducer. His bride upbraids and leaves him, and in the confusion that ensues, Fenella escapes ; this ends the first act. The second opens with one of the most beautiful and picturesque views we ever beheld. The scene represents the Bay of Naples, the front ground is occupied with fishermen's wives mending their nets, while the more youthful part of the community are dancing and singing, and in the distance the men are unloading the boats ; after a cheerful chorus they depart, and Masaniello enters, who is described as being gloomy and dissatisfied, on account of the absence of his sister, and the griping taxation imposed on his brethren. His worst fears for the former are presently confirmed, for his sister rushes in and describes to him the wrongs she had suffered ; her brother vows to revenge them, and calls to his comrades, who all offer him their assistance. The next scene is entirely occupied with the reconciliation of Alphonso and Elvira ; the last scene of this act is the Market-place, and one executed by Stanfield, in a manner very deserving of notice. The fishermen are already incensed in consequence of an extra tax having been imposed on their labours ; when, therefore, a party of soldiers attempt to carry off Fenella, the people attack and slay them. In the third act Alphonso and Elvira, who with difficulty had escaped from the horrid ravages committed by the fishermen, take refuge in Masaniello's hut ; they are first observed by Fenella, who, notwithstanding all the injuries she has sustained, generously affords them a shelter, and Masaniello also offers them his protection. Pietro and his comrades enter, and demand that the fugitives should be given up to them, but Masaniello refuses on account of his having promised to save them. In the midst of the confusion Moreno enters, to announce that the Viceroy has given up the keys of the city, and that the people have resolved Masaniello shall be made king. The canvass walls of the hut are drawn aside, the magistrates arrive, with the emblems of office, and place them at the feet of Masaniello, who, mounted on a white steed, accompanied with a numerous cavalcade, passes through the city. The last scene is the vestibule of the viceroy's palace, with Vesuvius in the distance. The fishermen are quaffing their wine, while Masaniello is supposed to be presiding at a banquet in the interior of the palace. Pietro then informs one of his comrades that,



fearful of the ambitious views, of Masaniello, he had mingled a potent poison with his wine. An alarm is spread that a large reinforcement of Spaniards had arrived, and the terrified multitude call aloud for "Masaniello," who at length appears, but evidently suffering from the effects of the poison. He is unconscious of his situation, and is singing snatches of old tunes; at length he is made to understand that the foe approaches, he seizes an axe and rushes forth to meet them. We shortly afterwards learn that Masaniello has fallen a sacrifice to the fury of Pietro, in consequence of his having again saved the life of Elvira. The populace are beaten back and conquered by the Spaniards, and the piece concludes with a terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius,

This opera altogether so well answers to Voltaire's description of one that we cannot refrain from inserting it. An opera is a spectacle as wild as it is magnificent, where the ears are more gratified than the mind, and where its subservience to music renders the most ridiculous faults indispensable; where it is necessary to sing little airs at the destruction of a city; and to dance round a tomb when we see the palaces of Pluto, and of the sun, gods, demons, magicians, illusions, monsters, sumptuous edifices, built and destroyed in the twinkling of an eye. We hear, nay we are charmed with these extravagances, because we are in fairy land; in short, give us but striking machinery, elegant dances, fine music, with some interesting scenes, and we desire no more. In the three last the present opera excels. Indeed Masaniello is altogether got up in a style far superior to any thing we have witnessed during Mr. Price's management. No expence has been spared (to borrow from the play bills) either in the dresses, scenery, or decorations. Having said thus much of the manager we turn to the author,\* who is in this instance a very inferior person. However, there is one very great merit due to him for having introduced little or no dialogue; an example so praiseworthy, that we trust it will be followed by all his brethren, as we are entirely of Cumberland's opinion, "that it is much better, more justifiable, and infinitely more charitable to write nonsense, and set it to good music, than to write ribaldry and impose it upon good actors;" not, however, that we mean to say Mr. B. Levius' poetry is absolute nonsense, though there is one song by Mr. Cooke which may be classed under those exquisite effusions which are not unhappily styled prose run mad.

Having disposed of the author, we turn to the acting. Mr. Braham has proved himself this season, in more instances than one, to be an actor of very considerable talents; his performance this evening, of a very arduous character, was every way deserving of encomium. His wild and plaintive tones in the last scene, while murmuring broken frag-

\* Mr. B. Levius, a gentleman that produced a very lively little drama at Drury-lane some years ago, called *Maid or Wife*.

ments of songs, produced a sensation on the audience similar to Miss Kelly's Ophelia.

Miss Betts executed the airs allotted to her with great skill and effect ; she may be considered as a very valuable addition to the operatic corps. A Madame Alexandrine, from the Opera House at Paris, made her first appearance, and she has a pretty face, and exhibited a variety of postures which the actors kindly interpreted for us, otherwise we should exclaim, with Mungo, "me see, but me no understand." This lady, instead of being dressed as a fisherman's sister just escaped from prison, looked like a French milliner just popped out of a band-box.

Of the music we have only to observe, that it is of a fine bold description, and likely to become exceedingly popular, especially the airs\* we have selected.

TUESDAY, May 5.—*Masaniello* ; B. Levius.—*Thierna-Na-Oge* ;  
Planché.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

THURSDAY, May 7.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

FRIDAY, May 8.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

SATURDAY, May 9.—*Masaniello*.—*My Wife ! What Wife ?*

MONDAY, May 11.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

TUESDAY, May 12.—*Masaniello*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

WEDNESDAY May 13.—*Masaniello*.—*Deaf as a Post* ; Poole.—*Comfortable Lodgings* ; Peake.

THURSDAY, May 14.—*Masaniello* —*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

FRIDAY, May 15.—*Masaniello*.—*My Wife ! What Wife ?*

SATURDAY, May 16.—*Masaniello*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

MONDAY, May 18.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

TUESDAY, May 19.—*Masaniello*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

WEDNESDAY, May 20.—*Masaniello*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

\* See Poetry.

THURSDAY. May 21.—*The Partizans, or the war of Paris in 1649* (first time); Planchè.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Mathieu Molé, President of the Parliament of Paris, Mr. COOPER; Marquis de Jarsay (Partizan of Cardinal Mazarine), Mr. JONES; Duke de Beaufort (leader of the Frondeurs), Mr. THOMPSON; Miron, Mr. C. JONES; Favier, Mr. CATHIE (colonels of the City Guard); Perinet (captain of the City Guard), Mr. WEBSTER; De Boisle, Mr. YOUNGE; Monsieur Papelard (a wealthy Mercer), Mr. LISTON; Henri (his son), Mr. J. VINING; Choux fleur (Papelard's Gardener), Mr. HUGHES; Dubois, Mr. SALTER; Blanc Mesnil, Mr. S. JONES; Novion, Mr. HOWELL (Presidents au Mortier); Bernard (the President's Swiss Porter), Mr. GATTIE; Georgette (Papelard's Niece), Miss LOYE; Genevieve de Bourbon (Duchess de Longueville), Miss ELLEN TREE; Susan, Mrs. KENDALL.

The whole of the scene is laid at Paris, and the piece is opened with a dialogue between Miron and Favier; but as these gentlemen do not afford a clear insight into the state of affairs, we had better give an account of the position France stood when the play commences. France was at this period divided into several factions; first, the King and the Court party; the Queen Regent and her adherents; the Duke de Beaufort, the leader of the Frondeurs (or the mob); the Cardinal Mazarine, a supporter of another faction, pretending to be in favour of the king and the people, but in fact entirely for his own aggrandizement; and, finally, Mathieu Molé, who also has his partizans and who is the only real patriot of the set. The first scene is entirely occupied with the above explanation, and the President upbraiding or rather bullying the Duke for his conduct. The second scene is Papelard's house. Papelard is a very prudent man, for seeing, that all the factions appear to be equally certain of success, he cannot make up his mind which side to join. He is however shortly obliged to make his election, by the arrival of the Marquis de Jarsay, who is a confidential agent of the Cardinal's. The Marquis informs him that his party are certain of success, and that the Cardinal's troops will enter Paris the following night. Papillard immediately declares for the Cardinal, the Marquis says he knew that such were his sentiments, and he has therefore appointed his house as a rendezvous for the different leaders to meet and sign the treaty which he was entrusted with by the Cardinal. The conference is interrupted by Captain Perinet being announced, to the inconceivable annoyance of Papelard, as he is one of the leaders of the Frondeurs. The Marquis is hid in the closet, and the captain enters, tells Papelard that his side also is certain of success, and prevails upon him to subscribe 3000 livres to the popular party. This act concludes with Henri, a romantic youth of 18, saving the Duchess de Longueville from the

fury of the mob, (a very unfortunate woman, for she has all parties against her, except the king,) and hiding her in his father's garden.

In the 2d Act we find the Duchess concealed in an old summer-house of Papelard's; footsteps being heard, Henri places her in a closet. His father and the Marquis enter, and the boy is ordered to withdraw, as it happens to be the very place appointed for the meeting of the various deputies. Papelard is made secretary, and these gentlemen enter, and take their seats. After every thing has been arranged to their satisfaction, they are about to depart, when the Duchess de Longueville, excited by some expression made use of by the Marquis, cannot help exclaiming "villain!" They all rush to the closet where she is concealed, when Henri enters, and taking the Marquis aside, informs him it is a slight intrigue of his, and ingeniously hints that the lady is related to one of the deputies. This idea pleases the Marquis, and he gets the gentlemen to depart, by assuring them there is no danger to be apprehended by the discovery. However, when they are gone, he insists on seeing the *incognita*. The lady appears with her mask on; the Marquis insists on her removing it; the lady declares that if she consents, she will give the alarm to the Frondeurs, who are within call, and are on the look-out for the Marquis. He of course declines the terms, and offers her a wager of 1000 crowns that her face is not worth seeing. She accepts the bet, taking a month's time to decide it, and departs unmolested. This act concludes with a very effective scene. Papilard being suspected by the popular party, Perinet and a troop rush in, and are about to convey him to the Bastile, when Georgette opens a closet, and declares she will set fire to three barrels of gunpowder ("brandy," says Papelard aside), and perish with her uncle. The Frondeurs run off with indescribable velocity, and Papelard, with his niece, escape.

In the third Act, the Duchess and Henri take refuge at the lodge of the porter of the President. They are followed by Papelard and Georgette, and also by the Marquis. The President, hearing of the Cardinal's plans, resolves immediately to seek the king, and join his party, and at once put an end to these various factions. In the mean time, the Duchess is in very great peril, as all parties are seeking her life. Henri proposes she should assume male attire, and descend from the ramparts near his father's garden, a distance of forty feet. This is the last scene. The Marquis de Jarsay wishes to send a messenger to the Cardinal, and proposes Henri, to which Papelard, with much reluctance, consents. The Duchess contrives, in Henri's dress, to pass in the gloom of the night for Henri, and is accordingly lowered by the rope, and escapes, though not, however, without being observed by the sentry, who instantly gives the alarm. The Frondeurs jump over the wall, and seize on the Marquis, Papelard, and also Henri (to the great astonishment of the father, who thought of course he was on the other side of the wall); all parties are about to be conveyed to the Bastile, when the President enters, and

announces that the king had agreed to a constitutional government, that the leaders of the Frondeurs had submitted, and that the Cardinal and his party were for ever banished France. Papelard now shouts "Long live the King," stating that he was always a firm adherent to his Majesty, though he had not expressed his opinion publicly before.

Mr. Planché is the author of this play; and we may venture to assert, that it is not only the best drama he has written, but is altogether far superior in every respect to any drama of the kind which has been produced at either of the theatres for years. The plot is ingeniously constructed, and clearly developed. The incidents are numerous and varied; the characters are well imagined, well drawn, and well kept up from the commencement to the fall of the curtain; and the comic part of the dialogue is light, easy, and agreeable, occasionally seasoned with some very happy strokes of wit, and, wonderful to relate, utterly free from the jests of Joe Miller; nor is the serious part of the language destitute of merit, though it sounds rather uncouth of the President to say he would "hang the people up like onions on a string." But "let that pass."

Of the acting, Mr. Liston is ludicrous in the extreme as the irresolute, timid mercer, and has a great many points to utter; his look when he replies to Perinet, on his accusing him of being a moderate man (a mitigator), "I a moderate man! ask my customers," was excellent; also, in the scene where he supposes his son is descending the ramparts, there was something so droll, and at the same time so natural, in his display of parental solicitude, that it would have destroyed the gravity of the most rigid disciple of Heraclitus. Mr. Jones, as the Marquis, was a happy mixture of libertinism, politics, and self-conceit, and bore himself with an air of most graceful assurance. Mr. Cooper declaimed with much energy and proper feeling, as the President; and Mr. J. Vining, as Henri, took great pains to please, and was eminently successful. Perhaps the part, on account of the age (18), would have told better, had it been assigned to a female. Miss Tree acted with great propriety, and was warmly applauded. This lady's recitation is agreeable, and very correct. Miss Love was highly entertaining in her mode of portraying the little jealousies of Georgette. The author has put in her mouth a hit at the court, which she delivered in a manner that obtained two rounds of applause. The Marquis says, "You look so fresh, that you will put the court ladies to the blush." "I thought, Sir, the ladies of the court never blushed." She has two songs allotted to her; the second obtained an encore.

The boxes were well filled, but the pit was miserably empty. The play was announced for repetition by Mr. Liston, without a dissenting voice.

FRIDAY, May 22.—*Masaniello.—My Wife! What Wife!*

SATURDAY, May 23.—*The Partizans*; Planché.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*;  
Planché.

MONDAY, May 25.—*Rienzi*.—*Ballet*.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

TUESDAY, May 26.—*Partizans*.—*Ballet*.—*Illustrious Stranger*.

WEDNESDAY, May 27.—*Jealous Wife*; Colman.—*Masaniello*; B. Levius.  
For the Benefit of Mr. Cooper, Stage Manager.  
Oakley, Mr. YOUNG; Mrs. Oakley, Miss PHILLIPS.

## COVENT GARDEN.

MONDAY, April 27.—*King John*; Shakspeare.—*Devil's Elixir*; Ball.  
Mr. Warde played King John, and Miss Lacy Constance. There  
was nothing in the acting of either worthy of notice.

TUESDAY, April 28.—*Belle's Stratagem*; Mrs. Cowley.—*Ballet*.—  
*Devil's Elixir*.

WEDNESDAY, April 29.—*Beggars' Opera*.—*Battle of Pultawa*.  
*Devil's Elixir*.

We think it was silly of the manager to give poor Mr. Diddier the trouble of learning the part of Charles XII. as it was not "in the prospect of belief" that he would be permitted to repeat the character.

THURSDAY, April 30.—*Bold Stroke for a Wife*; Centlivre.—*Ballet*.—  
*Devil's Elixir*; Ball.

This lady's dramas are little better than speaking harlequinades, for they contain no wit or humour, and display no nice management of plot, or striking traits of character; yet they never fail to please, from their perpetual sprightliness, the drollery of the situations, and the exhaustless variety of incidents, or rather tricks, produced apparently without effort, and dismissed without concern. We think this comedy would be far more agreeable in the representation, and we recommend it to the consideration of the managers, if the characters wore the costume of at least half a century back. Indeed their present mode of dressing is productive of numerous absurdities; for though it might not seem very *outré* at the time the comedy was first performed (1718) for Perriwinkle to appear in a habit belonging to the reign of Elizabeth; yet among our

present loose coats and trowsers, it is quite offensive. Besides, the dialogue, manners, characters, and business of the piece, are those of a century back, and of course the costume should be in keeping. Sir Philip Modelove is a perfect nondescript in his present attire. Mr. J. Reeve appeared for the first time as Perriwinkle; it was a complete fish-out-of-water affair. He was perfectly aware of this; therefore, with a very becoming modesty, gave the audience a tolerable imitation of Farren in the part. Mr. C. Kemble's performance of Colonel Feignwell is well known, and its merits duly appreciated. His Frenchman we think the least effective; no doubt from the vile dress he wears. There is nothing in mimicry can surpass his Pillage. We may talk of the Protean powers of Matthews, Yates, and Reeve; but in this instance they are completely thrown into the shade. Mrs. Chatterley played Ann Lovely in a very agreeable manner. We must not omit Mr. Fawcett's admirable personation of the Quaking hypocrite Obudiah. A most outrageous "bull" was committed in the course of the evening. Mr. C. Kemble, or one of the actors, speaks of the court of George the Fourth, and yet, in another part of the play, of the Spaniards having just raised the siege of Calcavara.

FRIDAY, May 1.—*Recruiting Officer*; Farquhar.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

Mrs. Pinder played Melinda, on account of the indisposition of Miss Chester.

SATURDAY, May 2.—*Jealous Wife*; Colman.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

The characters of Mrs. Oakley, Oakley, the Major, and Russet, were very well sustained by Mrs. Chatterley, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Bartley, and Mr. Blanchard.

MONDAY, May 4.—*Hamlet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.  
Hamlet, Mr. C. Kemble; Ophelia, Miss Jarman.

TUESDAY, May 5.—*Sublime and Beautiful*; Morton.—*Home, sweet Home*; Pocock.—*Devil's Elixir*.

WEDNESDAY, May 6.—*Oberon*; Planché.—*Master's Rival*.  
*Dramatis Personæ*.—Sir Colley Cowmeadow, Mr. BARTLEY; Robin, Mr. TURNOUR; Peter Shack, Mr. WRENCH; Captain Middleton, Mr. RAYMOND; Mr. Aldgate, Mr. BLANCHARD; Paul Shack, Mr. KEELEY; Barnes, Mr. MEARS; Invalid Soldier, Mr. HEATH; Tibby Postlethwaite, Mrs. GIBBS; Mrs. Aldgate, Mrs. WESTON; Amelia Aldgate, Miss J. SCOTT.

The proverb of 'There is nothing new under the Sun,' is proved to be incorrect ; for here we have a farce that was completely damned at one house a few weeks ago, and played with the greatest applause at the other.

In the opera Miss Paton made her first appearance since her late indisposition. Miss Forde played Oberon for the first time, and with success.

THURSDAY, May 7.—*Recruiting Officer* ; Farquhar.—*Devil's Elixir*.

FRIDAY, May 8.—*Home, sweet Home*.—*Invincibles*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

SATURDAY, May 9.—*The Maid of Judah* ; Lacy.—*Master's Rival* ; Peake.

MONDAY, May 11.—*Jane Shore* ; Rowe.—*Ballet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

At length, after having refused the hands of several Princes, Dukes, and an innumerable number of commoners ; after having caused a dozen suicides, and about twice as many duels ; after having drawn tears from the Dutchmen's eyes, fast as the medicinal gum flows from the Arabian trees, eyes albeit unused to the melting mood ; and though last not least, after having completely exhausted the stores of the puff and paragraph writers belonging to Covent Garden, Miss Smithson has appeared. We are however bound to observe, that, notwithstanding all the extravagant encomiums which have been bestowed on this lady's acting in the continental papers, her representation of Jane Shore, displayed in several instances, an originality of conception ; and had a force and ideality about it far superior to any thing of the kind we have witnessed for years. Her acting was throughout a finished portrait of a being who by one false step had entirely damned her fame, but who, conscious of her error, endeavoured by the most sincere repentance, "that weeping minister of grace from heaven," to atone for her crime. She had evidently studied the author with great attention, as her deportment ever reminded us of the words of Gloster :

Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.

Miss Smithson was most successful in the scene where she indignantly repels the advances of Hastings, and the recognition of her husband. Indeed in the last instance she astonished and delighted every judicious spectator. Still Miss Smithson's acting appeared to us in many instances artificial and affected ; but these faults we shall notice in our next review. This lady seems to have imbibed a great love for royalty on the Continent, for whenever she met with the word King,



she bestowed on it a most marked, and we may add offensive, emphasis,

“ He was *my King*, my gracious master still.”  
and again,

“ Oh that my tongue had every grace of speech,  
Great and commanding as the breath of *KINGS*.”

Her reception was most gratifying, and she was warmly applauded in every part of the play.

Mr. C. Kemble's *Hastings* was a fine spirited piece of acting, but occasionally too overcharged. Who would suppose that the following speech was given in so vehement a tone as to obtain a burst of applause (from the Galleries).

“ In vain I fly, and like a hunted deer  
Scud o'er the lawns, and hasten to the covert ;  
E'er I can reach my safety you o'ertake me,  
With the swift malice of some keen reproach,  
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.”

We also did not admire his mode of delivering the following lines,

“ Your Highness's pardon, have we so soon forgot, &c.”

His manner was far too argumentative, it wanted the patriotic fire of Young. In his parting with Alicia he displayed far more sensibility, and was altogether far more affecting than that actor. Dumont, Gloster, and Belmont, were played in so vile a manner, and with so little judgment, that we might suppose the stage manager had allowed Messrs Evans, Egerton, and Diddier, to draw lots for the characters. Miss Lacy was very respectable as Alicia.

TUESDAY, May 12.—*Comus* ; Milton.—*Home, sweet Home* ; Pocock.—*Master's Rival* ; Peake.

The masque of *Comus* was revived this evening, after a repose of 15 years. Miss Coveney appeared as Euphrosyne, and executed “ Bid me discourse,” in a style that proved her deserving of the high encomiums the provincial papers have passed on her singing ; at the same time we cannot help thinking that the goddess of mirth might have introduced some air a little more in keeping with character, and the business of the scene ; as the Lady's speech that follows would thereby be rendered explicable. But we beg pardon for obtruding such old fashioned remarks. Miss Hughes as the Lady looked very pretty, and spoke very prettily ; that is she delivered the dialogue in a manner similar to Young's imitation of the Fop in *Henry IV*. She however sang “ Sweet Echo,” with great power, science, and taste. Mr. C. Kemble was gay and mirthful as *Comus*, and looked and dressed the part admirably well. But in our opinion the best sustained character of the evening was the

first bacchant, by Mr. H. Phillips, who not only sung but acted the songs (if Messrs B. Taylor and J. Stansbury can comprehend the expression) with a brilliancy of style and richness of effect not to be excelled. The bacchantes were very effectively supported by Miss Byfield, Miss Forde, and Miss Goward. Great attention has been paid to the arrangement of the scenery, dresses, &c. The house was not well attended until half price.

WEDNESDAY, May 13.—*Sublime and Beautiful.—Invincibles.—Devil's Elixir.*

THURSDAY, May 14.—*Jane Shore.—Ballet —Master's Rival.*

FRIDAY, May 15.—*Recruiting Officer.—Irish Tutor.—Comus.*

SATURDAY, May 16.—*Maid of Judah.—Master's Rival.*

MONDAY, May 18.—*Romeo and Juliet, Shakspeare.—Devil's Elixir.*

Few tragedies are more admired, or more frequently performed, than the one now under consideration, at the same time there is scarcely a drama so unfortunately adapted for representation. Of course this remark is to be applied to the difficulty of procuring players in this instance to keep up that unconsciousness in the mind of the spectator that he is merely witnessing a scene of well-painted passion. To be pleased at a theatrical exhibition, the delusion must be kept up; nature only can do this. Now, how seldom, or indeed ever, do we find a Romeo or Juliet able to realize the author's conception in youth, form, and feature, and at the same time endowed with such brilliant talents as to be capable of faithfully depicting the agonizing struggles of those ill-fated lovers.

In youth and appearance Miss Philips had certainly a very decided advantage over all her contemporaries, though her talents were not sufficiently developed to fully sustain so arduous a part; and, very likely, by the time they are matured she will fall in the same predicament as the other representatives. Though Miss Smithson's appearance was not altogether calculated to keep up the illusion of the scene, her acting was in several instances so powerful as to almost compensate for that defect.

There are certain *points* in this character which have been made time out of mind: it would therefore be a work of supererogation to enter into any minute detail of the performance. In fact, this tragedy has been so frequently performed that it would be impossible for an actress, however talented, to strike out any thing new.

We are happy to state that the newspaper critics have changed their

opinion of this lady's acting. Her Jane Shore was almost universally condemned, and many stated that her acting had undergone little or no improvement by her sojourn on the continent. She is now, however, considered by most of the leading papers to be a very valuable acquisition to the Covent Garden company. We should like to see this lady in Isabella, Belvidera, or some character that has not been quite so hacknied as Juliet; but unfortunately, the company of this theatre cannot boast of one second-rate actor for tragedy since the disappearance of Mr. Warde—

“Oh, Shame! where is thy blush?”

Mr. Charles Kemble performed Romeo with his usual ability.

It is a pity that the necessities of the theatre should force Mr. Wrench to appear in the character of Mercutio. We know there is but one actor at Covent Garden could play the character better; at the same time there are very few actors in England could play it much worse.

TUESDAY, May 19.—*Maid of Judah.—Master's Rival.*

WEDNESDAY, May 20.—*Suspicious Husband; Hoadley.—Ballet.—Invincibles.* For the benefit of Mr. C. Kemble.

Previous to the commencement of the comedy, Mademoiselle Sontag and her sister Nina sung in character the principal scene of the second act of Freischutz. Mr. C. Kemble played Ranger with great spirit. The House was crowded in every part, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission.

THURSDAY, May 21.—*Home, sweet Home.—Sublime and Beautiful.—Devil's Elixir.*

FRIDAY, May 22.—*Lionel and Clarissa; Bickerstaff.—Matrimony, Kenny.—Invincibles; Morton.* For the benefit of Madame Vestris.

The opera was very strongly cast.

Sir John Flowerdale, Mr. BARTLEY; Jessamy, Mr. GREEN; Harman, Mr. DURUSET; Colonel Oldboy, Mr. FAWCETT; Jenkins, Mr. J. ISAACS; Lionel, Mr. WOOD; Clarissa, Miss PATON; Lady Mary Oldboy, Mrs. DAVENPORT; Jenny, Miss GOWARD; Diana, Madame VESTRIS.

In the interlude Madame Vestris performed Mrs. Jordan's favourite character of Clara, and Mr. Charles Kemble Elliston's part of Delaval. The house was crowded to excess.

SATURDAY, May 23.—*Maid of Judah.—Master's Rival.*

MONDAY, May 25.—*Romeo and Juliet.—Devil's Elixir.*

TUESDAY, May 26.—*Maid of Judah.*—*Master's Rival.*

WEDNESDAY May 27.—*Castle of Andalusia*; O'Keefe.—*Charles the Second*; Payne.

For the Benefit of the Printer's Pension Society.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

Mr. Mathews commenced his tenth annual entertainment. It is entitled the Spring Meeting. Mr. Mathews, like some of our anatomists, is in want of a subject, and after hearing a variety of proposals from his friends, at length determines on a trip to Newmarket. While arranging for his departure Dr. Cullender is announced, who is a portrait, or rather caricature, of that very worthy man, Dr. Kitchener, who, as our readers are aware, was a complete "*Atall*." He agrees to accompany Mr. Mathews, also a Mr. Rattle, an auto-biographer in embryo, or recollector of what will be, not writing a life he would live, but living a life he might write. The quartette is made up by Mr. Humanity Stubbs, whose Christian-name well implies his habits, and whose constant phrase is, "I must say one thing, and I don't mean another." After some amusing adventures in Tottenham-court-road, the party arrive at the White Hart at Epping, which is kept by Bob Merington, who had been an actor very great in *Old Pickle* in the *Spoiled Child*, and *Endless* in *No Song No Supper*; because in one he eat a chicken and in the other a leg of lamb. He was a useful man, and would always undertake an "eating part" at a "short notice:"—like Cardinal Wolsey, he was a man of inordinate appetite. There they dine. The dinner of course displeases the Doctor, who describes the pancakes as fried flannel, and the greens as sopped umbrellas. Proceeding on their journey they overtake a steam-coach, to the delight of Rattle, who expects he shall gain thereby an incident for his life. At every gate there is a dispute between the turnpike-man and the conductor, who refuses to pay, as he is drawn by the four "elephants," and there is nothing on the gate but "hosses, mules, hasses, and oxin." They proceed at a good rate for some miles; but their pace is gradually slackened from a boil to a simmer, and then to a total stop, for the fact is, they had burnt themselves out. This part concludes with a very lively song, called *Doncaster Races*.

The second part opens with an anecdote of Humanity Stubbs flapping the flies off a poor old waggon-horse without a tail, and finally cutting off his own pigtail and tying it to the horse's rump. The next incident is a ship-launch at Woolwich, described in a song; after which

he pays a visit to Mr. Moritza, a jilted German who had made four attempts on his life through having been rejected by his love Wilhelmina, which we give in his own words:—"Oh, my Wilhelmina! den I set down and drink seven bots of stout brown, and smoke seven pipes; den I drink a seven ounce phial of laudanum, and tie a rope round my neck, and throw myself into de sea; and I load my pistols two loads up to de *muslins*; den I sit down and take my pistols, and draw de trigger—hem! Oh! my Wilhelmina! but de fact vas, I overkilt myself—de bistol only shot off de tip of my ear—de rope would not strangle me, and de sea made me sick, and I throw up de laudanum; so I must live and tink of my Wilhelmina."

The next is a travelling anecdote, where an imitation is given of Mr. Brougham, which is not, however, remarkably correct. After a song entitled the Lord Mayor's Day, we have a little anecdote from our old friend the Scotch Lady. The entertainment concludes with a song called Country Concerts, in which very clever imitations are given of English and foreign singers, while a band composed of moveable paste-board musicians led by Mr. Mathews, produced roars of laughter. This entertainment is altogether fully equal to any we have witnessed of Mr. Mathews of late years, and this is saying all that is necessary.

Between the two parts of the Spring Meeting, Mr. Yates makes his appearance in a slight sketch called "Love among the Lawyers, or Courting in Court." On reading the title in the Bills, we had hoped and expected to have met with something similar in wit and humour to that very laughable sketch of a trial by George Steevens, called "*Bullem versus Boatem*;" but the present is a poor dish of stale puns and extravagant jokes. The entertainments conclude with a monopologue, called "Harlequin and Mr. Jenkins, or Pantomime in the Parlour," in which eight characters are very effectively sustained by Mr. Yates, who changed his dresses with a rapidity perfectly astonishing. The house has been crammed to the ceiling every night of the performance.

We believe these entertainments are the joint produce of Mr. Hood and Mr. Moncrieff.

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## SURREY THEATRE.

The performances at this theatre during the past month have been of a very varied and entertaining description. On the 1st of May, Elliston played Harry Dornton, for the benefit of the London Benevolent Institution. Goldfinch was very effectively sustained by Mr. Wynne, and Sophia with much characteristic humour by Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Mr. Elliston has been playing most of his favourite characters. We advise our

readers by all means to go and see his Falstaff; it is an admirable piece of acting, and we think far excels all his competitors. Elliston has the round good-humoured face and the rich leer of the eye, that we could fancy the poet's imagination revelled in when drawing the character.

May 8.—A Miss Absolon appeared as Meadows, in *Love in a Village*. She has a pretty figure, and executed a variety of songs in a manner that reflected great credit on her musical instructor, Mr. A. Lee.

15th.—A new burlesque was performed, entitled *King, Queen, and Knave*. The story turns upon the jealousy of the Queen of St. Mary Axe, on account of her royal consort being enamoured with a bar-maid. She therefore conspires with some lords of the court to poison his Majesty with a bottle of Wright's champagne. He however overhears the plot, and exchanges it for a pot of porter, and the Queen and the conspirators fall into their own snare. Burlesque is by far the most difficult species of dramatic writing; for it has no medium. The author must possess an amazing share of wit and humour, or his dialogue sinks into downright vulgarity and utter nonsense. Such is the case with the present production.—On Wednesday the 20th, a Mr. Rumball of the Norwich company performed Hamlet with great applause. He is announced for Lear. We shall attend his performance.—21st. A young lady made her *débüt* as Carlos, in the *Duenna*.—23d. Mr. Elliston performed Ranger. Here this great actor is completely at home. Charles Kemble has all the easy politeness and gentlemanly assurance necessary for the character; but the whim and eccentricity of Ranger can now only, since the death of Lewis, be hit off by Elliston. The other characters were all very effectively sustained, particularly Clarinda, by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Frankly, by Mr. Wynne.

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## COBURG THEATRE.

MONDAY, April 27.—A new drama was produced, entitled *The Matron of Palermo*. The plot and incidents are of a nature truly calculated to please the general frequenters of this theatre. Prince Rosoria (Mr. E. L. Lewis) has taken a liking to Elvira, Rinaldo's wife, and therefore very naturally wishes to get the husband out of the way; this he contrives to do by sending him on a message to some distant quarter of the globe, and then prevails on the lady (Mrs. Bailey), by a forged document of his death, to become his wife. The husband, however, returns to his native land, and finding how his affairs are situated, joins a company of banditti. The piece opens with Rinaldo resolving among his comrades the murder of the prince, and avowing his determination of seeking the castle, to gain an interview with his child, a girl of about

eight years old (for we forgot to observe he had left one behind). This he contrives to do in the disguise of a friar, and discovering himself to his daughter (Miss Grove), induces her to accompany him to his haunt. The prince is decoyed from his servants to a lone hut in the forest, and is there murdered by Rinaldo, the child at the same time observing it through an aperture in the wall. The child afterwards returns to the castle, and from an unfortunate propensity to somnambulism, gets out of the castle window, walks across a narrow bridge situated over a roaring torrent, to the very hut where the murder has been committed, and being followed by the domestics, the murderer is discovered.

No doubt many of our readers are surprised we should take the trouble to describe such vile trash; but some of our correspondents are so unreasonable as to ask us to give the plot of every new production. We have obliged them in this instance, in order to convince them of the absurdity of their request. A Mrs. Bailey from Bath made her first appearance. She not only possesses a fine figure, but, as far as we can judge, a very handsome face. Her acting was far more sensible than the character deserved. Mr. Cobham was rather too boisterous. Mr. Sloman is a very extraordinary actor; his style never varies, and yet rarely tires.

MONDAY, May 3.—*Masaniello; or, the Dumb Girl of Portici*. This production varies but little from the one now playing at Drury Lane. Mr. Cobham sustained the hero with great effect, and Miss Watson looked very interesting, and moved very gracefully, as the Dumb Girl.

Mr. Davidge, the proprietor, has very generously granted the free use of his theatre for a benefit to the Minor Theatrical Fund. Tuesday the 2d of June is the day appointed, on which occasion a number of professionals will appear.

MONDAY, May 10.—A new drama called *Peter the Cruel*, founded on the romance of the Castellan's Oath.

May 17.—An historical drama called *The Signal Fire; or, the Fortress of Kingratz*.

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## ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

*The Storming of Seringapatam* continues to draw full houses. *Masaniello* has been produced here with great success. The dumb girl is made the daughter, instead of the sister, of the fisherman, which adds considerably to the interest of the drama. The hero is very ably sustained by Mr. Gomersal. Les Alcides, the Frenchmen who very narrowly escaped breaking their necks at Drury Lane, are engaged here.

## VOLTAIRE ON THE UNITIES.

The principles of those arts which depend on the imagination are all easy and simple, all drawn from nature and reason. The Pradons and the Boyers were acquainted with them, as well as the Corneilles and the Racines. The only difference has, and always will, consist in the application. The vilest composers had the same rules of music, as the authors of *Armida* and *Isse*. Poussin and Vignon worked upon the same principles.

The French were the first amongst modern nations who revived those wise rules of the stage. Others were a long time unwilling to receive a yoke which seemed so severe ; but as this restraint was just, and reason finally triumphed over all opposition, in due time they likewise submitted.

Had I nothing else to say in favour of the rules than that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Addison, Congreve, Maffei, observed the laws of the drama, it ought effectually to stop the career of every one who has an inclination to violate them.

What is a dramatic piece ? the representation of one action. Why of one only and not of two or three ? because the human mind cannot take in many objects at once ; because the interest which is divided is soon destroyed ; because we are offended at seeing even in a picture two different events ; and, finally, because nature has taught us this receipt, which ought to be as immutable as herself. The unity of place is essential for the same reason, for one single action cannot be transacting in many places at the same time. If the personages I see are at Athens in the first act, how can they be in Persia in the second ? Has Le Brun painted Alexander at Arbela and in the Indies on the same canvas ? I should not at all wonder. Mr. De la Motte ingeniously says, " If a nation, sensible, but not a friend to rules, should reconcile itself to see Coriolanus condemned at Rome in the first act, received by the Volsci in the third, and besieging Rome in the fourth, &c." In the first place I cannot conceive a sensible and enlightened people not to be a friend to rules derived from good sense, and calculated for their pleasure ; secondly is it not manifest that there would in this case be three different tragedies ? and that such a design, were it executed in the finest poetry, would, after all, be nothing more than a piece of Jodelle's or Hardy's versified by a skilful modern ?

The unity of time is naturally joined to the two others ; of which the following is, I think, a very striking proof. I am present at a tragedy, that is to say, at the representation of an action ; the subject is the accomplishment of this one action. A conspiracy is formed against Augustus at Rome ; I wish to know what is about to happen to Augustus and the conspirators. If the poet makes the action continue



fifteen days, he ought to inform me of what has passed during that time; for I come there to be informed of what passes, and nothing should happen without some use. If, therefore, the events of fifteen different days be represented, there must at least be fifteen different actions, however unimportant they may be; and then it is no longer the completion of the conspiracy only (to which we ought rapidly to proceed), but a tedious history, which interests no more, because it ceases to be lively, and because all its parts are far distant from the decisive moment of which alone I am in expectation. I did not come to the theatre to hear the history of a hero, but to see one single event of his life. Besides, the spectator is at the theatre but three hours; the action therefore should continue no longer; and this rule is observed in *Cinna*, *Andromache*, *Bajazet*, in the *Œdipus* of the great Corneille, of Mr. de la Motte, and (if I may presume to mention it) in my own. If some other plays require longer time, it is a licence which their beauties only can excuse, and the greater the licence is, the more it deserves to be blamed.

The unity of time is often extended to twenty-four hours, and the unity of place to the circumference of a palace. The treatment of some beautiful subjects would be rendered impracticable by greater strictness, and a way would be opened to excessive abuses by more indulgence. For were it once established, that a theatrical action might continue two days, it would perhaps be extended by one author to two and by another to two years; and if the place of the scene was not fixed to a limited spot, we might soon see tragedies like the *Julius Cæsar* of the English, where Brutus and Cassius are at Rome in the first act, and in *Thessaly* in the fifth.

A submission to these laws not only prevents faults, but produces real beauties; as an exact adherence to the rules of fine architecture necessarily composes a building pleasing to the eye. When the unities of time, action, and place are preserved, we must grant that it is very difficult for a play not to be simple. To this all Racine's dramatic works owe their merit; and this is what was required by Aristotle. Mr. De la Motte, in his defence of a tragedy written by himself, prefers a great number of events to this noble simplicity, and thinks his opinion supported by the little value which was set upon *Berenice*, and the estimation in which the *Cid* still continues. The *Cid*, it is true, is more affecting than *Berenice*; but *Berenice* is censurable only because it is rather an elegy than a simple tragedy; and the *Cid*, of which the action is truly tragical, does not owe its success to the multiplicity of events, but pleases in spite of this multiplicity; as it affects, not on account of, but in spite of, the *infanta*. Mr. De la Motte imagines that we may rise superior to all these rules by an adherence to the unity of interest, which he tells us was his own invention, and stiles a paradox. But the unity of interest, in my opinion, is nothing but the unity of action. "If many personages," says he, "are differently interested in the same

event, and all deserve that I should enter into their feelings, this creates an unity of action, and not of interest." Since I took the liberty of adducing my arguments against Mr. De la Motte on this little point in dispute, I have re-perused the Discourse of Corneille on the Three Unities. The opinion of that great master is much better worth attending to than mine. Observe how he expresses himself:—"I maintain, then, and I have said it before, that the unity of action consists in the unity of the plot and the unity of the danger." Let the reader examine this passage of Corneille, and he will soon be able to decide between Mr. De la Motte and me; and though an authority of such consequence should not prove me to be in the right, is there not still a more convincing argument, namely, experience? In perusing the best French tragedies, we shall see that the capital characters are differently interested, but all these different interests refer to that of the principal character. If they are not lines terminating in one common centre, the interest will be double, and that which on the stage is called action, will be so likewise.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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We beg to call the attention of our readers to a most promising young actress, whose talents in tragedy as well as comedy, are of the first order. She is the daughter of an officer in the army, under the assumed name of Mordaunt: her family connexions rank high in society, and we have no doubt, from the general admiration of her superior elegance of manner, and the conspicuous talents which have been exhibited by her the last season at the Southampton and Portsmouth Theatres, that she will become one of the most brilliant stars in the drama of the present day.

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The following account of the Dutch Hamlet will no doubt prove acceptable to many of our readers, and at the same time will relieve that nation from the various imputations (see the daily papers when speaking of Miss Smithson) which have been cast against their literary taste and judgment.

"The Dutch Hamlet is almost a literal translation of the German, but differs importantly from the English in fable and character.

"The story is simply this:—The king of Denmark has been poisoned by a favourite of the queen; and that princess, in the headlong violence of her passion, consented to the death of her husband, and promised to reward his murderer with her hand and crown. The piece opens immediately after the commission of this bloody deed; and the first scene is allotted to the assassin, and a friend, who is confidential, and indeed an accomplice in the villainy. In the second scene a discovery of the murder is made to the queen by the lover, who claims his recompence,

which, 'from the compunctuous visitings of nature,' is refused. Many high-wrought sentiments are given by the royal self-made widow, to justify a breach of her wicked promise, and to determine on throwing the whole regal power into the hands of her son Hamlet. This resolution she maintains so steadily, that her lover (Clodius), the murderer, is converted into her most inveterate enemy.

"Various scenes of severe distress ensue. An interview takes place betwixt young Hamlet and his mother, in which the conscience of the latter impels her to relate her share in the death of her husband to the former, who has been apprized by his father's ghost of the horrid deed. This ghost is *said* to haunt him every where, but does not make its public appearance.

"The Dutch Ophelia is the daughter of the murderer, Clodius—of course the same principle that prevents the queen mother from an union with the assassin of her husband, destroys the intended nuptials betwixt Ophelia and Hamlet. Hereupon the virtuous sacrifices of passion to principle produce several very tender and affecting scenes. The filial piety of Hamlet, and the constitutional melancholy so exquisitely touched by Shakspeare, are by no means feebly supported by the German poet, or by the Dutch translator. The introduction of a sacred vase, in which are deposited the ashes of the poisoned monarch, is very happily brought on, and the addresses of the pious and heart-wounded son to it, press closely on the softest and best passions of our nature. In the midst of these addresses of Hamlet to the ashes of his father, the queen enters, and her son, wrought to agony, goes up to her, and with the outraged feelings of a son so situated, asks, *Where is my father?* On her refusing to answer which question, he leads her to the urn, and in the same style of eloquent brevity exclaims—See, mother—here is *all you have left me of him!*

"This calls forth all the passions of a son, and all the penitence of a mother. The latter implores her death, the former attempts it; the dagger is pointed at her bosom; the parent kneels to receive, the child to give the blow; but by a powerful working of nature, the son falls into the embraces of his mother, wholly disarmed. They rise together, and Hamlet, unable to execute his purpose, rushes away, exclaiming, 'The wife has killed her husband, and my father, it is true; but the mother must not be murdered by the son.'

"The fate of this unhappy princess is with more natural justice consigned by the Austrian Bard to the hand of her lover. The guilty Clodius, failing in the attempt to destroy Hamlet, is himself stabbed by that prince, and the piece concludes with Hamlet's resolution to prefer life to death for the sake of virtue and the good of his subjects."

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#### A SHORT DISSERTATION ON RANTING.

"The warm, the passionate parts of tragedy, are always most taking with an audience; for which reason we often see players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts which the author writ with the greatest temper, and designed they should have been so acted." *Addison.*

According to Homer, it was *Æschylus* who first taught the *magnum loqui*, or the rant, and as that preceptor was called the father of the

stage seven eighths of our actors, in and out of London, retain so violent an esteem for antiquity, that they follow up with the deepest enthusiasm that noble lesson of their great ancestor's.

However offensive the *rant* may be to some hearers, or indeed dangerous (for we really have trembled for the tympanum of many of our delicate actresses when they have been standing near Mr. ——— or Mr. ———, or some other robustious fellow, tearing a passion to tatters), it may be justly styled a great, a magnanimous method of pronunciation; "it elevates, it surprises;" it alarms the ears, it rouses the sleeping senses, and it awakens the most stupid into attention. Don Lewis, in "Love Makes a Man," declares he loves to hear Carlos speak Greek, though the old gentleman does not understand a word of the language; but what then "Charles thunders it out so loftily!" In that he speaks the opinion of the moiety of every theatric audience in the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Let the most delicate actor meet Desdemona, and with the most tender address pronounce,

"Oh my fair warrior, &c."

would he equally please his auditors, interest his auditors, or be applauded by his auditors, as when he rantingly bellows out,

"Villain! be sure thou prove my love, &c."

These are the lofty speeches which reach to the deepest recesses of Olympus, splitting the ear of the most drowsy god. That there are numerous passages in the drama which require unusual force in delivering, is a fact we do not attempt to deny, as in the one above quoted; but unfortunately our players will not reserve their lungs for these noisy speeches. We could bring innumerable instances of actors indulging in this fault; we heard a Jaffier not very long ago deliver the following sentence,

"What! be a devil and take a damning oath  
For shedding native blood? Can their be sin  
In merciful repentance?"

in a tone loud enough to shake Heaven's conclave. If our readers wish for any more instances, they may find plenty in our Theatrical Journal.

The rant, however false in nature, is true in stage policy; for as there are some persons so deaf they can only hear amidst a great noise, others there are who are so dull they cannot fancy any thing but a great noise worth attending to. The organs of the body are like the component parts of an instrument, when you can make unison you may easily perceive the contact, and as, according to Aristotle, most persons only judge by their eyes and ears, we can very easily account for many people preferring Italian Operas, Pantomines, and Melodrames, to the works of Shakspeare, Jonson, or Congreve.

\*. Æschylus is the father of Greek Tragedy, and exhibits both the beauties and the defects of an early original writer. He is bold, nervous, and animated, but very obscure, and difficult to be understood, partly by reason of the incorrect state in which we have his works (they having suffered more by time than any of the ancient tragedians), and partly on account of the nature of his style, which is crowded with metaphors of the harsh and timid. He abounds with martial ideas and descriptions; he has much fire and elevation, less of tenderness and force; he delights in the marvellous. The ghost of Darius, in the *Persæ*; the inspiration of Cassandra, in *Agamemnon*; and the songs of the furies in the *Euminides*, are beautiful in their kind, and strongly expressive of his genius.

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*Luther's Opinion of Comedies.*—Luther strongly recommended the acting of comedies even in schools; and he thought them capable of edifying young persons. "In comedies," observed Luther, "particularly in those of the Roman writers, the duties of the various situations of life are held out to view, and, as it were, reflected from a mirror. The office of parent and the proper conduct of children, are faithfully delineated; and, what to young men may be advantageously, the vices and characters of profligate women are exhibited in their true colours. Excellent lessons are given to them how they should conduct themselves towards virtuous women in courtship. Strong exhortations to matrimony are brought forward, without which no government can subsist. Celibacy is the plague of any nation. Although," continues Luther, "in some comedies licentious passages are introduced, yet they ought not to deter a Christian from reading them. For the Bible itself is not without indelicate descriptions."

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## REVIEWS.

### *Home Sweet Home.*

We beg to apologize to Mr. Pocock for having entertained so humble an opinion of his modesty. We have already wasted so much time, patience, and paper, on this production, that we are tired of the subject. We cannot however refrain from giving our readers the following morceau as a sort of *bonne bouche*:

" Though I am little I'm a good un,  
Every day my love increases;  
Why should I eat humble pudding  
Just as cruel woman pleases."

Wilkes said to Mrs. Centlivre, after reading "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," the play would not only be damn'd, but she herself would be damn'd for writing it. What would he have said to Mr. Pocock after reading "*Home, sweet Home?*"

## BIOGRAPHY.

## MEMOIR OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

*(Formerly Miss Farren.)*

In FARREN we behold, with grace combin'd,  
 The features and the form to shew the mind;  
 In every motion fashion stands confess'd,  
 Fashion by sensibility possess'd.  
 Clear and correct, veracious and at ease,  
 Skill'd e'en to make her very silence please;  
 Attentive to give business to the scene,  
 By thought that adds intelligence to mien.  
 Her eye, her action, dart, with lively force,  
 Sense from her mind, and passion from its source.

This lady's father was a surgeon in Cork, but an early fondness for the drama induced him to quit that city, and join a company of strolling players.

At Tewkesbury he married, and after having had the satisfaction of seeing his wife produce three daughters and a son, died, leaving his widow and children in a state of extreme indigence. After undergoing many privations, Mrs. Farren obtained a situation for herself and children in Mr. Younger's company at Liverpool. The second daughter, the subject of our present memoir, was born in the year 1759. Miss Elizabeth Farren made her *debüt* in the above city about the age of fifteen, as Rosetta, in "Love in a Village." She performed this and many other characters with great success. By the kindness of Mr. Younger, the manager, she obtained a letter of introduction to the elder Colman, at whose theatre in the Haymarket she appeared in the summer of 1777. The late celebrated Mr. Henderson also appeared that season. Her success was so considerable, that she was engaged at Covent Garden, where she performed tragedy with the late Mr. Digges. She afterwards became a member of Drury Lane, and sustained the tragic heroines, such as Juliet, the Fair Circassian, &c. with great and merited applause; and in comedy was only considered inferior to Mrs. Abingdon; and on the departure of that lady to Covent Garden, she took the lead in comedy as well. It was about this period of her fame that the celebrated Charles Fox was observed to pay her most particular attention, frequently dangling whole evenings behind the scenes for the sake of her company; but finding these attentions not meeting the success he anticipated, he gave up the pursuit to Lord Derby, who took every means in his power to promote her interest. He induced Lady Thompson and

Lady Johnson to become her patronesses; by which means she was enabled to move in the first circles, and she became anxious to rival those of the highest rank and fortune in every female and polite accomplishment; and so indefatigable were the pains the lady took to improve, that Miss Farren was justly considered as a finished pattern of female elegance and fashion. The platonic affection that was said to exist between Miss Farren and Lord Derby was of course productive of a great many squibs, &c. among the would-be-wits and idlers about town; but their conduct was so guarded as to be free from the aspersions of the most censorious or malicious. When the Duke of Richmond had private plays performed at his house in Privy Gardens, Miss Farren was appointed to preside over the stage business; which employment introduced her to most of the nobility of the kingdom, and thereby gave her an importance unknown to any of her theatrical contemporaries.

Miss Farren took her farewell of the public at Drury Lane, on the 7th of April, 1797, in the character of Lady Teazle, in the *School for Scandal*, on which occasion the house actually overflowed. Towards the conclusion of the play she appeared to be much affected, and when Mr. Wroughton came forward to speak some lines which were written on the occasion, her emotions increased to such a degree, that she was under the necessity of receiving support from Mr. King. The fall of the curtain was attended with repeated bursts of applause, not unmingled with feelings of regret, for the loss of an actress, then in the zenith of her charms, and while her dramatic reputation was in the highest esteem of the public. On the 8th of May following, then in her 38th year, she was married to Lord Derby by special licence, at his lordship's house in Grosvenor-square; his lordship's wife, the only obstacle to their union, being no more.

We cannot better conclude this brief Memoir of Lady Derby, than by extracting the following account of her from a late celebrated dramatic publication:

"It might be sufficient praise to say of Miss Farren's performances, if she had never deviated from the walk for which art as well as nature designed her; it might, perhaps, be sufficient praise to say, that were we to collect every idea which has been suggested to us by books, or has been the result of our own observations on life, assisted by all that the imagination could conceive of a woman of fashion; we should find every idea realized, and every conception embodied in the person and acting of Miss Farren; her figure is considerably above the middle height, and is of that slight texture which allows and requires the use of full and flowing drapery, an advantage of which she well knows how to avail herself;—her face, though not regularly beautiful, is animated and prepossessing; her eye, which is blue and penetrating, is a powerful feature when she chooses to employ it on the public, and either flashes with spirit or melts with softness, as its mistress de-

cides on the expression she wishes to convey;—her voice we never thought to possess much sweetness, but it is refined and feminine; and her smiles, of which she is no niggard, fascinate the heart as much as her form delights the eye. In short, a more complete exhibition of graces and accomplishments never presented itself for admiration before the view of an audience.

“To this enumeration of personal charms, we have to add the list of her talents. It is not wise, indeed, to separate them, they are mutually benefited and improved by each other. *Dant simul et accipiunt.* A rarer combination of nature and art to qualify their favourite for the assumption of the principal characters in the higher comedy has not been known; she possesses ease, vivacity, spirit, and humour: and her performances are so little injured by effort, that we have often experienced a delusion of the senses, and imagined, what in a theatre it is so difficult to imagine, the scene of action to be identified, and Miss Farren really the character she was only attempting to sustain;—we cannot admit the supposition even, that St. James’s ever displayed superior evidence of fine breeding than Miss Farren has often done in her own person.”

Lady Derby died April the 22d and was buried in the family-vault at Ormskirk on the 30th.

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### MEMOIR OF MISS GOWARD.

We in our last unfortunately made a promise to give a memoir of this very lively and agreeable actress. We say unfortunately on account of the matter afforded us (her biographers) being so exceedingly scanty.

This Lady has met with few vicissitudes in life, has encountered no romantic adventures, but has moved along the beaten track of her existence as we or any common place biographers may have done; her life, since she first appeared on the stage, has been one scene of gradual improvement, therefore to minutely detail it would be to paint a picture of one colour, or to write a play without plot or incidents.

Miss Goward was born at Ipswich in Suffolk. Her father was a highly respectable tradesman of that town. For what cause she was induced to turn to the stage for a livelihood we know not; she however made so successful a *debut* at Ipswich that she was shortly afterwards engaged at the Hull Theatre, where she sustained for two or three years a highly respectable situation both as an actress and vocalist. In the Summer of 1825 she was engaged by Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the English Opera House, and accordingly made her appearance that season in the very opposite characters of Rosina (in the opera of that name); and Little Pickle in the *Spelt Child*, where she equally de-



lighted the audience with the pathos and simplicity with which she executed the delightful melodies of Shield in the opera, as by the whim, the sprightliness, and the vivacity, she displayed in the hero of the farce. Her acting, by many of the critics, was considered to border so closely on Miss Kelly's that she was thought to be a pupil of that Lady's. She has since however proved herself in a variety of characters to be perfectly original in her style of acting.

At the commencement of the present season it was reported, in several of the papers, that a union had taken place between Miss Goward and that highly meritorious actor Mr. Keeley. The marriage however, we suppose, "for sundry weighty reasons" has not yet been publicly announced. Perhaps there are some of our readers who expect we should give them a full account of Mr. Keeley's wooing (indeed we have received some letters to that effect); but by "what charms, what conjuration, or what mighty magic," he "thrived in this fair lady's love," not having heard his course of wooing, we confess our ignorance. But this is certain (so we understand from unquestionable authority), that he has not only wooed but won the lady.

Miss Goward is well skilled in the science of music, is a pleasing singer, and possessed of genius that is displayed to considerable advantage in the lighter parts of comedy, as well as the broader parts of opera and farce. She may therefore be accounted a very valuable member of the Covent Garden Company. Among her many successful characters we must notice her Lucy in the *Beggar's Opera*, and Madge in *Love in a Village*; in the former she hits off the manners of that jealous termagant to the very life. She has also played Clari at Covent Garden, which was a performance by no means devoid of merit.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DUBLIN.

*Saturday May 2.* Madame Caradori Allan appeared for the second time on Saturday night to a crowded and brilliant house. This lady is a most charming singer, possessing all the flexibility of voice, and power of execution of Madame Catalani, with a sweetness and elegance of style peculiarly her own. She does not strike or astonish. She gets through the most difficult passages without effort or display, and her performance is characterised by the same smiling, solacing

calmness that lights up and gives expression to her fair and beautiful countenance. We had another novelty in the appearance of Miss I. Paton, the sister of the admired, delightful, and lovely Lady William Lenox. This young lady is yet evidently new to the stage, and has much to learn, but she promises fair to acquire the highest rank in her profession, and she has judiciously chosen a line in which, from her natural grace, taste, and animation, she must eventually succeed. She played Albina Mandeville in *The Will*, and Mariann in *The Citizen*.

*Monday May 4th.* Mr. Kean, sen. appeared for the first time these three years; the house was filled principally with persons anxious to testify their joy at his recovery from his late serious indisposition. The play selected was the *Merchant of Venice*. He was enthusiastically cheered upon his entrance, and we were gratified to perceive that, although his late illness had evidently pressed heavily on his frame, it did not prevent him exhibiting in their fullest force, his great and peculiar abilities so often and so effectively excited in that part. Mr. Kean jun. played Bassanio; Miss Huddart's Portia was much applauded.

*Thursday May 7. Douglas.* Miss Huddart's Lady Randolph drew down reiterated applause; throughout her most interesting performance that accomplished young lady carried the feelings of the audience with her, and rivetted their attention. Mr. Elrington made the most of Glenarvon, and Mr. Kean, jun. was warmly applauded in young Norval.

*Monday May 11.* Mr. Kean, sen. was announced to play the part of Sir Giles Overreach, but was too indisposed to appear. His son played Sir Edward Mortimer, and was much applauded.

Miss I. Paton is spoken very highly of by all the Dublin critics; she has played *Rosalind*, *Lady Teazle*, &c. with great success.

*May 16.* Mr. H. Johnson, once the greatest favourite Dublin ever had, appeared at this theatre, after an absence of 15 years, in the characters of Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, and Rugantino. Mr. Johnson still possesses all that vigour, fire, and energy; all that tact and knowledge of dramatic effect which raised him to the very first grade in that particular line of his profession that he was remarkable for, even in his boyish days, and his engagement here will afford the lovers of melo-drame an opportunity of witnessing that species of the drama to peculiar advantage.

*Monday May 18th.* Mr. Kean has recovered from his second indisposition, and played Sir Giles with great effect.

#### CORK.

Mr. Henry Johnson is performing at this theatre. On Monday the 4th *Madame Catalani* took her benefit, before an overflowing audience. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of her reception at Cork.

#### EDINBURGH.

Mr. T. Cooke is playing here with great success. This actor in his peculiar performance is certainly unrivalled.

#### LIVERPOOL.

This theatre opened on Monday the 18th with the play of *Henry the Fourth* and the farce of the *Invincibles*. The play was thus cast: Falstaff, Mr. Dowton; Prince of Wales, Mr. F. Vining; Hotspur, Mr. Vandenhoff.

Tuesday. Miss F. H. Kelly appeared as *Lady Teazle*, and Mr. Rayner as *Giles*.

#### NORWICH.

With the exception of the manager's night, and Mr. Burton's, the benefits have not hitherto proved so productive as the respective talents and exertions of the performers deserved. Yet there have been many pieces exceedingly well got up and acted, particularly the laughable farce of the *Green Eyed Monster*, taken from the *petite comédie* of *Les Deux Jaloux*, in which the character of Baron Spyhrhausen was admirably sustained by Burton on Monday night for Mr. Clifford's benefit. Burton, who is a universal favourite, was honoured with the public patronage to the tune of 112*l*. and we shall be glad to find that Mr. Serle, who is also an excellent actor, is equally successful, for he well deserves the applause which always crowns his efforts,

both in tragedy and comedy. Mr. Serle took for his benefit a New Way to pay Old Debts, The Bashful Man, and Love in Humble Life.

#### BRISTOL.

*Monday April 27.* Miss Love concluded a very successful engagement at this theatre, on which occasion she sustained the principal characters in the following popular pieces: *Sublime and Beautiful*; *Love in Wrinkles*; *Home, Sweet Home*; the performance being for her benefit. In the course of the evening she sang many favourite and popular airs in a delightful manner and the whole entertainment appeared to give much gratification to a numerous and fashionable audience.

*Tuesday May 19.* We have for some time understood that a negotiation was on the 'tapis' between the proprietors of the Bath theatre and the friends of Mrs. M'Cready for the Bristol theatre, and it is with the deepest regret we learn that it has failed. At the time the managers had but one company to pay for, two such large towns could afford to give larger salaries, and therefore a better and more respectable set of performers, than when divided they are able to keep. At that time the Bath and Bristol stage as they were collectively called, was considered a nursery for the London boards, and some of the most eminent performers of the last and commencement of the present century, made their *debut* in the Bristol company.

We have been shorn of those laurels since the cupidity of one or two of the proprietors led to a separation of the theatres. Poor Watson was the first martyr who suffered, and though the high, honourable, and upright character of poor Macready, with the experience of a long and tedious theatrical career, enabled him to steer safely through the shoals and quicksands that surrounded him; with all his industry, his integrity, his economy; and last, though not least, his perseverance, we fear that he has left his

family but a poor fortune for the remainder of their voyage.

We hear that Mr. Brunton, who is to succeed him, has acted with the greatest spirit and ability in his management of the Plymouth theatre; but we fear he will find that spirit and ability is not all that is requisite to ensure success. It is said that he will enter on his first campaign with a very numerous and effective *corps dramatique*, which he must keep up. We cordially hope he may succeed; but he will find he has engaged in a very hazardous undertaking.

This theatre closed on Friday night, May 15, for the season. The play was *Damon and Pythias*, in which the celebrated Mr. Macready performed the part of Damon; he sustained this character with his usual ability, and drew repeated bursts of applause from a highly respectable audience. After the performance he delivered the following appropriate address, which was received with the most decided marks of approbation:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

It has been usual to distinguish the concluding night of each season by a public acknowledgement of the patronage conferred on it; the testimony of my respect to you, and to the memory of the dear relative who lately directed your amusements I have taken on myself, as a melancholy inheritance, the fulfilment of this his customary duty.

"In the name of his family in general, in whom the spirit of his gratitude still exists, of all to whose affection his many excellent qualities had endeared him, I have to thank you for the liberal support and indulgent opinion with which (during a period of ten years) you cheered and stimulated his efforts in your service.

"On the part of the widow, in particular, I am instructed to repeat to you, that she entertains the most grateful recollections of your kindness, which was a great solace and assistance to her in the latter hours of her affliction.

"It having been considered expedient for her to transfer the controul of the theatre to other hands, she anxiously desires to entrust the charge to a gentleman from whose character for liberality, judgment, and attentions to the respectability of the establishment, the patrons of the drama may expect a system of management worthy the continuance of their protection and encouragement. Should such an arrangement take place, suffer me, on her behalf, to presume to hope that, in the distribution of your favours hereafter, she may still be permitted to retain some claim on your sympathy, and derive some comfort from the conviction that the merits of him we lament will not be quite forgotten.

"The performers, ladies and gentlemen, beg to return their best thanks for the share they have obtained of your approbation and patronage. Unwilling as I am to intrude my individual feelings on this occasion, I may at least assure you of my sincere participation in the grateful sentiments I have expressed for others, and be allowed respectfully to add my voice to their general wishes for your prosperity."

Mr. Macready delivered the address very impressively; and in a manner highly creditable to his feelings.

#### BIRMINGHAM.

*Monday, April 27. Henry the Fourth, Roman Actor, and the Mountaineers.* Mr. Dowton appeared as the fat knight, and it certainly was a rich treat to the admirer of the drama. Mr. Vandenhoff has seldom appeared to more advantage than in the character of Hotspur. It was his benefit, and a very full house might have added something to his usually spirited acting. He looked the ardent Henry Percy. His best hit was reading the letter. Mr. Vining as Prince Hal. was very little to our taste, he improved as he went on, and finally rose to much energy; but in tavern scenes there was too much familiarity, or rather too little of the dignity, which the beams of birth cast upon the lowest situations.

*Wednesday April 29. Home Sweet Home, Giovanni in London, &c.* Miss Love drew a very large house; indeed, we think the best for the season.

*Friday May 1. Henry IV. and the Magpie or the Maid;* a very crowded house for the benefit of Mr. Dowton. This closed the season, and while we express our regret at its lack of profit to the lessee, we must say that this arose from no defect in the management, no fault in the company, but we believe from the want of money, a want growing more general in this town.

### POETRY AND SONGS.

#### VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY, With a new Edition of Shakspeare.

Accept, sweet maid, each scene that  
Shakspeare drew;  
Scenes whose great lessons may improve  
e'en you.

#### Tempest.

Behold your image in his Tempest  
shewn,  
For sure Miranda's spotless mind's your  
own.

#### Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Let false Verona's rake your anger  
move;  
But spare his friend, who boasts a constant  
love.

#### Merry Wives of Windsor.

To check your mirth though prudish  
matrons try,  
With Mistress Ford in harmless frolics  
vie.

*Measure for Measure.*

Like Isabel, on virtue found your pleasure;  
Quit like for like, give Measure still for Measure.

*Comedy of Errors.*

With Adriana's be your rage suppress'd,  
For life's a scene of errors at the best.

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

From Claudio's scorn and injur'd Hero's shame,  
Learn what small slips o'erturn a woman's fame.

*Love's Labour Lost.*

Go, try their tempers; lovers sometimes roast,  
Like Rosaline, whose labour was not lost.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Like Hermia, rather from a parent part,  
Than yield your person, and withhold your heart.

*Merchant of Venice.*

Wise Portia's caskets, ere you wed, employ;  
Who chuse for riches ne'er will give you joy.

*As you Like It.*

And when your point, like Rosalind, you've carried,  
Strive not to wear the breeches when you're married.

*Taming the Shrew.*

Still Katherine's conquer'd passions keep in view,  
Ere some Petruchio comes to tame a shrew.

*All's Well that Ends Well.*

And when your graces have a Bertram warn'd,  
Think no bad husband is a rake reform'd.

*Twelfth Night.*

When Belch or Ague-cheek for love applies,  
Detest the drunkard, and the fool despise.

*Winter's Tale.*

Never of your husband's friend too fond appear;  
Leontio's jealousy may else be near.

*Macbeth.*

And lest ambition blast your peaceful life,  
Behold the end of Cawdor's guilty wife.

*King John.*

Of love maternal mark the influence mild,  
When widow'd Constance weeps o'er her murder'd child.

*King Richard II.*

Through changing fortunes let thy faith be seen;  
A bright example shines in Richard's queen.

*King Henry IV. 2 parts.*

And if a soldier you should chance to marry,  
Know, while he's absent, you at home must tarry.

*King Henry V.*

Like t'other Kate her faulting lover blame;  
Half French, half English; honest love's the same.

*King Henry VI. 3 parts.*

O'er pious Henry serious tribute pay,  
But make your husband kiss as well as pray.

*King Richard III.*

Yet clasp no statesman, Gloster-like, too close;  
Soon cloy'd, they will give poor Lady Anne a dose.

*King Henry VIII.*

And know, like Boleyn, should you match above you,  
The great may marry, but not long with love you.

*Coriolanus.*

No patriot Marcius take; their faith's but brittle;  
They love their country much, their wives but little.

*Julius Caesar.*

To Portia's actions, all but one, aspire ;  
For what is drinking drams, but swallowing fire.

*Anthony and Cleopatra.*

Hate spendthrift Anthonies, who cram  
the fair,  
And make them drink the pearls they'd  
rather wear.

*Timon of Athens.*

To no grave Timon be your favour  
shewn ;  
He ne'er can love your sex who hates  
his own.

*Titus Andronicus.*

No cook like Andronicus deign to try,  
Whose great ambition was to raise—a  
pye.

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Nor e'er, like Cressid, wanton girl, be  
led  
By some old Pander to a lawless bed.

*Cymbeline.*

Accept no Posthumus, content to roam ;  
Such send their spies to tempt a wife  
at home.

*King Lear.*

Your dearest children's wavering duty  
fear,  
Nor give up all your wealth, like beg-  
gar'd Lear.

*Romeo and Juliet.*

But let some Romeo that soft nature  
move,  
Mix with thy soul, and yield thee love  
for love.

*Hamlet.*

In each rude Hamlet's bosom scorn a  
part,  
Whose only triumph is to break your  
heart.

*Othello.*

And all black husbands—they're  
enough to fright one—  
May you long live happy with a—white  
one.

## BARCAROLLE.

## MASANIELLO.

Behold! how brightly breaks the morn-  
ing ;

Though bleak our lot, our hearts are  
warm.

To toil inur'd, all danger scorning,

We hail the breeze, or brave the  
storm.

Put off, put off, our course we know ;  
Take heed, take heed, and whisper low ;  
Look out, and spread your nets with  
care,

The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

*Chorus.*

Put off, put off, &c. &c.

Away, though tempests darken o'er us,  
Boldly still we'll stem the wave :

Hoist, hoist all sail, while shines be-  
fore us

Hope's beacon-light, to cheer the  
brave.

Put off, put off, our course we know ;  
Take heed, take heed, and whisper low ;  
Look out, and spread your nets with  
care,

The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

*Chorus.*

Put off, put off, &c. &c.

## SONG.

## MASANIELLO.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek  
How oft I've felt the tear-drop steal-  
ing,

When those mute looks have told  
the feeling

Heaven denied thy tongue to speak.

And thou had'st comfort in that tear,  
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

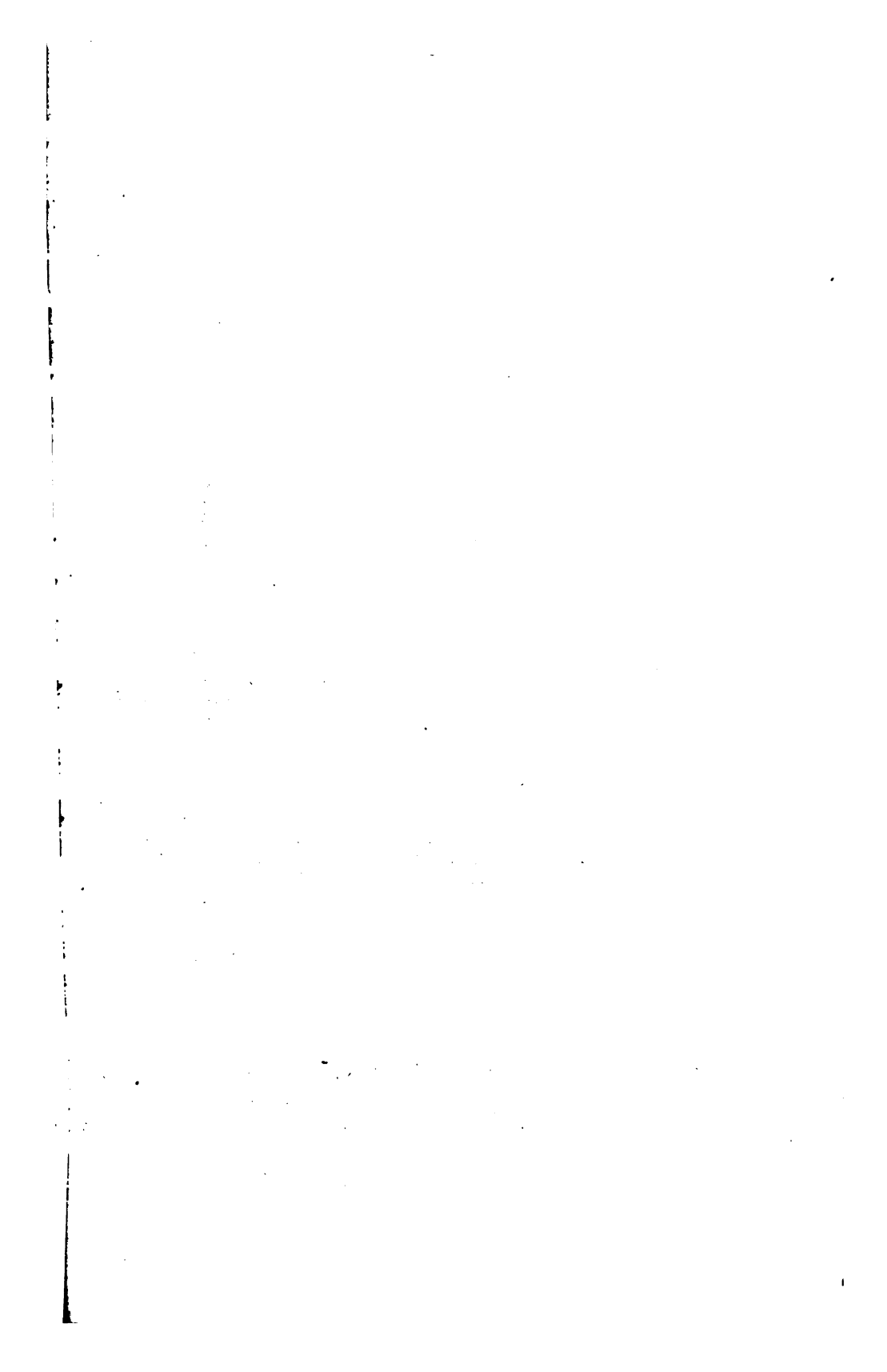
And now, alas! I weep alone ;

By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken,

'Mid thoughts that darkest fears  
awaken,

Trembling for thy fate unknown.

And vainly flows the bitter tear,  
Shed for thee, my sister dear.





*Drawn by Rob<sup>t</sup> Cruickshank, and Engraved by Rich<sup>d</sup> Sawyer.*

**MR. MATTHEWS & MISS FOOTE,**  
*as Jonathan Oldskirt & Fanny in*  
*Who wants a Guinea.*

*London Published, July 1, 1829, by Whittaker Treacher & Co. Ave Maria Lane,  
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THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

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JULY 1, 1829.

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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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DRURY LANE.

THURSDAY, May 28.—*Partisans*.—*Masaniello*.

FRIDAY, May 29.—*Partisans*.—*Masaniello*.

SATURDAY, May 30.—*The Jealous Wife*; Colman.—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—For the benefit of Mr. Harley.

The great success which attended the performance of this comedy on Mr. Cooper's benefit, no doubt, induced Mr. Harley to repeat it this evening. The characters, generally speaking, are uncommonly well cast. Mr. Young's judicious performance of Oakley is well known to the public; but we wish he would wear a wig, for the paucity of his own hair makes him look extremely old. Liston was whimsical and amusing, though not very pathetic as Russet; and Harley very lively as the jockey Baronet. Farren was a pleasant old bachelor; and Weekes gave the part of Captain O'Cutter with much comic effect. Miss Phillips should not attempt comedy.—A celebrated critic styled Miss O'Neil's comedy, tragedy diluted.—Had he seen Miss Phillips this evening, he would have called it tragedy run mad. The house was very full.

MONDAY, June 1.—*Oroonoko*; Sotherne.—*Masaniello*.—For the benefit of Mr. Young.

This tragedy has long been celebrated by the critics for the beauty, simplicity, and animation displayed in the characters, dialogue, and incidents. The misfortunes of the hero are wound up in so tender and artful a manner, that the situations of distress are not to be excelled by the most admired productions of any of our dramatists. And, notwithstanding the masterly manner in which Otway has treated the subject of love, Sotherne, in the scenes between Oroonoko and Imoinda, has equalled, if not surpassed him. Oroonoko has all the tenderness of Jaffier, and Castalio, without their inconsistencies. He has all the dignity and courage of Pierre, without his roughness.

Still this interesting writer has imbibed the faults of all the dramatists of his time, in indulging in absurd conceits and miserable quibbles. Observe the following speech of the dying, faithful, Aboan :—

I had a living sense  
Of all your royal favours ; but this last (*meaning the dagger*)  
*Strikes through my heart.*

Mr. Young personated the royal slave (for the first time) with great spirit and propriety ; and admirably blended the fire and dignity of the warrior, with the tenderness and affection of the husband. His first reply to the Captain, when he boastfully urges that care should be taken of him, lest he should endanger the colony, was delivered in a fine, noble, and emphatic manner.

Live still in fear—it is the villain's curse,  
And will revenge my chains.—Fear even *me*  
Who have no pow'r to hurt thee. Nature abhors  
And drives thee out, from the society  
And commerce of mankind, for *breach of faith*.  
Men live and prosper but in mutual trust,  
A confidence in one another's truth :  
*That thou hast violated.*—I have done ;  
I know my fortune, and submit to it.

And also the following speech, when Blandford endeavours to console him, and says, that all things shall be made easy for him :—

Tear off this pomp, and let me know myself ;  
The *slavish* habit best becomes me now.  
Hard fate and whips and chains may overpower  
The frailer flesh, and bow my body down ;  
But there's another, nobler part of me,  
Out of your reach, which you can never tame.

The passage that follows is too beautiful to be omitted.

———— Can you raise the dead ?  
Pursue and overtake the wings of time,  
And bring about again the hours, the days,  
The years, that made me happy ?

In the prayer to the sun, there is a solemnity, mixed with a tenderness, which is wonderfully pleasing, and admirably suited to the cadences of Young's fine harmonious voice.

Thou god adored !—Thou ever-glorious sun !  
If she be yet on earth, send me a beam  
Of thy all-seeing power, to light me to her.  
Or if thy sister goddess has preferred  
Her beauty to the skies, to be a star,  
O tell me where she shines, that I may stand  
Whole nights to gaze upon her.

The speech where Oroonoko relates the whole story of his love, from its beginning to its unhappy period, was given by this admirable actor in a manner strong, lively, and deeply affecting.

We now come to a very interesting part of the play, where Oroonoko discovers his beloved Imoinda. Sothorne has here drawn a beautiful picture of conjugal love, raised to its highest perfection by the difficulties which the two lovers have surmounted. The acting of Young and Miss Phillips in this scene excited a deep sympathy in the audience; indeed it was impossible it could fail in its effect. For can there be a finer subject for the poet to describe, or the actor to pourtray, than the transports which a husband enjoys when he sees, hears, embraces a loving and beloved wife, whom he had long been separated from, and whom he had every reason to believe was numbered with the dead?

We cannot afford space to go through all the beauties of this interesting tragedy, or of Mr. Young's acting; what we have endeavoured to point out has been from the hope, however vain and feeble it may be, of inducing some of our readers, instead of frequenting the theatres for the sole purpose of having their eyes and ears gratified by sound and show, to occasionally view those dramas where the heart may be gratified as well.

We must notice one more scene, the one between Oroonoko and Aboan, in the fourth act, which is admirably wrought up. Aboan endeavours to animate his royal lord by painting the cruelties which were inflicted on the other slaves, but he only breathes out expressions of pity in return. - At last (to awake his sleeping soul) Aboan asks if young princes and heirs of empires are to be born in a state of slavery. Oroonoko cannot bear the thought: "Shall the dear babe, the eldest of my hopes, be born a slave?" However, to rouse him still further, he gives a hint of the governor's arrival, observing that

If in a fit of his intemperance,  
With a strong hand he shall resolve to seize,  
And force my royal mistress from your arms!

Then Oroonoko banishes all tameness, and delivers the following fine burst of passion—

————— Ha! thou hast rous'd  
The lion in his den; he stalks abroad,  
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.  
I find the danger now: my spirits start  
At the alarm, and from all quarters come  
To man my heart, the citadel of love.

Young's acting through the whole of the above trying scene was admirable. Miss Phillips's Imoinda was deeply interesting, and presented a beautiful picture of female constancy, mildness, and devoted affection. Mr. Cooper displayed great judgment in the part of Aboan. Mr. J. Vining's Blandford, and Mr. Atkins's Hortman were highly respectable. The other actors were most disgracefully imperfect.

We were surprised, and grieved, at seeing the house so indifferently filled, for we had supposed the high character this great actor has ever borne, both in public and private life; the indefatigable attention he has always paid to the duties of his profession; and the brilliant talents he has so frequently exhibited in so great a variety of characters, not only to the delight, but to the advantage of his auditors, were sufficient recommendations to insure the patronage of the public. We know that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but when we see the theatres on the benefit nights of some of our popular demireps (persons who have frequently treated the public with indifference, and oftener with contempt,) crowded to the very ceiling, we had hoped that the legitimate drama could boast of a sufficient number of admirers to fill a theatre on the benefit night of one of its most highly-gifted professors.

TUESDAY, June 2. — *The Jealous Wife*. — *Masaniello*.

WEDNESDAY, June 3. — *The Partisans*. — *Ballet*. — *Charles the Twelfth*.

THURSDAY, June 4. — *Clandestine Marriage*. — *Ballet*. — *Youthful Queen*.

FRIDAY, June 5. — *The Stranger*. — *Masaniello*.

SATURDAY, June 6. — *A Selection of Music*.

MONDAY, June 8. — *The Waterman*; *Dibdin*. — *Feast of Neptune*. — *A Divertissement*. — *Love in Wrinkles*. — *The Padlock*; *Bickerstaff*.  
For the benefit of Mr. Braham.

Mr. Braham played *Tom Tug*, for the first time, and gave the airs of "Farewell my trim-built wherry," and "Bay of Biscay O," in his most felicitous style. The galleries were very noisy during the evening, and interrupted Miss Love's song, by calling on Mr. Braham for "The King, God bless him!" Mr. Braham was good natured enough to comply with their request, upon which these worthies demanded "Tom Bowling:" this brought on Mr. Cooper, who came forward and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, (why, on earth, he should address himself to the ladies, we cannot imagine: for was it to be supposed that any lady would run the risk of straining her delicate throat, by roaring out "Tom Bowling?") Tom Bowling has been sung;" quiet was then restored. Really means should be taken to keep the galleries in some state of order, for at present they have the entire command of the house; and if this continues, no decent person will visit the theatre. In the after-piece, Miss Betts executed the air, "Stay little foolish fluttering thing," in a manner that elicited great applause. The house was crowded to excess.

TUESDAY, June 9.—*The Partisans*.—*Masaniello*.

WEDNESDAY, June 10.—*Singing by Mademoiselle Sontag*.—*The Hypocrite*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.—*Tom and Jerry*. For the benefit of Mr. W. Farren.

THURSDAY, June 11.—*Love Makes a Man*.—*Green Eyed Monster*.

FRIDAY, June 12.—*As You Like it*.—*A Musical Melange*.—*Lottery Ticket*.—*Don Giovanni*; or, *the Spectre on Horseback*. For the benefit of Miss Love.

In the afterpiece, M. Laporte resumed the character of Wormwood. Among the many absurdities which the British public have indulged in of late years, we think that the crowding a theatre to see a Frenchman playing English characters, in broken dialogue, may fairly be reckoned one of the greatest. It is true that the plan succeeded only while the novelty lasted.

SATURDAY, June 13.—*Paul Pry*; Poole.—*Deaf as a Post*.—*'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror*. For the benefit of Mr. Liston. The house was well filled.

MONDAY, June 15.—*A Masquerade*.

TUESDAY, June 16.—*Othello*.—*Love in Wrinkles*.—*Three Weeks after Marriage*; Murphy. For the benefit of Miss Phillips.

Mr. Kean has justly bought "golden opinions from all kinds of people," by his admirable performance of the abused Moor; yet he never, in our opinion, completely "kept up that illusion of the scene" that we were speaking of in our last; he was loving, revengeful, and despairing; but the dignity and the whole appearance of the hero, and the child of the sun, were entirely wanting. We do not mean to assert that Mr. Young should play Othello better than Mr. Kean, because he is half a head taller, or that his figure is better proportioned, though, certainly, the latter gentleman has more of the outward requisites for the part, than any we ever saw. His fine oriental style of declaiming, his dignified deportment, and his manly, yet graceful action, &c. well become the Eastern warrior; while at the same time his "noble bearing" and heroic appearance are greatly calculated to remove the apparent improbability of so fair a maid as Desdemona being enamoured of one of so opposite a complexion. Mr. Young's acting, though it had not those wild and startling bursts of passion which distinguished Mr. Kean's, was in many scenes very fine. The whole of the third act, from Othello's first suspicion of his wife, to his determination "of furnishing himself with some swift means of death for the fair devil," was finely conceived and nobly executed. His fifth act was superior to any one we have seen in the character—the glowing soldier-like expression—

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

This actor's manner in the delivery well exemplified the lines—

---

Souls made of fire,  
And children of the sun, with whom  
Revenge is virtue.

Mr. Young was most enthusiastically applauded throughout. Miss Phillips played the disinterested and innocent Desdemona with much feeling; perhaps her protestations of innocence were rather too loud; for the feelings of a virtuous mind, on being accused, would be rather choaked up with horror and astonishment, than give vent in rage. 'Tis guilt that flies to noise and violent action for its defence. The speech before the senate, where she confesses her love for Othello, was most exquisitely delivered. Mr. Cooper played the deadly Venetian much better than we expected, though it was by no means a first-rate piece of acting. Mr. J. Vining's Cassio was respectable; and Mr. Brown's Roderigo very good. Mrs. Bunn played Emilia with her usual ability, and looked uncommonly well.

The pit, the dress-circle, and part of the second circle, were full.

WEDNESDAY, June 17.—*Jane Shore*; Rowe.—*Poor Soldier*; O'Keefe.—*Thierna-Na-Oge*.

THURSDAY, June 18.—*Rob Roy*; Pocock.—*Ballet*.—*Review*; Colman, younger.

FRIDAY, June 19.—*Der Frieschütz*.—*Ballet*.

SATURDAY, June 20.—*Lovers' Vows*; Kotzebue.—*The Lancers*; Payne.—*Singing*.—*Paul and Virginia*. For the benefit of Mr. Spring, the Box-book-keeper; and the last night of performing this season.

At the conclusion of the play, Mr. Cooper delivered the following Address, which was warmly applauded:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This being the concluding night of the season, it becomes my pleasing duty to return you the grateful acknowledgments of the Proprietor for the liberal and extended patronage he has received; and I am requested to assure you, that during the recess every exertion will be made to meet your future approbation. The house will be entirely re-embellished and decorated—the best dramatic pieces will be selected in order to be produced with appropriate splendour and effect—your old favourites will be re-engaged—and the most promising provincial talent will be sought for. For these exertions, not vainly promised, but honestly, assiduously, and, we hope, skilfully performed, the Proprietor anxiously anticipates the best reward—the honour of your continued patronage and support. In the name of the Performers, also, I am requested to express their grateful thanks for the approbation with which, throughout the season, you have honoured their exertions. I hope I may be permitted to recall to the memory of our liberal friends and patrons

some of the events of the now past season, for the recollection of our successful exertions may induce them hereafter to continue their kind and generous patronage, and will certainly urge us to renew our utmost endeavours to prove ourselves worthy of their support. We have produced, during the season, sixteen new dramatic pieces, all of which (two only excepted) have been honoured with your approbation—among which, I am proud to say, you have particularly distinguished the tragedy of *Rienzi*—the drama of *Charles the Twelfth*—and the new opera of *Masaniello*. Through the kindness, assiduity, and punctuality of my fellow-labourers, it has not been necessary, during the forty weeks I have been honoured with the management of this Theatre, to make one apology—nor has there been one change of performance from that which was advertised in the bills of the day. As I believe, Ladies and Gentlemen, that this circumstance is unparalleled in the annals of the English drama, I hope you will allow me on this occasion to thank my coadjutors, to whom this praise belongs—to me belongs only the humble merit of industry and perseverance.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—Wishing you all the blessings of health and prosperity, in the name of the Proprietor, the Performers, and myself, until the 1st of October next, I most respectfully and gratefully bid you farewell.”

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## COVENT GARDEN.

THURSDAY, May 28.—*Suspicious Husband*.—*Comus*.

FRIDAY, May 29.—*Marriage of Figaro*.—*Clari*; *Payne*.—*Giovanni in London*; Moncrieff. For the benefit of Miss Paton.

The Sontags sung a scene from “*Der Freischütz*.” The house was crowded by a highly fashionable audience. Miss Paton performed *Clari* with much feeling.

SATURDAY, May 30th.—*Beaux Stratagem*; *Farquhar*. *Ballet*.—*Invincibles*; Morton.

Mr. Diddear perpetrated *Aimwell*, and Miss Jarman Mrs. *Sullen*; and it certainly was a most murderous piece of business.

MONDAY, June 1st.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

Miss Smithson repeated *Juliet* to a very indifferent house.

TUESDAY, June 2d.—*Recruiting Officer*. *Ballet*.—*Bottle Imp*.

WEDNESDAY, June 3d.—Two Acts of *Der Freischütz*, in German.—*Barber of Seville*.—*Master's Rival*.

Mr. Schutz's German Company, who have recently been very successful at Paris, performed part of *Der Freischütz*; the part of

Agathe, by Madame Schweitzer, Principal Soprano to the Duke of Hesse-Cassel. She has a voice of considerable power, and obtained much applause. Max, the English Rudolph, by Mr. Rosner, First Tenor to the Duke of Brunswick; and Caspar by Mr. Schutz, who played the part with much romantic force: his voice, however is not very powerful. The house was not full.

THURSDAY, June 4th. — Two Acts of *Der Freischütz*. — *Spoiled Child*. — *Devil's Elixir*.

Miss Coveney played Little Pickle. She is a clever child.

FRIDAY, June 5. — *Maid of Judah*. — *Honest Thieves*.

SATURDAY, June 6. — No performance.

MONDAY, June 8. — Part of *Der Frieschütz*, in German. — *Spoiled Child*. — *Bombastes Furioso*. — *Devil's Elixir*.

TUESDAY, June 9. — *Fontainbleau, or our way in France*; O'Keefe. — *National Melange*. — *More Blunders than One*. — *Quadrupeds*. — For the benefit of Mr. Farley.

WEDNESDAY, June 10. — *Singing*, by Madame Stockhausen and Mademoiselle Blasis. — *Nymph of the Grotto*. — *Bombastes Furioso*. — *Forest of Bondy*. For the benefit of Miss Jarman.

THURSDAY, June 11. — *Venice Preserved*. — *Singing*. — *The Invincibles*. For the benefit of Miss Smithson.

We were quite disappointed in Miss Smithson's *Belvidera*: it was throughout a drawling, forced, unnatural piece of acting, replete with studied and artificial attitudes. Her scene with Jaffier, in the third act, was the only redeeming part of the performance. A Mr. Cathcart, from Reading, played Jaffier: his acting was respectable; and though he did not rise above mediocrity, he seldom offended: he is not, however, capable of taking so high a range of character. His figure is short and slight, and his countenance (though his features are good) has but very little variety of expression. Mr. Kemble played Pierre, and made him a complete bold gay-faced villain. The heroism and the fine traits of the character were entirely wanting. The house was tolerably well filled.

FRIDAY, June 12. — *Beaux Stratagem*. — *Ballet*. — *Devil's Elixir*.

SATURDAY, June 13. — *Lionel and Clarissa*. — *Singing*. — *Beggar's Opera*. For the benefit of Mr. Watson.

The Beggar's Opera was this evening performed with the characters reversed, the cast being as follows:—Capt. Macheath, Miss COVENEY; Lockit, Mrs. WESTON; Peachum, a YOUNG LADY; Mat o' the Mint, Miss FORDE; Filch, Miss C. WATSON; Polly, Mr. J. REEVE; Lucy Lockit, Mr. MEADOWS; Mrs. Peachum, Mr. O. SMITH.

Some worthy gentlemen have been filling the "Globe" and "Times" newspapers with most lengthy epistles on the impropriety of Mr. Reeve



and Miss Coveney appearing as Polly and Macheath. We are no advocates for these exhibitions; indeed, we think they are much better avoided: yet we see no reason why poor Mr. Watson should be so violently attacked for putting Mr. Reeve in petticoats and Miss Coveney in breeches, when scarcely a week passes without a similar or at all events as flagrant a violation of decency (if it must be so styled) occurring. We should like to know why these correct gentlemen did not think it worth while to employ their pens against Madame Vestris' and Miss Love's Giovanni;—the latter's Young Meadows;—that hideous monstrosity, the American dwarf, exhibited in the Drury Lane Pantomime;—the French wrestlers appearing in a state bordering on nudity, &c. The experiment is not likely to be repeated, for the house was but indifferently filled; and though the grotesque appearance of Mr. Reeve, as Polly, excited some mirth, the rest of the performance was very heavy.

MONDAY, June 15.—*Part of Der Freischutz*.—*Venice Preserved*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

Mr. C. Kemble played the part of Jaffier. He is by far the best, we may add, only correct, representative of this inconsistent character on the stage. The scene in the first act, where Jaffier, labouring under temporary madness, imagines he beholds his friend undergoing the tortures of the rack, is a very powerful piece of acting.

Mr. Warde played Pierre very respectably.

TUESDAY, June 16.—*Artaxerxes*; Arne.—*Charles the Second*; Payne.—*The Waterman*; Dibdin. For the benefit of Mr. Wood.

We were glad to see the house so well and so respectably attended, as it proves that the taste of the public for the pure harmony of our national melodies is not utterly destroyed. No singer, since the days of Incledon, has executed our popular ballads with so much taste, feeling and expression, as Mr. Wood. All his songs in the *Waterman* were most enthusiastically encored.

WEDNESDAY, June 17.—*Suspicious Husband*.—*Master's Rival*.

THURSDAY.—No performance.

FRIDAY, June 19.—*Guy Mannering*; Terry.—*Miller and his Men*; Pocock.

SATURDAY, June 20.—*Maid of Judah*.—*Battle of Pultawa*.

At the conclusion of the Opera, Miss Paton was unanimously called for. She came forward, led by Mr. Phillips, and was most enthusiastically applauded.

MONDAY, June 22.—*Hamlet*.—*Devil's Elixir*.

TUESDAY, June 23.—*Castle of Andalusia*; O'Keefe.—Fifth Act of *Richard the Third*.—*Don Giovanni*; Dibdin. For the benefit of Miss Blanchard, J. Isaacs, and Mears.—Richard by Master Phillips.

WEDNESDAY, June 24.—*Lionel and Clarissa*; Bickerstaff.—*Devil's Elixir*.

THURSDAY, June 25.—*Native Land*; Pocock.—*A Day after the Wedding*; Inchbald.—*Raising the Wind*; Kenny.

This Theatre closed for the season with the following brief Address delivered by Mr. Fawcett.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—By custom and courtesy it is established that on this night I should appear before you to announce our *finale*. I avail myself of the opportunity to offer you the grateful thanks of all concerned in this Theatre for your patronage and support during the past season. Wishing you all happiness, we hope to be honoured by the repetition of your kindness at the usual time of re-opening.”

## HAYMARKET.

June 15th.—This Theatre opened for the season on Monday, with *Spring and Autumn*; a new Ballet; *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen* (1st time); and *John of Paris*. The novelties were a new ballet, which was damned, and an amusing one-act piece.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Captain Postlethwaite, Mr. VINING; Colonel Stanmore, Mr. BRINDAL; Trusty, Mr. WEBSTER; Mrs. Greville, Miss F. H. KELLY; Maria, Mrs. ASHTON; from the Theatre Royal, Bath; Mrs. Prattle, Mrs. GLOVER.

Mrs. Greville, a beautiful Widow, is in love with Captain Postlethwaite, who is rather of extravagant habits. She orders him not to stir out of his lodgings, or to receive any visitors for an entire fortnight; and if he faithfully obeys her commands, promises to reward him with her hand, (at the same time strictly charging him to secresy.) The piece opens within a few hours of the Captain's imprisonment being over, when Stanmore arrives, and entreats his friend to allow him to conceal a lady (whom he has just married privately) for a few days in his lodgings. At this juncture, Mrs. Greville calls to ascertain whether the Captain is punctually performing his promise. The ladies meet—an amusing scene ensues—and the piece terminates, of course, with an explanation, by which all parties are satisfied. Mr. Webster, from Drury Lane, played Trusty (servant to the Captain) with great spirit, though he is rather given to over-acting. The chief amusement of the piece is centred in

Mrs. Prattle, an inquisitive landlady, who is very much annoyed at not being able to ascertain the cause of the Captain's unusual steadiness. The other characters were very well sustained. In the afterpiece, Mrs. H. Corri, from Dublin, performed Princess Navarre : she is a good figure, but her voice has not any ' great ' claims to recommendation.

TUESDAY, June 16.—*Barber of Seville* ; Colman.—*Ballet*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen* ; Poole.—*Green-Eyed Monster* ; Planché.

In the Opera, Miss Melton, a young lady of highly respectable connexions, appeared as Rosina. She was much applauded.

WEDNESDAY, June 17.—*Cure for the Heart Ache* ; Morton.—*Ballet*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen* ; Poole. Rosina, Mrs. Brooks.

THURSDAY, June 18.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen* ; Poole.—*Clandestine Marriage* ; Colman and Garrick.—*Barber of Seville* ; Colman.

FRIDAY, June 19.—*Poor Gentleman* ; G. Colman.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen* ; Poole.—*Rencontre* ; Planché.

SATURDAY, June 20.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen* ; Poole.—*Marriage of Figaro* ; Holcroft.—*Scape-Goat* ; Poole.—*Review* ; Colman.

MONDAY, June 22.—*Beggar's Opera*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*Heir at Law* ; Colman.

TUESDAY, June 23.—*Two Friends* ; Lacy.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*Clandestine Marriage*.

WEDNESDAY, June 24.—*Way to Keep Him* ; Murphy.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*Love Laughs at Locksmiths* ; Colman.

THURSDAY, June 25.—*The Young Quaker* ; O'Keefe.—*Thirteen to the Dozen* ; Kenny.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

FRIDAY, June 26.—*Rivals* ; Sheridan.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*Who's the Dupe* ; Mrs. Cowley.

### SURREY THEATRE.

JUNE 8th, a new melodrama, entitled *Black Eyed Susan* ; or, *All in the Downs*, by the author of *Ambrose Guinnet*. The plot is extremely simple, and has not any thing to do with the ballad of that name. The piece opens with the return of William, and his rescuing Susan from the amorous attacks of his captain, by wounding him with his cutlass. The wound is supposed to be mortal. William is tried by a Court-martial and condemned to " die ; " but just as his sentence is about to be put into execution, the wounded captain enters, with a paper proving that William's discharge had been signed previous to the committal of the assault. William is, of course, released, and the piece concludes with the union of the two lovers.

Mr. T. P. Cooke played the hero with much real feeling; his parting interview with Susan was a fine natural piece of acting, and obtained great applause. The heroine was very adequately sustained by Miss Scott. The *Smoked Miser* followed, to the great gratification of the galleries, who were highly delighted with Mr. Vale's Goliath Spiderlinb. The *Pilot* concluded the entertainments to a crowded house.

A play-bill war has been carried on with great acrimony between the proprietors of this theatre and those of the Cobourg, on account of the latter having taken advantage of the "announcement" of *Black Eyed Susan*, by bringing out a piece under that name.

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### COBOURG THEATRE.

The benefit for the Minor Theatrical Fund produced upwards of 300*l*.

Monday, June 8th, a new drama was produced, entitled *The Lord of the Maelstour*: it abounds in incidents, no doubt very amusing to many to witness, but what would be very tedious for us to describe. The last scene, a temple of fifty fountains, is very splendid.

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### WEST LONDON THEATRE.

Mr. Burroughs, the proprietor of this Theatre, has been trying to do away with the shilling orders, by altering the price to one-half. The experiment however has not succeeded, for he has returned to the old plan.

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### VAUXHALL, MONDAY, JUNE 1st.

These Gardens opened for the season, and presented a fresh and lively appearance. The Rotunda has been "retouched," and some new views added to the Cosmorama. The entertainments commenced with a concert in the original orchestra, in which Mr. Weekes, from Drury Lane, made his appearance.

A new comic Ballet was next produced in the open theatre, by M. Hullin, entitled *Policinel Vampire*, in which a posture-master played Punch, in Mezurier's style.

But the chief attraction of the evening was Rossini's opera of *Il Barbière de Seviglia*, in the Rotunda, sung by Mlle. F. Ayton, Castelli, and Angeli; with Pellegrini as Figaro, and Torri the Count; and the other characters proportionably well filled, by Guibeli, Angeli, Rubbi, &c. The first act, although curtailed, lasted upwards of an hour, and the opera did not conclude till past midnight. Miss Ayton, Pellegrini, and Torri sung and acted with great spirit.

The fireworks followed. They are the most splendid we have witnessed at this place for years.

# REMARKS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PATENT THEATRES DURING THE PAST SEASON.

ACCORDING to the statements of the newspapers, the past season has not been by any means productive to either of the proprietors, though we think Drury Lane has been tolerably successful. The following is a list of all the new pieces produced at that theatre:—

- Rienzi*, a tragedy, by Miss Mitford.
- Youthful Queen*, an afterpiece, by Shannon.
- Rhyme and Reason*, a farce, by Lunn.
- Beggar's Daughter*, a comedy, by Knowles. (Damned.)
- Love in Wrinkles*, an opera, by Lacy.
- Charles the Twelfth*, a drama, by Planché.
- Caswallon*, a tragedy, by Walker.
- Queen Bee*, a pantomime, by Barrymore.
- Master's Rival*, a farce, by Peake. (Damned.)
- Peter the Great*, a play in three acts, by Morton and Kenny.
- Casket*, an opera, by Lacy. (Damned.)
- All at Sixes and Sevens*, a farce, by C. Dibdin. (Damned.)
- My Wife! What Wife?* a farce, by Poole.
- Thierna-na-Oge*, an afterpiece, by Planché.
- Masaniello*, an opera, by B. Livius.
- Partisans*, a play, by Planché.

Out of the above sixteen dramas, four have been damned, and eight eminently and deservedly successful. Mr. Price has the credit of having produced, in one season, the finest tragedy (*Rienzi*), (taking the language, characters, and incidents); the most amusing afterpiece (*Charles the Twelfth*); the most splendid opera (*Masaniello*); and the most entertaining and well-constructed drama (*The Partisans*); that have been seen for years. Indeed, on the whole, we have every reason to speak favourably of Mr. Cooper's management; for great attention has been paid to the casting of the characters, even to the inferior ones. And in addition to the unprecedented list of new dramas, several of our stirring comedies and tragedies have been exceedingly well played.

Of the successful first appearances, we have to notice Miss Phillips; Mr. Aitkin, an actor of considerable promise; Mr. J. Vining, whose great fault is self-conceit; and Mr. Weekes. Amongst the failures, Miss Russell and Mr. Lee.

## COVENT GARDEN.

The following is a list of the new pieces produced at this Theatre during the past season:—

- Step-Mother*, a one-act piece, by Lacy. (Damned.)
- Soldier's Stratagem*, a three-act comedy, by Lacy. (Damned.)
- Sublime and Beautiful*, an opera, altered from the *Sultan*, by Morton.
- Woman's Love*, a drama.
- Little Red Riding Hood*, a pantomime, by Farley.
- Nymph of the Grotto*, an opera, by Dimond.
- Widows Bewitched*, a comedy in three acts, by Lunn.
- Yelva*, an afterpiece, by Bishop. (Damned.)
- Battle of Pultowa*, an afterpiece, by Raymond.
- Maid of Judah*, an opera, by Lacy.

*Home, Sweet Home*, an opera, by Pocock.

*Devil's Elixir*, a melodrame, by Ball.

Out of the preceding twelve dramas, three have been damned, and three highly successful. Candour compels us to state that the management of this theatre has not been so satisfactory as we could wish.

There is one exception, however, to the above mass of translations, mutilations, &c. which we must not omit to notice,—the play of *Woman's Love*, which, notwithstanding the author's unfortunate choice of plot and characters, contains some language truly beautiful, as well as highly poetical. We shall not enlarge the subject on the management of this theatre; but we trust the Directors will, during the present recess, visit our provincial Theatres, and endeavour to find some more adequate representatives of our second-rate characters in tragedy, than Messrs. Diddier, Baker, Evans, &c. Of the first appearances, three have been complete failures. Mrs. Pindar's Juliet; Mr. Gray's Sir Anthony; and Mr. B. Taylor's Young Meadows. Among the successful ones, we have to notice Mr. Green's Figaro; Miss Nelson's Peggy; Miss Forde's Rosina, and Miss Byfield's Emma. Among the doubtful efforts, were Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Cathcart.

#### TRAGEDY, COMEDY, AND THE OTHER DEPARTMENTS OF THE DRAMA CONSIDERED.

PITY and terror appertain to tragedy: those authors, therefore, who, in order to produce striking effects, dispose of events so as to produce unmixed horror, rather than simply to inspire terror, cannot serve as models in the art of moving the affections or of raising interest. Feeble minds are greatly alarmed by such productions; and this, in fact, in the judgment of men of taste, who can properly appreciate what is good, is the only object they attain.

These representations merely serve to augment such horrible and disgusting productions as the "*Pathenius de Nicée*," and the romances of the Radcliffe school. The great art requires that the scene should not be stained by blood except upon extraordinary occasions, when it becomes indispensable, and even then it should be executed with such care that the public may be spared as much as possible the sight of such horrors.

We may remark also with Dubois, that it is not the quantity of blood that is shed, but the manner of shedding it, which constitutes the character of tragedy. Besides, tragedy, when extravagant, becomes cold, and we are rather inclined to laugh than to weep at the production of a poet who fancies he is pathetic in proportion to the quantity of blood he spills. Some wicked wag might even send him a list of killed and wounded.

It is rarely necessary at the theatre to deepen terror into horror: the pathetic alone should be deemed sufficient to produce tragic illusion. It was a custom with the ancients that government should furnish poets with subjects for tragedy; and upon these the writers were obliged to treat. The most celebrated deeds of history or of

fable were chosen, in order that, as they were generally known, they might be the more certain of exciting general interest: and in the end the custom proved very advantageous to the poet. Comic poets, on the contrary, were allowed to make choice of their own subjects, each selecting whatever was most agreeable to his own peculiar taste and genius. They might invent their own subject, and the piece became entirely their own. Blair does not give sufficient latitude to comic authors in the choice of their subject. Some limit is necessary in the selection of a plot: for it is my opinion, the more universal a comedy is, the better it is, and the more likely to meet with success.

Comedy, in its beginning, was nothing more than a representative of the simple truth, which exposed upon the stage some transactions of private life. Writers, having at length ceased to adopt actual occurrences, betook themselves to imaginative subjects, to the great peace and satisfaction of the public.

The same remark cannot be made with respect to tragedy, because in treating on great and exalted subjects, it was always necessary that they should be founded on truth, or on fables, which, by becoming well and universally known, assumed the appearance of truth. The truth, however, was not always scrupulously adhered to by some writers, who paid little attention to public opinion with respect to place and time. They even differ from each other in these particulars when bringing the same subject before the public. Upon this, Gravina as well as Aristotle observes, that Medea did not kill her children; that was a crime prevented by Euripides. In the "*Œdipus*" of Sophocles, Jocasta strangles herself: according to Seneca, she died by the sword. Both Sophocles and Euripides have written on the subject of *Electra*: but one represents her as a virgin always dwelling in her own country, while the other describes her married, and being out of her native land. The latter poet, in his "*Trojans*," sacrifices Polyxenes at the tent of Achilles, and in his "*Hecuba*," the same Polyxenes is slain in Thrace.

While discoursing on the different styles, it will not be unseasonable to say something on the "Romantic," and such productions as may prove useful to the composer by introducing variety into his works. A fragment of M. Chausard relating to this subject may furnish a kind of preface to our observations.

"The followers of the romantic," says he, "declare that imagination alone is the essential soul of poetry. The classics, on the other hand, lay it down as a principle, that reason and imagination united is the essence of poetry. Each of these, according to his own position, draws the following inferences:—The first says, all the wanderings and extravagancies of fancy constitute the beauty of the romantic style: the other admit of these; but always on condition that they be not contrary to reason. Hence it is evident that the romantic system is the direct road to absurdity, and that the classic system leads to liberal and enlightened reason, still leaving to the imagination sufficient opportunity for the most lofty flights.

"Then is fancy a fiery steed, guided by reason, who does not impede his course, but prevents him from stumbling. And further, let fact decide the question. When those of the romantic school shall produce a man equal to Homer or Ariosto, we will yield to their

opinion. But Homer has united deep reasoning to exalted imagination, while the very simplicity of Ariosto is concealed wisdom. When we come to reflect on the circumstance attending the appearance of the phantom of romance, for I cannot bring myself to call it style, we shall be something surprised at the result; it has no less a tendency than that of leading back to barbarism. In a word, all the horrors of feudal times, all the superstitions of the 13th century, together with the legends of the Autos Sacramentatis of Calderon, form the material and the essential elements of these depraved compositions, which are a part of that dark conspiracy, whose end is to again impose those fetters on the human mind, even after reason has burst them asunder.

"In short, to develop the imagination according to the system of some, is to place implicit faith in the most ridiculous absurdities, of which terror and degradation are the consequences. Rather let reason be followed; it is the basis of a good education: and hence will arise a race of powerful, enlightened, and virtuous writers. The poets of antiquity were no trifling seducers into amusement; they were rather masters in morality, and the first instructors of mankind. This consideration will doubtless separate from the romantic schools every person of credit, that otherwise perhaps would not have perceived its fatal and lamentable consequences." The above cited author says elsewhere, it (the romantic) certainly affords specimens of charming composition; and I could wish to applaud them, but they are always inferior to the great classic productions. The strain of the syrens is not equal to the song of the muses."—*Code of Terpsichore.*

(*To be continued.*)

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*A List of Pieces lately produced at the London Theatres, translated or adopted from the French.*

The Somnambulist .	C. G.	from La Villageoise Somnambule.
Thirteen to the Dozen	H. M.	Le Conspirateurs sans le savoir, ou les Manteaux.
Yelva . . . . .	D. L.	Yelva.
He lies like Truth . .	E. O. H.	Le menteur veridique.
Master's Rival . . . .	D. L. & C. G.	Crispin, Rival de son Maître.
The Youthful Queen	D. L.	La Reine de Seize Ans.
The Step-Mother . .	C. G.	La Belle-Mère.
Valeria . . . . .	H. M.	Valérie.
A Daughter to marry	H. M.	{ Une Demoiselle à marier, ou la Première Entrevue.
Love and Reason . .	C. G.	Bertrand et Suzette, ou le Mariage de Raison.
'Twas I . . . . .	C. G.	La Rose et le Baiser, ou la Servante justifié.
Masaniello . . . . .	D. L.	La Muette de Portici.
Partisans . . . . .	D. L.	{ La Maison du Rampart, ou une Journée de la Ronde.
Love in Wrinkles . .	D. L.	La Vieille.
Management . . . .	H. M.	Le Beneficieux.
A Day's Fun . . . .	Adelphi	Je fais mes Farces.
Casket (underplot) . .	D. L.	Les Premières Amours.
Green-Eyed Monster	H. M.	Les Deux Jaloux.



## MISCELLANIES.

## JANE SHORE.

Most of our readers are no doubt aware that this frail being survived her penance, and that the story of her dying of hunger in Shoreditch is entirely fabulous. But perhaps they will be surprised to learn that she not only became mistress to Lord Hastings, but after her penance she had another admirer, who made a contract of matrimony with her, as the following letter from Richard III. to the Bishop of Lincoln will prove.

"Right Rev. Father in God, &c. Signifying unto you that it is shewed unto us that our servant and solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now being in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel to proceed to effect of the same, we, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may exhort and stir him to the contrary; and if you find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise, would be advertised; then if it may stand with the law of the Church we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London, that upon sufficient surety formed of her good abearing, ye do send for her keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by warrant of these, committing her to the rule and guiding of her father, or any other by your discretion in the mean season. Given, &c. &c.

"To the Right. Rev. Father in God,  
the Bishop of Lincoln, our Chancellor."

*Hardwicke's State Papers*, Vol. I. page 573.

A ridiculous circumstance happened during the getting up of the *Prophetess*, which, though trivial in itself, as it shows the absurdity of the times, I am induced to give an account of. Mr. Ross did me the honour to consult me in what manner he should dress the character of the Roman Emperor. I gave him such directions as in my idea appeared most consonant to the character. Among other things, I advised him to have a wig made as near a head of hair as it could possibly be. He told me that Mr. Rich thought it should be a full bottomed one; I could not help smiling at such an absurdity, but, putting on a grave look, I replied, "then let it be as large a one as you can get, and, to render yourself the more conspicuous, continued I, must you not wear a hoop under your lamberkins?" The serious air I assumed whilst I uttered this, deceived the hero, notwithstanding the proposal was so apparently preposterous, and he determined to adopt the mode I had pointed out.

Thus bedizened when he came on, the night of representation, there never surely appeared on any stage so grotesque a figure; the house was in a roar, but no one was more diverted with the humorous scene than myself. By this joke, which I could scarcely believe passable, was every person present, except the poor Emperor himself, indebted to me for a laugh which I thought would never have had an end. It, however, was attended with a good consequence, by breaking through one of the most absurd customs that was ever introduced on the English Stage: that of dressing the Grecian and Roman heroes in full-bottomed perukes.—*From the Life of George Anne Bellamy.*

## THE HISSED ACTOR.

Young Melpo held the Buskin dear,  
 And soon the Green-room monarch sought;  
 But ranting o'er the stage, his ear  
 Appalling hisses caught.

Which made the crest-fall'n youth exclaim,  
 My fate might for a riddle pass;  
 My hopes aspir'd to tragic fame,  
 I find my hopes a farce.

## SHAKSPEARE'S SCIENCE.

There can be no doubt that Shakspeare had a considerable portion of scientific knowledge. Pope says: "Whatever object of nature, or branch of SCIENCE, he either speaks of, or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge." And Theobald: "With regard to his thinking, it is certain that he had a general knowledge of ALL THE SCIENCES." Cassius's account of the sickness of Cæsar, is a remarkable instance of minute accuracy.

"He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And *when the fit was on him*, I did mark  
 How he did *shake*; 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that *tongue* of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their looks,  
 Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink*, Titinius."

A late eminent physician and lecturer referred his pupils to the above passage, as a perfect description of a paroxysm of intermittent fever.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## No. I.

SIR,—I have been bothering my poor brains for the last week past in order to find a neat complimentary sentence to commence my letter with, but all to no purpose, you must therefore take the will for the deed. I have a great deal to say to you, indeed so much, that I know not how to begin. I must, however, inform you that I entertain a very high opinion both of you and your Magazine, and that I have determined on writing this letter, in order to obtain your advice; and when you know what it is about, I am sure you will say I am greatly in want of some one's. And now, Mr. Editor, without any further preamble, I will tell you what I am, and what I want. You must know that I am a cheesemonger, and have been for some time in a very tolerable business at St. Mary Axe; and having a family of three boys and two girls, I wished to give them a good education at a

moderate expense; and being told by my friend Mr. Ruler (a writing-master at Islington) that there was nothing like the stage so calculated to improve the manners, to correct the follies, and to expose the vices of mankind, I was induced to take my family very frequently to the theatre, and the more so as a relation had left me some shares in the two patent ones. However, I soon began to find that the advantages derived from plays are not quite so great as Mr. Ruler had led me to suppose, for if they destroy avarice, they often cause unbounded liberality, and if they polish the manners of some of the inferior classes, they infect them with all the levity, folly, and wickedness of the court circles, as the Court Journal calls it. In short, Mr. Editor, plays are in my opinion like certain doctors, if they cure us of one disease, they are sure to leave another in its stead; and by the way, Mr. Editor, as to polishing the manners, my mind rather misgives me on that point, for if Mr. Diddear's *Aimwell*, and Mr. Harley's *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, are correct portraits of men of fashion, there is very little difference in the manners of St. Giles and St. James. But I find I am wandering from the immediate object of my letter. The taking of my family to the theatre, as I said before, did not at all answer my expectations; but it is not on this subject that I want your advice, I wish from my soul it was; but to come to the point, my eldest boy, William, who is about 19, and as fine a fellow as ever weighed a pound of cheese, got acquainted, some time ago, with a Mr. Dip, a tallow-chandler, who it seems is one of those persons they call a theatrical amateur. My poor boy was induced to pay ten shillings one night for playing at one of their theatres, and has ever since been not only play mad himself, but has bit my whole family; so that from morning to night either my ears are split with the ravings of Othello, Bertram, Alexander, or some other madman, or my teeth set on edge with the lamentations and shriekings of Ophelia, Desdemona, or some such unfortunate wretch. Would you believe it, the other day I met Bill embracing a shoe-black, calling him Pylades, and crying out, "What is life without a friend?" I was so much enraged that I boxed his ears—upon which he roared, "Thou hast disgraced me by a vile blow; would not a dagger have done thee nobler justice?" This put me in such a passion that I was on the point of raising my stick to give him a hearty drubbing, when Nancy, my eldest daughter, came between us with a large spit in one hand and the lid of the fish-kettle in the other, and squalled out—"Hold! the man that stirs makes me his foe." I could fill your book with similar instances. My second daughter, Polly, is so play mad that I can never get her to mind the shop, as she used to, while we are at dinner; if she stands at the door, and a customer appears, instead of serving him, she bawls—"Who waits there?" and then she tells me that is what Lord Townley says to his servant in the *Provoked Husband*. The day before yesterday, Mary lost her work-bag, and questioned the maids about it, but they all denied any knowledge of the bag. Coming hastily up to one of my 'prentices, she took him by the hand, and leading him two steps forward into the shop, cried out—"Hear me, Sir, I had a work-bag; had, say I? nay, I have, bring it to me, or by St. Jago your head is off." The young man was so astonished that he could not speak; when, fortunately, my wife came up and desired her to be satisfied; the

answer was, "I shall in all my best obey you, mother." From many such occurrences I have been able to collect and get by heart a great part of the language of the stage, and I find there is a wonderful sameness in all their tragedies and comedies. The same cant serves for all: like the case of a pack of cards, you may play whist, loo, and commerce, but still the cards are the same. The following, I remark, are as indispensable for a play, as saws and chisels are for a carpenter. My list may not be ill styled a catalogue of the furniture of the drama.

Barbarous! Inhuman!  
 Who waits there?  
 Hear me, Sir.  
 I'll serve you at the hazard of my life.  
 Call a coach.  
 Draw, Sir, this moment!  
 We'll die together.  
 I know your father well.  
 She's dear to me as life.  
 Confusion! am I discovered?  
 She's gone, for ever gone!  
 Charles, I am in spirits to-day.  
 Where? What? How? When?  
 Death and damnation!  
 Nor wound my sensibility.  
 Farewell then, for ever.  
 You know I love you.  
 Unhappy girl!  
 Remember midnight.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I beg you will take my unfortunate case into your most serious consideration, and if you can recommend anything that will restore my house to its former quietness, and my family to the proper duties of their station, you will for ever oblige

Your respectful servant,  
 JOHN MITE.

#### THE PETITION OF CHARLES BUCKE, AUTHOR OF "THE ITALIANS."

*Presented June 4, 1829.*

A petition of Charles Bucke, of Islington, gentleman, was presented, and read; setting forth, That the Petitioner some years since wrote a tragedy (*The Italians*), which having published, the then directors of Drury Lane Theatre seized upon it immediately upon its publication, and, though he made the most earnest entreaties to the contrary, acted in the face of an opposition they had themselves provoked, and, after clearing by it two large sums of money, refused to allow the Petitioner any compensation for the wrong they had done him, the time he had devoted, the journeys he had taken, the money he had expended, and the many inconveniences to which they had personally exposed him; and all this upon the ground (as signified by their Secretary) that, having published his tragedy, the Petitioner had made it amenable to the appropriation of all licensed theatres throughout the kingdom; this right of appropriation, theatrical proprietors assume, not on the basis of any existing law to justify the usurpation, but on the absence of all law to prevent it, a state of legislation in direct hostility to those fundamental principles of the British con-

stitution which profess to insure to every one the benefits arising from his own genius, talents, and industry; for by this absence (which indeed can be considered in no other light than as a barbarism worthy of the darkest ages of human society), theatrical proprietors enjoy the exclusive privilege of seizing at will upon another man's property, of moulding it to their pleasure, of reaping the harvest, and, as a suitable corollary to their injustice, of entailing upon those they have injured all the personal hazard during a trial for their benefit, and all the violence, insolence, and impertinence of unworthy minds in the event of non-success; the Petitioner, undeterred by past injury, having written another tragedy, entitled, "*Julio Romano*," is naturally desirous of publishing it, but having suffered in the manner above described, and being desirous of preventing a recurrence of similar results, he applied to the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre for a promise not to perform his tragedy after publication without his consent; to this application the Petitioner received three direct refusals; should the Petitioner publish his tragedy, and any theatrical proprietor afterwards think proper to act it, the copyright would be in danger of being entirely destroyed, for the time is gone by when a representation can add to the value of a copyright; for those who might be desirous of reading it, as a work adapted to the closet, would not read it at all if successful at the theatre, from an apprehension of its being merely an acting tragedy, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" the public at large, on the other hand, reluctant to patronize any thing to which the smallest idea of failure is attached, would, if unsuccessful at the theatre, lose all regard in respect to it at once, on the ground that nothing can be worthy to be read that is not in harmony with the taste, and sometimes the very questionable taste, of an audience assembled at a theatre; the Petitioner presumes to suggest, that, as dramatic writing has been in all ages esteemed the most difficult of all departments for the exercise of the human mind, and yet that department for which our country has been more distinguished than any other nation in the world, it cannot be otherwise than especially worthy the best patronage the British legislature can bestow; but for a multitude of years last past, such patronage has been left to the discretion of persons whose only ambition and solicitude have been directed to the filling of their own coffers, and that so entirely regardless of the reputation of the country, that a good song sung by a good singer has become of more value, in a theatrical sense, than the finest production of the loftiest genius; hence the present degradation of the stage, and hence the present deficiency in respect to dramas adapted for the closet; for what competent hand will write for the decision of superior minds when his production is liable to be seized upon by unauthorized authorities, to be sometimes mutilated by persons deficient in learning, in taste, in judgment, and in critical qualifications; to be personified by others, perhaps, unequal to the duty of correct delineation; and, finally, to be placed at the discretion, not of an audience composed of elegant and enlightened minds, but of an assemblage composed of all orders, spread over a wide theatre, where good writing falls a martyr to the impatience of the vulgar, where the judgments of some are disgraced by ignorance and presumption, and those of others warped by prejudice, jealousy, and envy, and where the whole are so distracted by the interruptions incident to a first performance, that to see, to hear, to listen, and to judge with critical precision, is always attended with doubt and hazard, and not unfrequently even with an utter incapacity of judgment? Such being the true and unvarnished state of the subject, the Petitioner, urged by the wrong he has suffered, and by the honest hope of future consideration, relying on the justice of his cause, and the legislative wisdom of parliament, humbly prays the House to take the subject into consideration, with a view of providing a law that no person or persons shall, during the period of an author's life, and in case of death from the period of fourteen years from the first publication of his piece; perform for money, or emolument of any kind, any tragedy, comedy, melo-drama, opera, or afterpiece, or by whatever name or title such piece may be known or called, in any theatre, house, or other place of entertainment in any city, town, borough, village, hamlet, or place in England, Ireland, Scotland, or the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, without the consent of the author, authors, or his, or her, or their

representatives, signed in the presence of two or more witnesses, on a stamp value 10s. under a penalty of 500*l.* to be paid on conviction before two or more magistrates, one half to the King, and the other half to the author, or his or her or their representatives.

There is much good sense and truth displayed in the above remarks by Mr. Bucke. To pass over the injustice of the managers, in insisting on playing a drama against the author's inclination, we will turn to the part where he speaks of the pain of a writer "having a tragedy placed at the mercy of an assemblage composed of all orders, where good writing falls a martyr to the impatience of the vulgar." Nine nights out of ten the galleries have completely the command of the house, and, generally speaking, the applause proceeds from that part. Now we are well aware that a long sentence, or a declamatory dialogue, though written with all the inspiration of a Milton, would not be received with attention by them. Thus it is that the productions of our modern authors are frequently overrun with nonsense, ribaldry, and rant: and thus it is, that the style of nine-tenths of our actors is found extravagant and unnatural. There are many tragedies which, in brilliancy of language and poetic beauty, equal any production that ever emanated from the pen of a poet, such as *Mariamne*, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, and *Themistocles*. Yet if one of these were produced at either of our patent theatres, and the strictest attention paid to the cast of characters, it would be received with indifference, with yawning, and, finally, with hisses. If we look at a list of those tragedies that are most frequently represented, we shall find that they are not admired for the dignity and grandeur of the sentiments, or for any moral lesson that may be derived from them, but from their being filled with "battle, murder, and sudden death." *Richard the Third* has always been a favourite tragedy, because it is pregnant with noise, bustle, procession, and fighting, from the very rise to the fall of the curtain.

A dramatist of the present day—we mean one who writes plays for representation—is quite careless of his future fame,—is totally indifferent, whether his works are handed down to posterity, and his name chronicled with the deathless glory of Milton, Shakspeare, and Johnson; or whether, when he dies, it is forgotten, like his last Easter piece. No; all he wishes is, "to put money in his purse" and gain applause: by what means these objects are obtained he is totally callous. Indeed authors are not to be blamed for the stuff they produce: for who would expend much time and labour in the production of a drama for representation (setting aside all the chances of success)? when, as Mr. Bucke observes, "a good song, sung by a good singer, has become of more value, in a theatrical sense, than the productions of the loftiest genius?"

We have no space to pursue this subject farther at present, but shall perhaps return to it at some future period.

## ADVICE TO PLAYERS. BY DR. SWIFT THE YOUNGER.

The following often tried and infallible rules we recommend to all players, as the easiest method of obtaining the *summum bonum* of acting—notice and applause.

*Rule 1.* There is no necessity to subject yourself to the slavery of studying your part. What is the use of the prompter? Besides, it is ten to one that in a modern play you substitute something from your own mother-wit, much better than the author wrote. If you are entirely at a loss, and out, you will get “noticed,” both by the audience and the critic, which would otherwise, perhaps, have never been the case. As to the feelings of the poet, did he show any for you when he put you in the part? And as he is paid for his play by your master, why may you not do as you like with it?

*Rule 2.* Another excellent mode of acquiring notice is never to be ready to go on the stage, and to have apologies made for you as often as possible. We particularly recommend this to our female players, and if the audience begin to “hiss” you can make a speech; the papers next morning will ring the changes: “Fascinating favourite”—“Graceful attitude”—“Expressive look”—“Unhesitating delivery,” &c.\*

*Rule 3.* If you have a tedious character to play, such as *Macbeth* or *Richard*, walk very quietly through the first four acts, always reserving your lungs for the half-price, in the fifth act; and in these characters ever bear in mind the advice of *Filch* to his friend, “die hard.” You must make your hero have as many lives as a cat; your opponent must be at least half an hour killing you: this never fails of producing applause, and perhaps may get you called for after the play is over.

*Rule 4.* Never attend to another actor in the same scene with you; you may be much better employed in arranging your dress, or in winking and nodding at your friends in the boxes. You must always keep your eye on your “benefit.”

*Rule 5.* As you take no notice of him, it is very likely he will take none of you; therefore you may as well, out of respect to the understanding of the audience, and much better to show yourself, address all your speeches to the pit, looking them full in the face, and making some quite uneasy in their seats lest you should expect an answer. This will render you an “interesting” performer, and you will find “judicious” persons observe, “Lord, I do like Mr. ———, you hear every word he says.”

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\* We suspect that one of our actresses must have had a sly peep at our manuscript, as the above rule has been tried with success at Covent Garden during the past season.

*Rule 6.* If you have any witticism or good saying to deliver "aside," bawl it out as loud as you can. How are they to laugh and applaud at the back of the one-shilling gallery if they don't hear what you say? If you have no lungs, give up the profession.

*Rule 7.* Never part with your hat. What are you to do with your fingers?

*Rule 8.* After you have indifferently sung a very indifferent song, do not quit the side scenes; but if, amidst a hundred hisses, you hear a dirty little boy in the gallery cry "encore," come on and sing it again. That is the "sense" of the house. Nothing like "respect!"

*Rule 9.* If in a tragedy your friend the hero is dying at the farther end of stage, let him die and be d——. You come forward and look about you. Every man attend to his own business.

*Rule 10.* To dine out when you are going to play is thought wrong, but foolishly so, unless there are other objections beside getting drunk. Recollect you are in England, the audience are English, and the greater part will have a fellow-feeling for you. Some two or three sober blockheads may hiss, but you will benefit by this, for it will bring down all your friends. When you cannot speak, and they hiss, do not leave the stage, but make a speech. Press your hand to your heart, turn up your eyes, and give them to understand that it is grief, and not liquor. You will have them at once. If you feel hurt (as you ought, and indignant too) at the disapprobation, when you quit the scene drink again; you are with my friend Pope—

Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;  
And drinking largely, sobers us again.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### BENEFITS.

Miss Paton is said to have cleared upwards of 600*l.*; Mr. Fawcett, 630*l.*; Madame Vestris, upwards of 900*l.*; Mr. Cooke, 550*l.*; Mr. C. Kemble, upwards of 600*l.*

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#### THE PRICE OF PLAYS.

In France, immediately prior to the æra of Corneille, and during that æra, the various companies of comedians had each their *author* attached to them, who was paid at the rate of THREE CROWNS for each piece, and enjoyed the honourable office of *beating a drum at the door of the theatre to assemble an audience*. This was the case with even Mayret, the predecessor and the rival of the great Corneille.



## REVIEWS.

*Master's Rival.* By R. B. PEAKE. Cumberland, London: 1829.

BEFORE we make our remarks on this production, we will give the Author's preface.

The Farce entitled *Master's Rival; or, a Day at Boulogne*, was produced, on the 12th of February, 1829, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, and was received with UNANIMOUS DISAPPROBATION! The same farce was re-produced, on the 6th of May following, at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, and went off with UNANIMOUS APPLAUSE AND LAUGHTER!!! These facts are unprecedented. The farce is continuing to be performed with the same effect.

The Author is fully aware that the piece is of very slight material; but the public, for some years past, have condescended to laugh heartily at farces from the same pen, and the proprietors of the theatres can bear ample testimony to the service the little dramas have been to them. It may be asked, why the production should be an utter failure at one theatre, and very successful at the other? A glance at the cast at each house will not elucidate the matter—the performers are all, deservedly, favourites of the public, and all (with one exception) were strenuous in their efforts to do justice to their employers, to the audience, to the author, and to themselves. But alas! every professor is subject to occasional mishaps, and the unfortunate indisposition of Mr. Liston, during the three nights the farce was represented at Drury Lane, was the cause of the failure of *Master's Rival*, on its original production, and the total loss of pecuniary remuneration from the treasury of that theatre to the author.

By this preface, it would appear that the failure of *Master's Rival* at Drury Lane arose entirely from the indisposition of Mr. Liston: and D. G., a gentleman, who under that signature reviews all the Dramas published by Mr. Cumberland, hints, or rather states, that its damnation arose from Mr. Liston being in that "state in which lords get who do not love their ladies:" for thus he writes—"There is no canon that obliges an actor to keep sober on the first night of a new piece, or to burden his memory with more of his part than he thinks proper." Let justice be done to all parties: we saw the farce at Drury Lane, on the second night of its representation; we paid the most particular attention to the performance, and we are convinced that its condemnation arose, not from the *indisposition* (in any sense of the word) of Mr. Liston, but from the gross improbability of the plot, from the poverty of the dialogue, and from the want of ingenuity and originality displayed in the arrangement of the characters and incidents. As a proof of this, the first act was not only heard with the greatest attention, but received much laughter and applause: but the second act was constructed in so clumsy a manner, and was altogether so gross a violation of the rules of common sense, that it called forth the just censure of every sensible person in the theatre. We only appeal to the cool judgment of our readers, if the quarrel between the two fathers after dinner, the placing *Sir Colley* in the custody of the French soldier, and the idea of *Paul* pretending to be a somnambulist, are not incidents too absurd even for farce. It is true that this piece is now played with laughter and applause: but to gain applause by such extravagant means, does not elevate the

author one inch above the keeper of the beasts in the Tower, who puts his pole between the bars to make the lion roar.

*The Code of Terpsichore: a Practical and Historical Treatise on the Ballet, Dancing, and Pantomime. By C. BLAIS, principal Dancer at the King's Theatre, and Composer of Ballets.*

THIS is by far the most complete and talented work that has ever appeared in this country on the subject of Dancing. The author fully explains all the minutiae of the art, while numerous and valuable authorities are constantly quoted, not only on the antiquity and science of dancing, but on almost every department of the drama, &c.: so that, in addition to the valuable information it must afford the pupil, the pages are calculated to give much entertainment to the general reader. The work combines, 1st. a series of Theoretical Dancing, in which the author purposes to regulate the movements of the body by geometrical lines, (a plan entirely original.) Pantomime is then treated on in a very clear and learned manner; and, finally, the author endeavours to bring the Ballet into a closer affinity with the drama than it has hitherto held. This is by far the most interesting part of the work—as the opinions of the most celebrated writers of every age and clime, who have at all made the drama a subject of inquiry, are ably blended together. The work is embellished with a variety of classical and elegant ballet attitudes.

We have been induced thus to particularise this production of M. Blais, from its being calculated, not only to raise his fame, but that of the ballet itself, in the estimation of the public. Had Goldsmith read the Code of Terpsichore, he would have found ballet dancing was something more than the mere flourishing of toes; or, as he writes:—"One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground, may have 300*l.* a-year; he who flourishes them four times, gets 400*l.*; but he who arrives at 'five,' is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper."

#### PERFORMANCES AT DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

At the request of several of our subscribers, we give a journal of the performances at the patent theatres during the past season, up to March, the period our Magazine commenced:—

##### DRURY LANE.

- Oct. 1, 1828. Hamlet; Simpson & Co.
- Oct. 2. Cure for the Heart Ache; X, Y, Z; Dumb Savoyard.
- Oct. 3. Man of the World; Der Freischütz.
- Oct. 4. Rob Roy; Comfortable Lodgings; Dumb Savoyard.
- Oct. 6. Macbeth; a new Divertissement; Don Giovanni.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

- Oct. 1. 1828. As You Like It; Peter Wilkins.
- Oct. 2. Barber of Seville; Charles the Second; Der Freischütz.
- Oct. 3. Romeo and Juliet; Barber of Seville.
- Oct. 4. Love in a Village; Forty Thieves.
- Oct. 6. King Henry IV. Part 1st; Peter Wilkins.

DRURY LANE.

- Oct. 7. Ups and Downs; Illustrious Stranger; Dumb Savoyard.  
 Oct. 8. John Bull; Review.  
 Oct. 9. Rienzi; High Life Below Stairs.  
 Oct. 10. Ups and Downs; Haunted Inn; Dumb Savoyard.  
 Oct. 11. Rienzi; Ballet; Paul and Virginia.  
 Oct. 13. Rienzi; Don Giovanni.  
 Oct. 14. Marriage of Figaro; Deaf as a Post; Haunted Inn.  
 Oct. 15. Rienzi; Divertissement; Review.  
 Oct. 16. School for Scandal; Critic.  
 Oct. 17. Rienzi; Marriage of Figaro.  
 Oct. 18. Poor Gentleman; Comfortable Lodgings.  
 Oct. 20. Rienzi; Der Freischütz.  
 Oct. 21. Exchange No Robbery; Roses and Thorns; Two Wives.  
 Oct. 22. Rienzi; Poor Soldier; Dumb Savoyard.  
 Oct. 23. Hypocrites; Lock and Key.  
 Oct. 24. Rienzi; Youthful Queen.  
 Oct. 25. Clandestine Marriage; Youthful Queen.  
 Oct. 27. Rienzi; Lancers; Dog of Montargis.  
 Oct. 28. Youthful Queen; Green-Eyed Monster; High Life Below Stairs.  
 Oct. 29. Rienzi; Youthful Queen; Green-Eyed Monster.  
 Oct. 30. Love Makes a Man; Two Wives; Dog of Montargis.  
 Oct. 31. Rienzi; Youthful Queen; Green-Eyed Monster.  
 Nov. 1. Busy Body; Youthful Queen; Dog of Montargis.  
 Nov. 3. Rienzi; Youthful Queen; Dog of Montargis.  
 Nov. 4. Love Makes a Man; Scape-Goat; Dog of Montargis.  
 Nov. 5. Stranger; Youthful Queen; Green-Eyed Monster.  
 Nov. 6. Every One has his Fault; Deaf as a Post; Dog of Montargis.  
 Nov. 7. Rienzi; Youthful Queen; Green-Eyed Monster.

COVENT GARDEN.

- Oct. 7. Belle's Stratagem; Barber of Seville.  
 Oct. 8. Love in a Village; More Blunders than One; 'Twas I.  
 Oct. 9. Wonder; More Blunders than One; Deserter of Naples.  
 Oct. 10. Native Land; Forty Thieves.  
 Oct. 11. Barber of Seville; Charles the Second; Tale of Mystery.  
 Oct. 13. Richard the Third; Raymond and Agnes.  
 Oct. 14. Point of Honour; Carron Side; Raymond and Agnes.  
 Oct. 15. Native Land; More Blunders than One; Raising the Wind.  
 Oct. 16. Merchant of Venice; Der Freischütz.  
 Oct. 17. Charles the Second; Bottle Imp; Raymond and Agnes.  
 Oct. 18. Point of Honour; Animal Magnetism; Bottle Imp.  
 Oct. 20. Richard the Third; Raymond and Agnes.  
 Oct. 21. Marriage of Figaro; Catherine and Petruchio; One Hundred Pound Note.  
 Oct. 22. Step-Mother; The Quaker; More Blunders than One; Bottle Imp.  
 Oct. 23. New Way to Pay Old Debts; Carron Side.  
 Oct. 24. Rivals; Invincibles.  
 Oct. 25. Charles the Second; Step-Mother; Bottle Imp; Bombastes Furioso.  
 Oct. 27. Macbeth; Step-Mother; Pantomime—Harlequin Number Nip.  
 Oct. 28. Rivals; Invincibles.  
 Oct. 29. Point of Honour; Quaker; Bottle Imp.  
 Oct. 30. Othello; Barber of Seville.  
 Oct. 31. Merry Wives of Windsor; Invincibles.  
 Nov. 1. She Stoops to Conquer; Bottle Imp.  
 Nov. 3. Macbeth; Bombastes Furioso; Pantomime.  
 Nov. 4. Wife's Stratagem; Charles the Second; Invincibles.  
 Nov. 5. Soldier's Stratagem; Rosina; Bottle Imp.  
 Nov. 6. Othello; Raymond and Agnes.  
 Nov. 7. Soldier's Stratagem; One Hundred Pound Note; Invincibles.

## DRURY LANE.

- Nov. 8. *Stranger; Ups and Downs.*
- Nov. 10. *Rienzi; Lancers; Dog of Montargis.*
- Nov. 11. *Guy Mannering; Rhyme and Reason.*
- Nov. 12. *Stranger; Youthful Queen; Scape-Goat.*
- Nov. 13. *Lord of the Manor; A Day after the Wedding; Rhyme and Reason.*
- Nov. 14. *Rienzi; Youthful Queen; Green-Eyed Monster.*
- Nov. 15. *Stranger; Deaf as a Post; Rhyme and Reason.*
- Nov. 17. *Rienzi; Ballet; Giovanni in London.*
- Nov. 18. *Every One has his Fault; Ballet; Rhyme and Reason.*
- Nov. 19. *Rienzi; Ballet; Der Freischütz.*
- Nov. 20. *Lord of the Manor; Ballet; X, Y, Z.*
- Nov. 21. *Gamester; Ballet; Giovanni in London.*
- Nov. 22. *Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green; Ballet; Haunted Inn.*
- Nov. 24. *Stranger; Youthful Queen; Two Wives.*
- Nov. 25. *Poor Gentleman; Ballet; Illustrious Stranger.*
- Nov. 26. *Gamester; Ballet; Marriage of Figaro.*
- Nov. 27. *Ups and Downs; Love, Law, and Physic; Review.*
- Nov. 28. *Rienzi; Ballet; Green-Eyed Monster; Scape-Goat.*
- Nov. 29. *Seige of Belgrade; Deaf as a Post; Comfortable Lodgings.*
- Dec. 1. *Hamlet; Don Giovanni.*
- Dec. 2. *Rob Roy; Ballet; Rhyme and Reason.*
- Dec. 3. *Gamester; Ballet; Green-Eyed Monster.*
- Dec. 4. *Love in Wrinkles; Exchange no Robbery; Illustrious Stranger.*
- Dec. 5. *Rienzi; Thérézé.*
- Dec. 6. *Hypocrite; Deaf as a Post; Love in Wrinkles.*
- Dec. 8. *Stranger; Thérézé.*
- Dec. 9. *Lord of the Manor; Love in Wrinkles; XYZ.*
- Dec. 10. *Gamester; Ballet; Green-Eyed Monster; Two Wives.*

## COVENT GARDEN.

- Nov. 8. *Point of Honour; Rosina; Peter Wilkins.*
- Nov. 10. *King Lear; Bombastes Furioso; Pantomime.*
- Nov. 11. *Seraglio; One Hundred Pound Note.*
- Nov. 12. *Wife's Stratagem; Charles the Second; Invincibles.*
- Nov. 13. *Othello; Irish Tutor; Rosina.*
- Nov. 14. *Wonder; More Bluders than One; Der Freischütz.*
- Nov. 15. *Covent Garden closed on account of the gas.*
- Nov. 17. *The company removed to the English Opera House. Richard the Third; Charles the Second.*
- Nov. 18. *As You Like It; Bombastes Furioso; Rosina.*
- Nov. 19. *Merchant of Venice; Barber of Seville.*
- Nov. 20. *Belle's Stratagem; 'Twas I; Ballet.*
- Nov. 21. *New Way to Pay Old Debts; Rosina.*
- Nov. 22. *Jealous Wife; Bottle Imp.*
- Nov. 24. *Othello; Bottle Imp.*
- Nov. 25. *Merry Wives of Windsor; Invincibles.*
- Nov. 26. *Charles the Second; One Hundred Pound Note; Bottle Imp.*
- Nov. 27. *Merchant of Venice; Beggar's Opera.*
- Nov. 28. *Point of Honour; Roland for an Oliver.*
- Nov. 29. *Iron Chest; Beggar's Opera.*
- Dec. 1. *New Way to Pay Old Debts; Beggar's Opera.*
- Dec. 2. *No Performance.*
- Dec. 3. *Ditto.*
- Dec. 4. *The Company returned to Covent Garden. Merchant of Venice; Beggar's Opera.*
- Dec. 5. *Inconstant; Sublime and Beautiful.*
- Dec. 6. *Country Girl; Ballet; Sublime and Beautiful.*
- Dec. 8. *Richard the Third; Forty Thieves.*
- Dec. 9. *Country Girl; Ballet; Sublime and Beautiful.*
- Dec. 10. *Country Girl; Sublime and Beautiful.*

DRURY LANE.

- Dec. 11.* Who Wants a Guinea?; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 12.* Rienzi; Youthful Queen; Scape-Goat.  
*Dec. 13.* Ups and Downs; Love in Wrinkles; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 15.* Romeo and Juliet; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 16.* Siege of Belgrade; Love in Wrinkles; Youthful Queen.  
*Dec. 17.* Romeo and Juliet; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 18.* Every One has his Fault; Little Captive, a new Divertisement [first time]; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 19.* Rienzi; Little Captive; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 20.* Exchange no Robbery; Love in Wrinkles; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 22.* Romeo and Juliet; Charles the Twelfth.  
*Dec. 23.* Ups and Downs; Charles the Twelfth; Youthful Queen.  
*Dec. 24.* No performance.  
*Dec. 25.* No performance.  
*Dec. 26.* Lovers' Vows; The Queen Bee, or Harlequin and the Fairy Hive [first time].  
*Dec. 27.* Charles the Twelfth; Deaf as a Post; Pantomime.  
*Dec. 29.* Romeo and Juliet; Pantomime.  
*Dec. 30.* Charles the Twelfth; Haunted Inn; Pantomime.  
*Dec. 31.* Stranger; Pantomime.  
*Jan. 1.* Charles the Twelfth; Comfortable Lodgings; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 2.* Rienzi; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 3.* Charles the Twelfth; Deaf as a Post; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 5.* Rienzi; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 6.* Charles the Twelfth; Illustrious Stranger; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 7.* Pizarro; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 8.* Charles the Twelfth; Haunted Inn; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 9.* Rienzi; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 10.* Charles the Twelfth; Critic; Queen Bee.  
*Jan. 12.* Caswallon; or, the Briton Chief [first time]; Queen Bee.

COVENT GARDEN.

- Dec. 11.* Othello; Beggar's Opera.  
*Dec. 12.* Duenna; Sublime and Beautiful.  
*Dec. 13.* Country Girl; Ballet; Sublime and Beautiful.  
*Dec. 15.* Virginius; Ballet; Tom Thumb.  
*Dec. 16.* Country Girl; Ballet; Invincibles.  
*Dec. 17.* Woman's Love; Sublime and Beautiful.  
*Dec. 18.* Merchant of Venice; Bottle Imp.  
*Dec. 19.* Woman's Love; Ballet; Sublime and Beautiful.  
*Dec. 20.* Duenna; Invincibles.  
*Dec. 22.* Virginius; Offerings to Venus; Charles the Second.  
*Dec. 23.* Woman's Love; Offerings to Venus; Sublime and Beautiful.  
*Dec. 24.* No performance.  
*Dec. 25.* No performance.  
*Dec. 26.* Jane Shore; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood, or the Wizard and the Wolf [first time].  
*Dec. 27.* Country Girl; Pantomime.  
*Dec. 29.* Hamlet; Pantomime.  
*Dec. 30.* Woman's Love; Pantomime.  
*Dec. 31.* Beaux' Stratagem; Pantomime.  
*Jan. 1.* Woman's Love; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 2.* Duenna; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 3.* Beaux' Stratagem; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 5.* Virginius; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 6.* Sublime and Beautiful; Invincibles; Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 7.* Beaux' Stratagem; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 8.* Othello; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 9.* Charles the Second; Bottle Imp; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 10.* Duenna; Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.  
*Jan. 12.* Beggar's Opera (substituted for Richard the Second); Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood.

## DRURY LANE.

Jan. 13. Charles the Twelfth;  
X Y Z; Queen Bee.

Jan. 14. Caswallon; Queen Bee.

Jan. 15. Charles the Twelfth; Illus-  
trious Stranger; Queen Bee.

Jan. 16. Rienzi; Queen Bee.

Jan. 17. Charles the Twelfth; Haunt-  
ed Inn; Queen Bee.

Jan. 19. Caswallon; Queen Bee.

Jan. 20. Charles the Twelfth; Critic;  
Queen Bee.

Jan. 21. Caswallon; Queen Bee.

Jan. 22. Charles the Twelfth; Por-  
trait of Cervantes; Queen Bee.

Jan. 23. Rienzi; Queen Bee.

Jan. 24. Charles the Twelfth; Illus-  
trious Stranger; Queen Bee.

Jan. 26. Pizarro; Queen Bee.

Jan. 27. Charles the Twelfth; Por-  
trait of Cervantes; Queen Bee.

Jan. 28. Love in Wrinkles; Youth-  
ful Queen; Queen Bee.

Jan. 29. Stranger; Little Captive;  
Queen Bee.

Jan. 30. Oratorio.

Jan. 31. Lord of the Manor; Ballet;  
Pantomime.

## COVENT GARDEN.

Jan. 13. Sublime and Beautiful; In-  
vincibles; Harlequin and Little Red  
Riding Hood.

Jan. 14. Beaux' Stratagem; Harle-  
quin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 15. Nymph of the Grotto [first  
time]; Harlequin and Little Red  
Riding Hood.

Jan. 16. Nymph of the Grotto; Har-  
lequin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 17. Nymph of the Grotto; Har-  
lequin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 19. Hamlet; Harlequin and  
Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 20. Nymph of the Grotto; Har-  
lequin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 21. Sublime and Beautiful; In-  
vincibles; Harlequin and Little Red  
Riding Hood.

Jan. 22. Nymph of the Grotto; Har-  
lequin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 23. Beaux' Stratagem; Harle-  
quin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 24. Nymph of the Grotto; Har-  
lequin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 26. Point of Honour; Bottle  
Imp; Harlequin and Little Red  
Riding Hood.

Jan. 27. Inconstant; More Blunders  
than One; Harlequin and Little  
Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 28. Sublime and Beautiful; In-  
vincibles; Harlequin and Little Red  
Riding Hood.

Jan. 29. Beaux' Stratagem; Harle-  
quin and Little Red Riding Hood.

Jan. 30. No performance.

Jan. 31. Nymph of the Grotto; Pan-  
tomime.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## DUBLIN.

June 10th.—The theatre closes for what is termed the first part of the season, on Monday evening, and we cannot omit this opportunity of offering a few observations on the difficulties which the present lessee had to encounter, the way in which they were met, the progress he has made in public opinion, and the manifest renovation of dramatic taste which has been excited and kept up in Dublin. At the time that Mr. Bunn became the lessee, nothing could have been at a lower ebb than the credit of

the theatre and the character of the drama—the bad odour of the one produced a natural distaste for the other; “performers unpaid,” “tradesmen in arrear,” “taxes unsatisfied,” “rent undischarged;” those in office themselves the creatures of expediency, without means, and, what was worse, we fear, without principle, were enacting in their own persons the piece of Raising the Wind from week's end to week's end, until the fall of the curtain left the creditors without their debtors, and the theatre without a manager. In this state of things, Mr. Bunn assumed the

reins of government, a stranger and unknown. We will not say he has done all that we think this great national establishment is capable of achieving. But we will venture to assert, that he has done more, much more, than ever the most sanguine in their expectations could have anticipated. He will close his theatre without being indebted to a performer even a single shilling; and he can challenge a tradesman connected with it to produce an unsatisfied demand. Among the former class, we, of course, exclude one or two refractory persons, whose downfall has induced them to put forward claims as unjust as they are illegal. For the two last seasons, the expenditure at the establishment has exceeded *forty thousand pounds*.

The first year was, as every one knows, and principally for the reasons we have stated, deficient without precedent in its receipts, and would, under other circumstances, have been ruinous in its results. But we can now confidently affirm, that in a business-like point of view, there is no concern, of equal extent, standing upon higher credit, or possessing more of the public confidence, than the Theatre Royal.

Much of the Dublin and London journals has been occupied with remarks respecting Mr. Kean's behaviour, in not only appearing on the stage in a state of inebriation, but suddenly withdrawing himself from the theatre, without giving the manager the least intimation of his movements, while, at the same time, he was engaged for a certain period, at the rate of 50*l.* a night. We shall forbear entering on the subject; for if Mr. Bunn's statement is correct, and we have every reason to fear that it is, no terms that we could use would be sufficiently strong to express our disapprobation of Mr. Kean's conduct.

#### BELFAST.

Madame Catalani has been engaged by our spirited manager, to sing three nights at our theatre during the Regatta, at the sum of 100 guineas a night.

#### NORWICH.

*Saturday, June 13th*, Miss Paton took her benefit, and concluded her engagement; upon which occasion the house presented a brilliant appearance, and the receipts amounted to upwards of 140*l.* The theatre closed on Monday. The company proceed to Ipswich.

#### LIVERPOOL.

*Saturday, June 13th.*—Master Burke, who has been playing here during the past fortnight, took his benefit, and closed his engagement last night, with the performance of Albert, in Mr. Knowles's play of *William Tell*, and Lord Grizzle in *Tom Thumb*, we are glad to say, to a numerous and respectable audience, who appeared to be highly pleased with the wonderful display of his talents. That these are considerable are not to be denied; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the media selected for their exhibition are too frequently distinguished by bad taste, and calculated to excite dissatisfaction rather than to give pleasure to the true lovers of the drama. We need only particularize, as instances, the ribaldry of the two trashy farces—*The March of Intellect*, and *The Day after the Fair*; written, forsooth, for the purpose of exhibiting him in a variety of greatly dissimilar, and, for the most part, nondescript characters; and his performance of Richard III., with the remainder of the cast filled by grown-up persons, some of them exceeding the ordinary stature. The week which is now closing, has introduced, for the first time, to a Liverpool audience, Miss I. Paton and a gentleman from the Bath Theatre, named Montague, who appeared on Monday in the character of Letitia Hardy and Flutter in the *Belle's Stratagem*; and on Tuesday, as Rosalind and Orlando, in *As You like it*.

Miss Paton possesses talents which must render her presence acceptable on the boards of any English theatre, though they certainly do not entitle her to be paraded as a histrionic wonder.

Mr. Montague is a young man of good personal appearance and easy carriage, with a good voice; and, judging from his reading of Orlando, we should think of good mental capacity.

The tragedy of *Casswallon* has been got up here with great success; the hero and heroine are sustained, by Mr. Vandenhoff and Miss Pelham.

A new regulation has been adopted at the box-keeper's office of our theatre, of which the public cannot fail to approve. On taking places in the boxes, a slip of paper is given to the party, containing the date on which places were taken, the name of the parties, the number of places, and the number of the box. This arrangement is well calculated to put an end to those clamorous alter-

cations and appeals to the box-keeper, by which an audience is so often annoyed while the first act of the play is proceeding.

**OUTRAGE AT THE LIVERPOOL THEATRE.**—*June 13th.*—Last night, while Mr. Smith and Mrs. Taylor were on the stage, playing the opening scene of the afterpiece, *The March of Intellect*, a penny piece, thrown by some ruffian from the gallery, struck the latter on the forehead. She was supported off the stage, and the curtain was immediately dropped. Mr. Clarke, the stage-manager, then presented himself, and acquainted the audience with the nature of the occurrence, expressing his confidence, that the act could not have been perpetrated without being perceived by some person near the party, and offering a reward of 20*l.* for his apprehension. Mr. Cooper, the surgeon, having been sent for, was soon in attendance, and dressed the wound on Mrs. Taylor's forehead, which he pronounced not likely to be attended with any serious consequences; but she was immediately conveyed home, and the audience permitted the performance to proceed, with the omission of the scene which had thus been scandalously interrupted.

Shortly afterwards, two persons, of respectable appearance, strangers in the town, were apprehended in the gallery, having been pointed out as the persons from whence the missile had proceeded, and the party were taken out, amidst the loudly expressed indignation of the audience. Upon examination, we learnt they were discharged; and we regret to say, the praiseworthy spirit and promptitude exhibited by the managers in their endeavours to punish this insulting outrage upon the feelings of the company assembled in the theatre, have not been successful in the discovery of its brutal perpetrator.

**MR. KNOWLES'S LECTURES.**—Mr. Knowles delivered the second series of his lectures on Thursday, and the third on Monday last; and on that occasion, we were happy to observe a numerous and most respectable auditory, bearing testimony to those talents which so admirably fit him for his present undertaking.

His powers of lectureship are considerable, and he excites a high degree of interest, both from the novelty of his details, and the pleasing and effective manner in which they are introduced. He possesses an intimate and critical acquaintance with the subject; and in treating on the drama, exhibits a master mind, which must instruct and delight

those who partake of the intellectual banquet which his lectures afford.

## NOTTINGHAM.

The following advertisement of Mr. Gouffé's is too rich to be admitted:—

"Mons. Gouffé, with all due deference to the inhabitants of Nottingham, begs to announce that his benefit is fixed for this evening (Friday), when he will repeat, for the last time here, those wonderful tricks, leaps, balancing, &c. which has every where excited so much astonishment, and raised doubts in the minds of thousands, whether he be a monkey or a man."

## HULL.

This theatre has opened under the management of Mr. J. Butler, late of the Sheffield Theatre. Mr. Keene, the African Roscius, is performing *Oroonoko*, *Zanga*, and *Mungo* in the *Padlock*, here.

We consider Mr. Keene to be an actor of great talent. We attended the theatre under the impression that the playing the part of *Othello*, by a native African, or, at least, by one born of African parents, and bearing an African complexion of the purest and deepest tint, would turn out to be what is sometimes called, in theatrical parlance, "a gag." We were agreeably disappointed. Mr. Keene, though positively a negro, is a gentleman, and a man of education, and could not have portrayed the character in a style much more intellectual, if his face had been "as white as unsunned snow." There was not an individual present who did not honour his performance, long, and even tedious as the tragedy is in parts, with almost breathless attention. The applause was on several occasions given in reiterated peals. Mr. K.'s bursts of deep and impassioned feeling were at times completely electric. His voice and person are good, and his action easy and graceful; the expression of his features is in keeping with the language he utters, and which he evidently feels, as far as passion is concerned.

## EDINBURGH.

Madame Caradori has been very successful here. On Saturday last, she played Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*, to a crowded and delighted audience.







*Drawn by Miss "Crawshaw" and Engraved by Rich. Dwyer*

MR. WOOD & MISS CAWSE,  
*as Tom Tug & Meltemia, in*  
*The Waterman.*

*London. Published Aug<sup>1</sup> 1822, by Wallcut, Dwyer & Co., 10, Maria Lane,  
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THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST 1, 1829.

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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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HAYMARKET.

**SATURDAY, June 27th.**—*Ways and Means*; G. Colman.—*The Padlock*; Bickerstaff.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*; Poole.—*The Spoiled Child*.

Miss Nelson, from Covent Garden, made her first appearance at this Theatre in the part of Little Pickle, which she played with much spirit.

**MONDAY, June 29.**—*Speed the Plough*; Morton.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*A Roland for an Oliver*; Morton.

Mrs. Humby, though admirable as the representative of waiting-maids and milliners, does not possess the refined and delicate manners requisite for the heroines of genteel comedy: her Maria Darlington was by no means good.

**TUESDAY, June 30.**—*The Beggar's Opera*; Colman.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*The Heir at Law*; Colman.

Whether the musicians played out of tune in compliment to the singers, or the singers sung out of tune in compliment to the musicians, we cannot say; but the opera was by no means got up in a way that reflects any credit upon the manager. Mr. Weston, as Captain Macheath, has a pleasing voice, but it is deficient in compass; and Mrs. H. Corri's Polly was a very second-rate affair. In the comedy, Dr. Pangloss was perpetrated by Mr. Webster.

**WEDNESDAY, July 1.**—*Ways and Means*.—*Manœuvring* (1st time). *Married and Single*; Poole.—*Thirteen to the Dozen*.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Count de Villa Mayor, Ambassador from Spain to Naples, Mr. COOPER; Frederick de Carnay, Mr. BRINDALL; Finesse, Groom of the Chambers to the Court, Mr. VINING; Costanza, Mrs. ASHTON; Zanette, Mrs. HUMBY.

The plot is as follows:—Count Mayor, the Spanish Ambassador of

Naples, has a handsome daughter, called Costanza, who is in love with, and beloved by, Frederic de Carnay, a young Frenchman of high birth, but who is afraid to propose openly to the lady, from the Count having declared he would have none but a Spaniard for his son-in-law. Finesse, an intriguing valet in the interest of Frederic, places a letter among his master's papers purporting to be written by a Spanish marquis, a grandee of Spain. In the letter the count is entreated to find out his son, who is living under a feigned name at Naples, in consequence of a passion he has formed for some girl of low birth: the marquis intreats him to use the most vigorous measures to save him, and, to aid his search, encloses his portrait. The Count, after reading this letter, applies to Finesse, knowing his intriguing disposition, for assistance. Finesse acquaints him with Frederic's residence, who is immediately seized on by the count's servants, and brought to the palace. The valet is awkwardly situated, as he has not been able to inform De Carnay of his plot. In this dilemma, he prevails on Zanette, a Neapolitan milliner, by a promise of fifty pieces, to exclaim "I love Frederic!" The Count, on seeing her, of course imagines this is the person hinted at in the marquis's letter, and by strong bribes tries to prevail on her to leave Naples. At this juncture, Frederic enters, and an amusing interview takes place between them, for he is still ignorant of Finesse's plot. The count, however, beginning to suspect them (as De Carnay, who at first totally denied the lady, by a sign from Finesse, makes violent protestations of love to her), in order to try them, says that he has received a letter with the father's consent to their union. Frederic is of course much disconcerted, when a servant announces the arrival of the very marquis whose name Finesse had forged in the letter. The plot of course is discovered, and all parties are made happy.

This piece is translated from a little drama called "*L'Ambassadeur*." The incidents are lively, and the language pointed and appropriate. Mr. Cooper played with proper dignity as the Count, though his dress was unbecoming; for, had he not been announced in the bills as a Spanish Ambassador, we should have taken him for a newly discharged livery servant, so dingy was his coat, and so tarnished the appearance of his epaulette and lace. Mrs. Humby played the Milliner with great spirit, and is rapidly increasing in the estimation of the public. There is a certain dry, pert, original humour about this actress, which is a never-failing provocative to mirth. Her expressions of surprise and joy at being told by the count she should have 500 napoleons if she would leave Madrid and reside at Paris, were really quite delightful. Mr. Vining was bustling and amusing as Finesse. The piece was well received by a tolerable house.

THURSDAY, July 2.—*The Busy Body*; Centlivier.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

This is a lively and agreeable comedy: the characters are natural and extremely well chosen, and well contrasted; the dialogue is pert, and the incidents whimsical. Mr. Vining played Marplot for the first time: this character is the main engine of the piece. Though Mr. Vining cannot altogether assume the vacant and stupidified look that the part requires, his acting was lively and bustling, but too mechanical, and wanted humour. Harley plays the part with much more humour, though not sufficiently gentlemanly. Garrick tried the character, but gave it up after a few attempts; for, as Fox wittily observed, he could not look foolish enough for the part. Woodward's Marplot was considered inimitable. Mr. Cooper's Sir George Airy wants the polish, and that perfect ease and freedom of manner, that should distinguish the accomplished man of fashion. Mr. W. Farren depicted the avarice and doting fondness of Sir Francis with much force and humour. The other characters were well sustained.

FRIDAY, July 3.—*The Young Quaker*; O'Keefe.—*Manœuvring*; Planché.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

This comedy is by no means a first-rate production, as all the incidents are farcical and extravagant, and the dialogue contains but little wit or beauty. The characters, however, this evening, were extremely well cast, particularly those of Young Sadboy, Old Chronicle, Clod, and Lady Rounceval, by Messrs. Vining, Farren, and Reeve, and Mrs. Glover. The *Young Quaker* was written in a garden at Acton Terrace, and from the singularity of the author's manner while engaged in this undertaking, the neighbours hearing him bawl out at intervals, from different parts of the garden, a parcel of incoherent (and to them unintelligible) sentences about Lady Rounceval, Sadboy, Clod, &c., had a suspicion that he was insane, and this supposition was strengthened from their not seeing any person to whom this language could possibly be addressed. The fact was this; O'Keefe, on account of the weakness of his sight, was obliged to employ an amanuensis, who was always seated, on these occasions, in a small harbour belonging to the garden; and our author, who ruminated as he traversed the walk, elevated or depressed his voice according to his propinquity to or distance from his *invisible* secretary. The scene in which Clod was discovered drinking champagne, was violently hissed by the audience on the first night. Edwin, the original representative of that character, told O'Keefe that the people in the gallery, parched with thirst, and overcome with heat, could not bear to be tantalized, and advised him never to make an actor drink in a summer theatre.

SATURDAY, July 4.—*The Way to Keep Him*; Murphy.—*Manœuvring*.—*The Padlock*.

The comedy was very unequally cast. Mr. Farren's Sir Rashful is

chaste and correct; but Messrs. Cooper and Vining appear to great disadvantage as Lovemore and Sir Brilliant, after having seen Kemble and Jones in the characters. The handsome and accomplished widow Belmour was personated by Miss Kelly; and we must do her the justice to say that her delineation of this arduous character united that spirit and delicacy which, from the description of Sir Brilliant, we were taught to expect; her interview with Mrs. Lovemore was excellent, and drew down much applause. Her rules for keeping a husband were delivered with all that fascination of action and utterance which evinced the most just conception of the character. The following passage (which we transcribe for the benefit of our female readers) was given with inimitable effect:—"To win a heart is easy, to keep it is the difficulty. After the fatal words for better for worse, women relax into indolence, and while they are guilty of no infidelity they think every thing safe; but they are mistaken, a great deal is wanting: an address, a vivacity, a desire to please, the agreeable contrast; the sense that pleases—the little folly that charms." This lady's enunciation is by far the most clear and distinct of any female on the stage.

MONDAY, July 6.—*The Goldsmith*; Mrs. Holdcroft.—*Manœuvring*.—*Speed the Plough*; Morton.

This very interesting and amusing comedy, or rather melo-drama, for many of the incidents come under that denomination, was, on the whole, tolerably cast. Mr. Vining played, with much vivacity and life, Bob Handy, and Mr. Farren, as his henpecked father, with much humour. Mr. Webster acted with more propriety in the part of Farmer Ashfield, than we have seen him for some time. But why the Managers should put Mr. Thompson in so important a part as Sir Philip Blandford, we really are at a loss to discover.

TUESDAY, July 7.—*The Two Friends*; Lacy.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*Spring and Autumn*.

WEDNESDAY, July 8.—*All in the Wrong*.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

The comedy of *All in the Wrong* has long been a deserving favourite, and has as much stage bustle and perplexity as any comedy ever written; the passion of jealousy is ridiculed in every possible view. Mr. Vining's personation of a lively and intriguing valet, or a silly coxcomb, is very clever, indeed equal to most of the actors of the day; he can also bustle through some of the heroes of farce with much spirit; but as the representative of the first-rate characters of genteel comedy he is totally unfit. His Belmour was by no means satisfactory. Sir John Restless was admirably sustained by Mr. Cooper, and his Lady with great comic force by Mrs. Glover. The house was well attended.

THURSDAY, July 9.—*The Busy Body*.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

FRIDAY, July 10.—*Speed the Plough*.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

SATURDAY, July 11.—*The Barber of Seville*.—*Manœuvring*.—*The Green-Eyed Monster*.

MONDAY, July 13.—*The Haunted Tower*; Cobb.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

This was one of the most popular Operas ever produced; for it run sixty nights successively on the season of its first appearance. The music is too well known to require our eulogium. The performances this evening reminded us of the "Nightingale Club," where

"The singers, no doubt, would have greatly excell'd,  
But for want of taste, voices, and ears;"

for a more lamentable piece of butchery has been rarely witnessed: indeed, instead of being called *The Haunted Tower*, it ought to have been styled "Interrupted Harmony," or rather "Discord;" for, at the conclusion of every song, the performers' ears were assailed with that ungrateful and unequivocal mark of favour, termed a "hiss." Mr. Weston took the character of the Hero; Miss Melton, Adela, and Mrs. H. Corri, the Countess.

TUESDAY, July 14.—*The Two Friends*.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*Spring and Autumn*.

WEDNESDAY, July 15.—*Speed the Plough*.—*Manœuvring*.

THURSDAY, July 16.—*All in the Wrong*.—*The Rencontre*.

FRIDAY, July 17.—*Secrets worth Knowing*; Morton.—*Manœuvring*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

SATURDAY, July 18.—*The Heir at Law*.—*Manœuvring*.—*The Agreeable Surprise*; O'Keefe.

MONDAY, July 20.—*Sweethearts and Wives*; Kenny.—*Fish out of Water*; Kenny.—*Manœuvring*.—Mr. Liston commenced his engagement.

TUESDAY, July 21.—*Paul Pry*; Poole.—*Quite Correct*; Miss Bowden.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—*Exchange no Robbery*; Moncrieff.—*'Twould puzzle a Conjuror*.—*No Song no Supper*.

THURSDAY, July 23.—*Returned Killed*.—*Pigeons and Crows*.—*Killing no Murder*; Hooke.

FRIDAY, July 24.—*Secrets worth Knowing*.—*Sweethearts and Wives*.

SATURDAY, July 25.—*Paul Pry*.—*Fish out of Water*.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

**SATURDAY, June 27.**—This Theatre opened for the season with a very effective company for opera, melo-drama, and farce, though we regret Mr. Bennett's name is not in the list of performers; for that gentleman had proved himself, by his brilliant personation of the Guerrilla Chief, one of the first melo-dramatic actors of the day. The performances were, *Tit for Tat, or the Tables Turned*; *The Middle Temple*, and *The Quartette*. In the opera, Madame Cellini (who is well known to the musical world by her singing at concerts) made her first appearance. Her figure is slight, but her face is pretty. Her voice is clear, though not very powerful, and she sung with much taste and precision. All the other characters were effectively sustained by Miss Betts, Miss Cawse, Mr. Wood, Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Thorne. Our notice of the new operetta, as it is styled in the bills, will be very brief, as we should as soon think of wasting our time in the composition of such stuff as to detail the plot, or give a critique on the *Middle Temple*. We are aware that during the summer season criticism is supposed to relax in its severity, and the author has taken full advantage of that notion. The whole labour of the piece rests with Mr. Keeley, who has to personate a hair-dresser's son, infected with a mania for dancing; the author is under the greatest obligations to him, for his acting alone saved the piece; he dances a hornpipe, sings several songs, and goes through a variety of evolutions, which obtain much applause. Mrs. Keeley, who has at length assumed her matrimonial appellation, played a Welsh servant girl with true characteristic humour and simplicity, and sung a delightful little ballad of Rodwell's with great expression. Her reception was most flattering, and must have been highly gratifying to her feelings. The author has made a vile attempt at wit in a tedious speech on the proposed abolition of watchmen; some notice of it will be found in another part of our work.

**MONDAY, June 29.**—*Tit for Tat*.—*Free and Easy*; *Peake*.

In the laughable entertainment, Miss Kelly made her appearance as Gertrude. This highly talented actress was received with three rounds of applause. The house was most fashionably attended.

**TUESDAY, June 30.**—*The Freebooters*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*Lying Made Easy*.

**WEDNESDAY, July 1.**—*Tit for Tat*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

**THURSDAY, July 2.**—*Sister of Charity* (first time).—*The Middle Temple*.—*Amateurs and Actors*.

*Dramatis Personæ*,—Colonel Saxe, Captain Weimar, in the Austrian



army, Mr. BAKER and Mr. J. VINING; Paulo, a peasant, Mr. KEELEY; Andrea, Joseph, and Jacomo, Smugglers, Mr. O. SMITH, Mr. PERKINS, and Mr. HANSFORD; Worgman, sentinel, Mr. SALTER; Lieutenant, Mr. IRWIN; Orderly, Mr. HEATH; Soldier, Mr. J. COOPER; Villager, Mr. MINTON; Soldiers, Smugglers, Villagers, &c.; St. Ursula, the Sister of Charity, Miss KELLY; Nannetta, Miss H. CAWSE.

The first scene is before the cottage of Nannetta, with the mountain in the back ground; a party of smugglers enter as if pursued, while the beat of a drum is heard in the distance. They climb up the mountain, and Joseph appears (who is the lover of Nannetta) and has been induced to join the band on account of his father being at the head of them. Joseph intreats Nannetta to give him some food. While she has departed to fetch it, the soldiers enter, and Joseph is obliged to retreat. The captain reads an order to the assembled multitude, to this effect,—that all persons who shall afford food to the smugglers shall be punished with immediate death, without regarding sex or condition; all the soldiers depart excepting Captain Weimar, who requests permission to remain a few minutes at the cottage to rest himself, having been wounded in the last action. Nannetta re-enters, and a conversation takes place between her and the captain, which terminates by the latter hurting his wounded arm in endeavouring to give her a kiss. Ursula, the sister of charity, and her brother, enter; and the former proceeds to dress the captain's wound, and while thus employed, discovers by his signet ring that he is the officer who seventeen years ago had taken refuge in her father's house and seduced her. The Nun rushes off, to the astonishment of the Captain, who also presently departs; the Nun re-enters, apparently composed; she is, however, again violently agitated by finding that her sister Nannetta had departed with the basket of provisions for the starving smugglers, who are completely cooped up in an old ruin by the soldiers. A party of villagers enter to announce that Nannetta had been observed by the sentinels and taken prisoner; and the act concludes with Ursula resolving to seek the place where her sister is confined. The second act opens with the outside of an old hut, where the soldiers are quartered; the sister of charity learns that her sister is condemned to die in an hour. She obtains a private interview with Captain Weimar, discovers herself to him, and declares that Nannetta is her child and his; the Captain is, of course, greatly moved, and promises to use his utmost endeavours to save her, and departs to ask his Colonel to forego the sentence. While Ursula is admitted into the building to obtain a parting interview with her supposed sister, Captain Weimar's Colonel enters: he is a strict disciplinarian, and inflexible to the Captain's entreaties, and all he grants is to delay the execution one hour. This the Captain resolves to avail himself of, and hastily departs to seek an interview with the Com-

mander-in-Chief. Paulo and the sentinel are left together, who is anxious to pass this post in order to meet with the smugglers, and attempt a rescue; he enters into conversation with the sentinel, and contrives to put some wine in his musket, and by that means effects his purpose. The next scene is the interior of the hut, where Nannetta is confined; Ursula, with some difficulty, prevails on her to attire herself in her nun's garb, by which means she escapes, (a fine opportunity is offered in this scene for displaying Miss Kelly's superior excellence in watching the departure of Nannetta through a window). We are next introduced to the ruin, where the smugglers have taken refuge; they are all in a starving state. Paulo enters with wine and provisions; he informs them of his sister's imprisonment, and they all depart, under his directions, to the cottage where Colonel Saxe had retired to rest himself. The Colonel is, of course, made their prisoner, and Joseph demands that he shall give an order for the release of the Nun (for Nannetta had made her escape to the cottage). The Colonel writes an order, but it is for her immediate execution, as he determines on fulfilling his duty, though his own life should be the sacrifice. The last scene opens with the Nun being led out to execution; Joseph and Nannetta rush in with the Colonel's order, the officer declares Ursula to be free, and commands Joseph and Nannetta to take her place. The daughter faints in her mother's arms, while the soldiers vainly endeavour to separate them; at length they are forced asunder, the fatal sentence is about to be carried into execution, when Captain Weimar appears with a reprieve. The Nun, on seeing him, screams, and covers her face with her hands; the Captain places himself in an imposing attitude, and the curtain drops.

It has always been considered as a great art in dramatic writing to keep the audience in a state of suspense, till the last scene, as to the probable determination of a piece. The author of the *Sister of Charity* has wonderfully improved on this hint, for he has left the spectators in the same perplexity as to the fate of the principal characters at the falling of the curtain as at the opening of the piece; for what becomes of Joseph, Ursula, the Colonel, smugglers, &c. we are left in a state of happy ignorance. But we suppose he has formed the termination of this drama on the line of the poet,

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Let us leave this disagreeable subject, and proceed to a more gracious theme, the acting of Miss Kelly, which was so powerful, so natural, and so intelligent, that the most observant critic could not discover a defect. In the last scene she excited an interest almost painful, on her entreaty to be permitted to die with her child; she also obtained the warmest applause in the scene where she wishes to appear playful and unconcerned while endeavouring to keep up

the drooping spirits of Nannetta. We may be able to point out the scenes she excelled in, but her acting must be seen to be properly appreciated. It has no noisy utterance, no extravagant gesture, no studied attitude: in short, it is nature itself; and what every spectator (we speak as we felt), placed in the same situation, and actuated by the same feelings, would naturally have expressed. She was very ably supported by Miss H. Cawse, who played with great judgment. Mr. Keeley's character was of a more novel description than those usually allotted to him: as, for once, he had neither to play a coward nor a simpleton. His acting possessed much merit, and though the author has only given him one phrase to make use of, "How wise you are!" he produced abundance of laughter. The other characters were very effectively sustained. The piece was well received by a crowded house.

FRIDAY, July 3.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*Presumption*.

SATURDAY, July 4.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Middle Temple*.

MONDAY, July 6.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

TUESDAY, July 7.—*Tit for Tat*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*Master's Rival*.

WEDNESDAY, July 8.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Waterman*.—*Free and Easy*.

THURSDAY, July 9.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

FRIDAY, July 10.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Tit for Tat*.—*Quartette*.

SATURDAY, July 11.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Master's Rival*.—*Gretna Green*.

MONDAY, July 13.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

TUESDAY, July 14.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*Presumption*.

WEDNESDAY, July 15.—*The Robber's Bride*, 1st time.—*He Lies like Truth*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—The Count of Viterbo, Mr. H. PHILLIPS; Fernando, (an Officer) Mr. SAPIO; Carlo, (his Friend) Mr. THORNE; Anselmo, (Castallain) Mr. J. RUSSELL; Roberto, (the Robber Chief) Mr. PERKINS; Antonio, (his Confederate) Mr. RANSFORD; Pietro, (Servant of the Count) Mr. SALTER; Laura, (Daughter of the Count) Miss BETTS; Gianetta, (her Attendant) Miss CAWSE.

The opera opens with Count Viterbo informing his daughter that he must leave his country and retire to some foreign state; for a

correspondence carried on with his friends, in which he has spoken rather too freely of the government, has been discovered through the rascality of his servant Pietro, for it seems that Viterbo has quitted the court in disgust, from his sovereign having been kept in subjection by a faction, who though they allow him to retain his title, entirely keep the reins of government in their own hands. After arranging a plan for his departure, he makes his exit. Roberto, the Captain of a band of Robbers, who some years before had resided in the Castle, and had aspired to the hand of Laura, has an interview with the Count's daughter; explains to her that he alone can save her father's life, for that a troop of soldiers are fast approaching the Castle to seize him: and he promises to relieve him, on condition that she will solemnly vow to become his bride. Laura, after some hesitation, consents, and the Count escapes, by Roberto's assistance, through a sliding panel, at the very instant that a troop of soldiers, headed by Fernando, rush in to seize him. Fernando, in the next act, turns out to be an old lover of Laura's, for he had saved her life some years before at Palermo. He is anxious to wed her, but her fatal vow to the Robber presents an insurmountable object to his wishes. Roberto discovers that Laura is equally enamoured with Fernando; he therefore orders his band to capture the young soldier. His wishes are obeyed, and Roberto, after a long speech, describing his early love for Laura, and the miseries it had entailed upon him, joins the hands of the two lovers, and rushes off. Shortly afterwards Fernando's troops enter with the whole band and the Count Viterbo as prisoners. While all are expressing their regret, Carlo arrives with the glad tidings, that the faction which had so long oppressed the King is destroyed; that the King is in full possession of all his rights; that the Count is free, the Robbers permitted to depart, unmolested, to the opposite shore, and the piece concludes with the lovers being made as happy as their predecessors have been for the last century back.

We have not been very minute in the detail of the plot and incidents of this opera, as the events are both old and uninteresting. The music is by Ferdinand Ries, who formerly taught the piano in this country, and who retired to Germany on a very tolerable competency which he had made by that employment. The opera abounds in concerted pieces, which were executed in a manner highly creditable to the performers, to Mr. Hawes, the arranger of the music, Mr. Wesley, the conductor of the choruses, and Mr. Wagstaff, the leader of the band; but we fear that the judgment of the papers is correct when they state that the music is too scientific to please "the million," for one half of the frequenters of the theatre would be more gratified with "I'd be a butterfly," or "The fairest flower," than the most sublime compositions of Handel or Mozart. The music was loudly

(though not enthusiastically) applauded throughout, and there was one chorus of robbers which is a most striking and original composition. Of the acting and singing, to Miss Betts we must pay the just tribute of our admiration for the great and unusual excellence she displayed in all respects this evening. This lady has long been admired for her skill and science, as well as the compass and richness of her voice, but on this occasion she combined, with the most discriminating taste, a feeling and pathos rarely witnessed: her execution of the air, "Ere distraction overcloud me," was one of those gems seldom met with in the musical world; for while it gratified the ear of the cognoscenti by the skill and scientific knowledge displayed, it delighted the heart of the uninstructed by its pure melody and depth of feeling; at the conclusion the applause was very great from every part of the house. Mr. Sapio, (who has just returned from an AQUATIC EXCURSION,) and who we are happy to see restored to the theatre, gave his songs with great musical precision and effect; he was most flatteringly received. Mr. H. Phillips had some very difficult music allotted to him, and, *next* to Miss Betts, bore away the palm of the evening; his last air, "My daughter! yes, my daughter!" was beautifully impressive and pathetic. A Mr. Ransford, who lately played Don Caesar at Covent Garden, had some fine bass music allotted to him, which he executed in a manner, as the *Examiner* justly observes, which set every "judge of music's teeth on an edge." Mr. Perkins played with much judgment, especially in the last scene. This gentleman is an imitator of Mr. Macready, and, like all who copy his style, contrives to burlesque it. Mr. Macready has a peculiar mode of speaking in a very low, and at the same time distinct manner. Now all his imitators, though they possess no more lungs than a "consumptive crow," endeavour to follow this singularity. The opera was well received by a crowded house, and we trust will amply repay the manager for the very liberal and pains-taking manner in which it has been got up.

THURSDAY, July 16.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*Master's Rival*.

FRIDAY, July 17.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Rosina*.—*The Middle Temple*.

In the opera Madame Cellini played the heroine, and appeared to little advantage, as the simplicity of Shield's music is by no means suited to her style of singing.

SATURDAY, July 18.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*The Waterman*.

MONDAY, July 20.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Incog*.—*What's in a Name* (1st time).—*The Bottle Imp*.

Notwithstanding the great indulgence awarded to musical productions, (for *Incog*. was styled an operetta), and the good nature exhibited by the frequenters of a summer theatre, such was the vile, despicable character of this dramatic abortion, that the audience could scarcely be

prevailed on to suffer the performance to proceed. It was heard with great disapprobation throughout, and at the conclusion the hisses were loud and general. We cannot incumber our pages with the plot, a short sketch of the characters will suffice.

Mr. Wrench played a dissipated man of fashion, who is anxious to repair his broken fortunes by marriage. Mr. F. Matthews, a gouty alderman; Mr. B. Hill, an Irish Physician, who cannot read, (so, of course, we had the novel expedient of delivering a letter to the wrong person); by the way, Mr. B. Hill is a very clever actor. Mr. Wood played a walking gentleman in every sense of the word, for he walked in three times, twice with his hat on, and once with it under his arm, sung a song, and then walked off again. This seemed to amuse the audience more than any thing else. Mr. Keeley played a poetical punning waiter; Miss Cawse a ward of the gouty alderman, and Mrs. Keely a servant, whose sole business was to sing a few heavy airs, and represent her mistress in a cloak.

The following is a fair specimen of the dialogue:—some one, when melancholy, invokes the spirit of Werter, and is sagely advised to have recourse to spirits of water. Another talks about wearing the bays, and is recommended to *beware* of the duns. Alderman Jenkins styles himself a free burgess, when the bailiff exclaims, "None of your *sauce*, Mr. Burgess!" The *rhyming waiter* will write an epithalamium, because he is not *a-verse* to matrimony.

TUESDAY, July 21.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*Rosina*.

WEDNESDAY, July 22.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Incog*.

"There was a time that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there's an end." There was a time that, when farces were justly and completely damned, we should hear no more about them; "but now they rise" and, we may add, "push us from our seats," for the audience were so completely disgusted, that the occupiers of the boxes left the house long before the conclusion of the first act.

THURSDAY, July 23.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*Lover's Dream*.—*The Quartette*.

FRIDAY, July 24.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Quaker*.—*Master's Rival*.

SATURDAY, July 25.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*The Middle Temple*.

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## SURREY THEATRE.

The drama of *Black Eyed Susan* has drawn some highly respectable audiences to this theatre; it has been played upwards of 46 times. The author has displayed more theatrical tact and discrimination in the composition of this little piece, than any three-act drama we have seen for some time. The plot is extremely simple and natural, for

the characters and incidents are founded on every-day occurrences, and yet the most intense interest is excited from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Mr. Cooke's acting is inimitable, and quite equal in its way to any thing on the stage. We were much amused by the natural emotion displayed by a young sailor in the pit, who, when William was condemned to die, was so affected that he tried to get out of the theatre; but, when the reprieve arrived, he became enthusiastic, and seizing hold with delight of his sweetheart's bonnet, twirled it round his head, notwithstanding her vain struggles to prevent him. On Monday, the 13th, a new drama was produced for the benefit of Mr. T. P. Cooke, founded on the extraordinary adventures of Vidocq, the French police spy; but the incidents were rather confused, and the termination abrupt and not very intelligible. On Monday, the 20th, a drama—*The Tartar Woman*; or, *The Spectre Crew*. The chief interest of the piece is occupied by Amelia and her brother (the rightful heir to the sovereignty of Deccan), endeavouring to fly from Bumeda, who has usurped the throne. After many hair-breadth escapes, and two or three effective situations, the usurper is of course destroyed and the rightful heir restored. Mr. Osbaldeston displayed great ability in the part of Kisil Irmack, an avaricious pirate, who destroys his comrades for the sake of possessing their stores, and, as a punishment, is constantly haunted by them. Mr. Parsloe, of Covent Garden, is performing here with great applause.

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### ASTLEY'S THEATRE.

*The Battle of Waterloo*, and a pantomime, called the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, have been drawing crowded houses during the past month. The Duke of Wellington has been honouring this theatre with his presence.

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### COBURG THEATRE.

*Vidocq* has been dramatized at this theatre with great success. Mr. H. Williams displayed unusual excellence in the part of the hero. July 20. Mr. G. Stansbury, Miss Forde, Mr. Melrose, played Hawthorn, Rosetta, and Young Meadows to a crowded house.

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### MINOR THEATRE.

We have received various letters, at different periods, requesting us to notice the "*entertaining performances at this well-conducted Theatre*;"—to prevent ever being troubled again on the subject, we insert the following from the *Times* of July 17 :—

BOW-STREET.—Yesterday, Mr. Thomas, the constable of St. Paul, Covent Garden, came to lodge a complaint against a place of entertainment, called the "*Minor Theatre*," in Catherine Street, Strand,

which, the applicant said, was as great and serious a nuisance as any to be found in the metropolis. He stated that, in consequence of the repeated complaints of the inhabitants of the great noise and rioting, and grossly immoral proceedings which were carried on nightly, he made it his business to visit the Minor Theatre for several nights past, and there witnessed scenes of the greatest profligacy. As a specimen, he went in on Tuesday evening, and found, by the bills, the performances were "*Pizarro*" and two other pieces. He went in again at twelve o'clock, and found the Theatre filled; but they were only then commencing the second piece. And at two o'clock in the morning, he paid another visit; "and on this occasion, Sir Richard," said Mr. Thomas, "the scene beggared any thing I ever saw. There were upwards of 300 persons, of both sexes, in the house, and the great majority of them were very young—many of them mere children. Between the acts, there was romping between the boys and girls, and very indecent conduct on the part of many of them. At the fall of the curtain, the audience left the house; and the street was in a tumultuous uproar for an hour afterwards."

*Sir R. Birnie.*—This is really dreadful; do they take money at the doors?

*Mr. Thomas.*—No: but tickets are sold at a neighbouring shop, and these are presented and received; and it is by this kind of arrangement that the proprietors think to evade the law.

*Sir R. Birnie.*—Do they not pretend to be licensed from the Lord Chamberlaine's office?

*Mr. Thomas.*—They say so; but I do not believe it.

*Sir R. Birnie.*—We must see if something cannot be done to put down this nuisance.

*Mr. Thomas* said, he hoped something would be done, for he could assure the worthy Magistrate, though his long experience must have convinced him of the fact, that the mischiefs produced in society by places of this kind were incalculable. He (*Mr. Thomas*) knew a good deal of what were called Private Theatricals, and the system on which they were conducted. If a youth happened to fancy that he possessed talent for the stage, he applied to the managers of one of these establishments for leave to appear in his favourite part, and for this privilege he paid a price of from one to five or six guineas, (including the use of dresses, &c.) according to the importance of the character. If he met with applause—and applause was often given to young aspirants in mere derision—he at once became stage-struck, and determined upon going through a range of characters, for each of which a price was demanded, and, in nine cases out of ten, the youth would not hesitate at any means by which his favourite passion might be gratified; he would venture to say, as a man of experience, that establishments of this kind had contributed as much to the ruin of the youth of both sexes, and the unhappiness of their parents, as the most ingenious devices which the abandoned and profligate could invent.



## THE ENGLISH DRAMA—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY MR. STAFFORD.

*(Continued from p. 88.)*

THE Coventry Mysteries now claim our attention, which were even more celebrated than those of Chester. They were generally represented on the Festival of Corpus Christi; and we find Heywood putting the following passage into the mouth of the *Pardoner*, in his interlude of the *Four P's*.

“ For as good hap would have it chaunce,  
This devil and I were of olde acquaintance;  
For oft in the play of Corpus Christi,  
He hath played the Devil at Coventrie.”

The Coventry Mysteries were written about the year 1416. They are founded on some of the historical passages of the Old and New Testaments, and on the Apocryphal New Testament, viz. the “*Pseudo-Evangelium*, or the fabulous Gospel ascribed to Nicodemus, a book, which, together with the numerous apocryphal narratives, containing infinite innovations of the evangelical history, forged at Constantinople by the early writers of the Greek Church, gave birth to an endless variety of legends, concerning the life of Christ and his Apostles; and which, in the barbarous ages, was better esteemed than the genuine Gospel, on account of its improbabilities and absurdities.” In the version of these stories contained in the Mysteries, all the improbabilities and absurdities of the original are retained, and frequently greatly magnified. Perhaps the reader may not be displeased with the following extract from Dugdale’s History of Warwickshire relative to these exhibitions:—

“ Before y<sup>e</sup> suppression of the Monasteries, this Cittye was very famous for the pageants that were play’d therein upon Corpus Christi Day. These pageants were acted w<sup>th</sup> mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this House, and conteyned the story of the New Testament, w<sup>ch</sup> was composed into old English rime. The theatres for the severall scenes were very large and high; and being placed upon wheelles, were drawne to all the eminent places of the cittye, for y<sup>e</sup> better advantage of the spectators. In that incomparable library, belonging to Sir Thomas Cotton, there is yet one of the bookes w<sup>ch</sup> perteyneth to this pageant, entitled *Ludus Corpori Christi*, or *Ludus Coventriæ*. I my selfe have spoke w<sup>th</sup> some old people, who had, in their younger years, bin eye-witnesses of these pageants soe acted; from whom I have bin told that the confluence of people from farr and neare to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded noe small advantage to this cittye.”

The “theatres” mentioned by Dugdale, were high scaffolds, with two rooms, a higher and a lower, constructed upon four or six wheels. The performers dressed in the lower room, and performed in the upper one, which was open to the top. The floor was strewed with rushes; and cloths were hung round the lower room, to conceal the performers from the view of the public, till they were properly equipped. These vehicles were sometimes very handsomely ornamented; and there is reason to believe that the subject of the per-

formance was sometimes painted, or worked in tapestry, upon the cloths withoutside.

As in Chester, the Coventry Mysteries were performed by different companies, or guilds, who vied with each other in the splendour and magnificence of their different entertainments. The shireman and jaylors represented the Birth of Christ, the Offering of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, and the Murder of the Innocents. The following extracts will be a sufficient specimen of this drama.\*

Joseph having discovered that the Virgin is as "women wish to be who love their lords," taxes her with inconstancy, and the following dialogue ensues. Mary affirms that she has seen no one but the heavenly messenger.

*Josoff*.—Sey not soo, womon, for schameley be,  
Ye be with chylde, soo wondurs grett,  
Ye nede no more th'r of to tret  
Agense all right;  
Forsothe thys chylde, dame, ys not myne;  
Alas! that eyv' with mine yne,  
I suld see this syght.  
Tell me, womon, whose ys this chylde?

*Mare*.—None but yours, husebond soo myld,  
And thatt schal be seyne.

*Josoff*.—But mine, alas! alas! why sey ye soo;  
Wele away, womon; now may I goo  
Begyld, as many a nothur ys.

*Mare*.—Na, truly sir, ye be not begyld,  
Nor yet with spott of syn I am no defylde;  
Trust yt well huse bonde.

*Josoff*.—Huse bond! in feythe, and that acolde!  
A weylle away, Josoff! as thow ar' olde,  
Lyke a fole, now ma I stand and truse.  
But in feyth, Mare, th'w art in syn,  
Soo moche ase I have cheyrischyd the dame, and all thei kyn,  
Behind my bake to s've me thus.  
All olde men insampull take be me,  
How I am begylid, here may you see,  
To wed soo yong a chylde.  
Now fare well, Mare, I leyve the here alone,  
Worth the dam and thy warkis ychonne;  
For I woll noo more begylid be, for frynd nor foe.  
Now of this ded I am soo dull,  
And off my lyf I am so full, no farthur ma I goo."

An angel is introduced, who quiets the natural suspicions of Joseph, and tells him that Mary "hath conseyyed, with owt any trayne, the seycnd p'son in trenete."

The following songs were sung in this pageant; the first and last by the shepherds, the second by the women.

\* This drama hath been printed from a MS. which bears the following inscription:—  
"Thys matter newly correcte' be Robert Croo, the xliijth day of Marche, fenysschid in  
the yere of owre Lord God mcccc & xxxiiijth."

## SONG I.

" As I out rode this enderes night  
 Of thre ioli sheppardes I saw a sight,  
 And all a bowte there fold a star shone bright,  
 They sang terli terlow:  
 So mereli the sheppardes ther pipes can blow.

## SONG II.

" Lully lulla th<sup>v</sup> littell tine' child  
 By by lulla lullay th<sup>v</sup> littell tyne' child.  
 By by lully lullay.

" O sisters too how may we do  
 For to preserve th<sup>u</sup> day  
 This pore yongling for whom we do singe  
 By by lully lullay.

" Herod the king in his raging  
 Chargid he hath this day  
 His men of might in his owne sight  
 All yonge children to slay.

" That woe is me pore child for thee,  
 And ever morne and say,  
 For the' parting nether say nor singe  
 By by lully lullay."

## SONG III.

" Doune from heaven, from heaven so hie  
 Of angeles th<sup>er</sup> came a great companie,  
 W<sup>t</sup> mirthe and joy, and great solemnitye,  
 The' sang terly terlow,  
 So mereli the sheppardes th<sup>er</sup> pipes can blow."

I might multiply these extracts *ad infinitum*; but as they would contribute little to the edification of my readers, I shall only select one other passage: it is an address with which the pageant of "*The Visit of Mary to Elizabeth*" concludes; and, as Mr. Hone remarks, "As a specimen of the language held by the performers to their audience it is curious. In the last verse but one, there is a pretty clear intimation that the goodness of the playing was according to the liberality of the pay."<sup>\*</sup>

¶ " A voyd sers! And lete my lord the buschop come,  
 And sit in the courte, the lawes for to doo;  
 And I schal gou in ther' place, them for to so mowne,  
 The that ben in my book, the court ye must com too.

¶ " I warne yow her', all a bowte,  
 That I somown you, all the rowte,  
 Look ye fayle, for no dowte,  
 At the court to 'per.

\* Hone, on Ancient Mysteries, page 57.

- “ Both John Jurdon, and Geffrey Gyle,  
Malkin Mylkedote, and fayr Mabye,  
Stevyn Sturdy, and Jak at the style,  
And Laweyr Sadeler.
- ¶ “ Thom Tynker’, and Betsys belle,  
Peyrs Potter and Whatt at the well,  
Symme Smalfeyth, and Kate Kelle,  
And Bertelmew the becher.
- “ Keytt Cakeler, and Colett Crane,  
Gyll Fetisse, and fayr Jane,  
Powle Pewter, and P’nel Crane,  
And Phelypp the good fleccher.
- ¶ “ Cok Crane, and Davy Dry-dust,  
Lucy Lyer, and Letyce Lyttyl-trust,  
Miles the miller, and Colle Croke-crust,  
Both Bette the baker, and Robin Rede.
- “ And loke ye rynge wele in your purs,  
For ellys your cawse may spede the wars,  
How that ye slynge goddys curs,  
Evy’ at my’ hede.
- ¶ “ Both Bontyng the browster, and Sabyly Slynge  
Megge Merywedyr, and Sabyn Sprynge,  
Tyffany Twynkeler, ffayle for no thyng,  
ffast w’ A way,  
The court schal be this day.”

The language of these Mysteries does not rise above the specimens I have quoted; and it is a sufficient proof of the early period at which they were written, and of the rudeness of the times. They were generally written by “learned clerks,” who, however, do not appear to have been gifted with much poetic inspiration. Nor did they suffer their ideas to wander far beyond the originals on which they grounded their story; when they did, it was only to mar the beautiful simplicity of the original Scriptures, and to go even beyond the inconsistencies of the spurious ones.

As curiosities in the present day, I subjoin a list of the characters in the *Smiths’ Pageant*, with the machinery used in the representation, and the dresses of the *Dramatis Personæ*.

*Characters in the Smiths’ Pageant.*

God (sometimes Jesus).	Peter and Malchus.
Cayphas.	Anna (sometimes Annas).
Heroude.	Pilate.
Pilate’s Wife [pcula, i. e. Procula.]	Pilate’s Son.
The Beadle (sometimes the Porter).	Two Knights.
The Devil.	Four Tormenters.
Judas.	Two Princes. [Anno 1490 only.]

*Machinery, &c.*

The cross, with a rope to draw it up, and a curtain hanging before it.	Fanes to the pageant. Mending of imagery. (Occurs 1469.)
Gilding the pillar and the cross.	A standard of red buckram.
Two pair of gallows.	Two red pensils of cloth, painted, and silk fringe.
Four scourges and a pillar.	Iron to hold up the streamer.
Scaffold.	

*Dresses, &c.*

Four gowns and four hoods for the tormenters, (these are afterwards described as jackets of black buckram, with nails and dice upon them), and other gowns with damask flowers; also two jackets, party red and black.	Scarlet hoods and a tabard. Hats and caps, straw hats. Cheverel (chevelure, peruke) for God.
Two mitres (for Caiphas and Annas.)	Three cheverels and a beard. Two cheverels, gilt, for Jesus and Peter.
A rochet for one of the bishops.	Faulchion for Herod (gilt.) Scarlet gown. Maces.
God's coat of white leather (six skins.)	Girdle for God. A new sudere (the veronica) to God vij <sup>d</sup> .
A staff for the demon.	A seldall (settle or seat) for God xij <sup>d</sup> .
Two spears.	Sceptres for Herod and his son.
Gloves (twelve pair at once.)	Poll-axe for Pilate's son.
Herod's crest [helmet?] of iron.	

The dresses in which the Deity was decorated are thus entered in some of the MS. records of the corporation, with the prices:—

1451. It' payed for vj skynnys of white leder to godds garment . . . . .	xviiij <sup>d</sup>
It' payed for makying of the same garment . . . . .	x <sup>d</sup> .
1553. It' payd for v schepskins for gods coot and for makying . . . . .	iiij <sup>d</sup> .
1498. It' payd for mendyng a cheverel for god and for sowyng of god's kote of leddur, and for makying of the hands to the same kote . . . . .	xiiij <sup>d</sup> .
1490. It' a cheverel gyld for The*	
1565. Pd for payntyng and gyldyng (inter alia) god's cote . . . . .	
Pd for a gyrdyll for god . . . . .	iiij <sup>d</sup> .
1501. It' pd for a new sudure for god . . . . .	vij <sup>d</sup> .
1560. Item for a seldall for god . . . . .	xij <sup>d</sup> .

The Devil was a very favourite character in these Mysteries. The following is an account of his habiliments :

\* This cheverel, or false hair (peruke) in 1490, described to have been gilt, is consistent with the fashion of Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, who are reported to have worn, occasionally, fine gold dust in their hair: this was, probably, some cheap lacker in imitation of the *haut ton* practice.

1451. Item payd for the demon's garment makyng and  
the stof . . . . . v<sup>s</sup> iij<sup>d</sup> ob.  
Item payd for collyryng of the same garment . . . . . viij<sup>d</sup>  
1477. Item for mending the demon's garment (inter alia)  
Item for newe ledder to the same garment . . . . . xxij<sup>d</sup>  
1494. Item paid to Wattis for dressyng of the devell's  
hede . . . . . viij<sup>d</sup>  
1490. Item the devyl's hede (repaired)  
1498. It' paid for peyntyng of the demone's hede (in-  
ter alia)  
1567. Item payd for a stafe for the demon . . . . . iij<sup>d</sup>

Here we leave the Coventry Mysteries.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, No. 3.

#### MR. WOOD.

WHILE every fresh season introduces a new troop of vocalists from France, Italy, and Germany, to fill our concert rooms, theatres, and opera-houses; while foreign singers are thumbing English spelling books in order to figure away as our operatic heroines; and while the Manager of a French theatre demands a benefit at our Opera-house for kindly permitting a few of his "*Prima Donnas*" to accept a hundred guineas a-night from the pockets of "Honest John," it must be consolatory and gratifying to the admirers of the works of Shield, Arne, and Arnold, that we possess one native vocalist calculated to give their enchanting compositions with proper simplicity and beauty. All who have witnessed Mr. Wood's efforts in the Quaker, Rosina, and Love in a Village, will agree with us that his delicacy of expression, feeling, and chaste execution, are deserving of the most unqualified praise.

Mr. Wood was born at Bretton, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. His first public appearance was in the year 1825, at Dublin, in the part of Hawthorn, in Love in a Village. His first appearance before a London audience was at Covent Garden, December 28, 1827, in the character of Hawthorn; his reception was highly flattering, and he was encored in every song. His execution of the beautiful air, "My Dolly was the fairest thing," was particularly noticed; he was described in the papers as a pupil of Mr. Phillips, and his voice as a tenor of tolerable compass and much melody; but a huskiness was complained of, which has rather increased than diminished. His second performance was Aurelio (Sinclair's part), in Native Land; this evening he was encored in every song but the first. In the scena in

the second act, where Aurelio describes the supposed death of his friend, and which puts both the powers of acting and singing to a severe test, Mr. Wood acquitted himself with much ability, and well contrasted the vigour of one descriptive stanza with the tenderness of the other. Mr. Wood has appeared in two or three original characters, and has sung several airs expressly composed for him with much success. While we thus justly compliment Mr. Wood on the fame and applause he has obtained in the characters we have enumerated, we think it a friendly duty to caution him to avoid appearing, as much as possible at present, in either Weber's or Rossini's operas, as his manner of execution in their intricate compositions, has by no means added to his reputation. He keeps a horse and wherry, and moreover is considered a good shot—to those who are anxious to know the minutiae of an actor or a singer's life, this no doubt will be a most gratifying piece of information. We had almost forgot to observe, that Mr. Wood deserves favourable notice as an actor, as he plays with great spirit and propriety; and every fresh performance exhibits decided marks of improvement.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### ANECDOTE OF MR. FARQUHAR.

While Mr. Farquhar was in Trinity College, Dublin, he sent to a gentleman to borrow Burnet's *History of the Reformation*: the gentleman sent him word that he never lent any book out of his chamber, but if he would come there he should make use of it as long as he pleased. A little while afterwards, the owner of the book sent to borrow Mr. Farquhar's bellows; he returned him the compliment—that he never lent his bellows out of his own chamber, but if he would come there he should use them as long as he liked.

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### MASANIELLO.

Two dramas appeared on this subject in the year 1651, one written by a gentleman who, it is said, was an eye-witness to the whole of that wonderful transaction.

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### IMPROVEMENT OF STAGE THUNDER.

Mr. Lee, when he was manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, was determined to improve on stage thunder, and having procured a parcel of nine-pound shot, they were put into a wheelbarrow, to which

he affixed a nine-pound wheel; this done, ledges were placed at the back of the stage, and one of the carpenters was ordered to trundle this wheelbarrow, so filled, backwards and forwards over these ledges. The play was *Lear*, and in the two first efforts had a good effect; at length, as the King was braving the pelting of the pitiless storm, the thunderer's foot slipped and down he came, wheelbarrow and all. The stage being on a declivity, the balls made their way towards the orchestra, and meeting with feeble resistance from the scene, laid it flat. This storm was more difficult for *Lear* to encounter than the tempest of which he so loudly complained; the balls taking every direction, he was obliged to skip about like the man who dances the egg horn-pipe. The fiddlers, alarmed for their cat-gut, hurried out of the orchestra; and, to crown this scene of glorious confusion, the sprawling thunder lay prostrate in sight of the audience like another Salmoneus.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* appeared a few years ago, in ridicule of a great deal of serious writing, which was encouraged at the time, against a proposed league between the theatrical potentates of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, for the purpose of interchanging performers, and otherwise amicably supporting their mutual interests:—

*Faithful Copies of Letters between HOPKINS and WILD,  
Prompters to the Monopolizers.*

*Drury Lane, Nov. 9.*

DEAR WILD,—For God's sake lend me a couple of *Conspirators* for to-night—recollect, you have borrowed one of ours for a singing Druid, and another of our best is Doge of Venice on *Packer's* resignation.

Entirely and devotedly yours, HOPKINS.

*Covent Garden, Nov. 9.*

MY DEAR HOPKINS,—I have ordered them to look you out two of our genteelest Assassins, and I'll take care they shall go shaved and sober. Pray tell *Farren* he must play our Archbishop to-morrow; we'll cut the part, that he may dress time enough afterwards for your General in the *The Camp*.

Yours perpetually, WILD.

P.S.—If you have a Full Moon to spare I wish you'd lend it us for Thursday. I send you some Lightning that I can venture to recommend.

*Covent Garden, Nov. 11.*

DEAR HOPKINS,—Pray how shall we manage without *Smith* to-morrow? I depended on your lending him us for *Harry the Fifth*; but I now see you have put him up for *Charles Surface*. Couldn't you let him come to us, and play two acts of *Harry*, as you don't want him in *Charles* till your third? and then *Hull* shall read the rest, with an apology for *Smith's* being suddenly hoarse, sprained his ankle, &c.

Cordially yours, WILD.

P.S.—My Vestal Virgin gets so cursed big, I wish you'd lend us *Mrs. Robinson* for a night.



Drury Lane, Nov. 11.

DEAR WILD,—By particular desire, our Vestal is not transférable, but we have a spare Venus, and duplicate Junos; so send a hackney-coach for which ever suits you. The scheme for *Smith* won't do—but change your play to any thing; for we'll tack *The Camp to The School for Scandal*, to secure you an overflow.

Thoroughly yours, HOPKINS.

Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

MY DEAR FELLOW,—Here's the Devil to do about our Tuesday's Pantomime—the blacksmith can't repair our great Serpent till Friday, and the old Camel that we thought quite sound has broken down at rehearsal; so pray send us your Elephant by the bearer, and a small Tiger with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you too for a dozen of your best dancing Shepherds for that night; for though I see you'll want them for *Highwayman*, in the *Beggar's Opera*, they'll be quite in time for us afterwards.

For ever completely yours, WILD.

Drury Lane, Nov. 12.

DEAR WILD,—I just write you a line while the beasts are packing up, to beg you'll not be out of spirits, as you may depend on the Shepherds, and any other animals you have occasion for. I have it in orders to acquaint you too, that as we don't use *Henderson* for *Falstaff* on Friday, you may have him for *Richard*, with a dozen and a half of our Soldiers for *Bosworth Field*, only begging you'll return 'em us in time for *Coxheath*.

Totally yours, HOPKINS.

P.S.—Lend me a Cupid—mine has got the measles.

Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

DEAR HOPKINS,—Thank you for *Henderson* and the Soldiers—do let them bring their Helmets, for ours are tinning. The bearer is our Cupid, at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.

Genuinely yours, WILD.

#### RIGHT OF AUTHORSHIP.

Mr. Moncrieff has brought an action against Mr. H. Williams, of Sadler's Wells, for the value of a MS. entertainment, in the style of those written for Mathews, entitled, *Williams's Visits*. Mr. Williams sold it without the sanction of the author, and had to pay 19 guineas damages, the amount which he had received for it.

Certain rumours have reached us respecting the elopement of a fair songstress, from Nottingham, with an old admirer. We will not hazard any conjectures, as the facts will shortly be before the public.

The Committee at Drury Lane have deducted 1800*l.* from the rent of the theatre, in consequence of the severe losses sustained by Mr. Price last season.

The creditors are very clamorous at Covent Garden.

## ADVICE TO PLAYERS. BY DR. SWIFT THE YOUNGER.

*(Continued from p. 152.)*

*Rule 11.* If you do not like a part, be sick; it will give you consequence.\*

*Rule 12.* In singing, never mind the music, observe what time you please. "It would be a pretty degradation if you were obliged to run after a fiddler, horse hairs, and cats guts."† No, no! let him keep *your* time—dodge him.

*Rule 13.* If you can force another actor to laugh, by making ugly faces at him, you get the character of being "so droll."—The play may suffer by this; you must look to your "*reputation*."

*Rule 14.* Never speak a good word of the manager. I can't well explain why: But mind I caution you not to do it. This is certain, that he will always be trying to thwart your genius, by putting you in parts in which he thinks you will appear to most advantage. This is not to be borne without a murmur, by an actor of any spirit.

*Rule 15.* When you are not in a good humour, walk through the character. If you always play well, there will be so much sameness, they will take no notice of you.

*Rule 16.* Never speak favourably of any actor in your line. Nothing is unhandsome that seems prudent:

*Rule 17.* Be sure not to read or inform yourself about any part, except your own, it will only confuse you. To try to make your countenance expressive of your sentiments, will have the same effect. You cannot do two things at once.

*Rule 18.* In an interesting scene, blow your nose, and generally have a laugh, it will excite pity: and if it is the right kind of pity, you know "pity is akin to love."

*Rule 19.* Go to rehearsal very rarely. You are not a school-boy, nor are you to think yourself a parrot, that nothing but repetition will beat the words into your head. Assert the dignity of your character, and constantly rely on your own wit and ingenuity for a happy issue.

*Rule 20.* In a modern piece, when you are in haste, leave out what you like. If they discover it, they will have no reason to complain, but most probably commend your judgment.

*Rule 21.* Stay on the side where the prompter sits. It will show your anxiety to be correct.

\* Garrick (says that old grumbler Macklin) was the first that introduced the box-fever complaint.

† Cymbeline.

*Rule 22.* After you have said your say, drop your character directly. You are only paid to play your own part, and not to assist another to play his. Never help to set him off: it may make the scene better, but it will surely lead to comparisons to your disadvantage. Complain if he serves you so.

*Rule 23.* Coming on, out of your turn, is sure to attract notice.

*Rule 24.* When you have spoken your last speech, walk off instantly, and leave the other to do the same when he has done: knowing that there was no more for you to say, will prove that you have read your part. 'Tis mere waste of time to stay.

*Rule 25.* In making love, always whine. These are the tones that go to the heart.

*Rule 26.* Avoid forming any style of acting of your own. In this, imitate the dramatists, and copy one another. That which has been tried must be the safest.

*Rule 27.* Remember the Horatian maxim, *Qualis ab inepto*. Be always Mr. "What's your name," in every thing, and throughout every part. Variety is destructive of consistency.

*Rule 28.* The less you enter into your part, the more command you will have over yourself and the beauty of your dress. Always wear the smartest clothes you have, never mind the character. Why should you make yourself look ugly?

*Rule 29.* In the middle of a speech, if there is the least applause, stop, turn round, come forward, and make a bow. It is respectful; in general, the plaudits will arise from the sentiment, and not from your acting. Bow nevertheless.

*Rule 30.* Give way to envy and jealousy, and make yourself as miserable as you can at home: it will save your gaiety and spirits, and you will have the more to waste in the green-room and at public dinners, as well as to expend on the stage.

*Rule 31.* Attitude is a great thing: when you speak, always clap your left hand on your hip, making an angle with your elbow, and stretch out your right. Other positions are, I know, by some preferred: but take common sense with you. Is it not clear, that what is most easily recognized, will be most approved? then what figure is better known than that of a tea-pot?

*Rule 32.* Betterton, Aaron Hill, and others, have written some foolish rules for expressing the various passions. In my opinion, anger is best expressed by drawing on your glove with a nervous twitch, or working the ground with your foot in a sort of toe and heel action. Perplexity or doubt, is best expressed by biting the nails; and love, by half closing the eyes and looking towards the galleries.

*(To be continued.)*

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR. NO. II.

SIR,—Many of the papers have been endeavouring to account for the losses the managers have sustained by the last season. One has attributed their ill-success to the badness of the times; another to the shilling order system, practised with so much success at the Coburg and other minor theatres; a third to the granting of so many free admissions; a fourth to the old story of "late dinner-hours," preventing the higher classes visiting the theatres; and a fifth to the miserable quality of many of the novelties produced. No doubt all the above statements are more or less correct; but I am inclined to think, that the principal cause of the losses the managers have sustained, was the absence of novelty, or rather that species of novelty likely to attract the more informed and respectable classes of society. A casual observer might say, that the theatres, especially Drury Lane, had been particularly fertile in the production of novelties. "I deny it." Twenty-two dramas (leaving the pantomimes out of the question) were announced as new; sixteen out of these "*twenty-two new dramas*" were translated from the French, so that many of the frequenters of the theatre, myself among the number, have frequently seen them at the English Opera House, and of course to much greater advantage, even leaving the acting out of the question, for many of the *new dramas* were translated in so careless a manner, that the sense of the author was commonly perverted; but it is not on the point of the dramas produced being translations, that I wish to draw the attention of your readers; Mr. Editor, it is the miserable quality of all those pieces intended to make us laugh. I need not say that comedy, from the earliest foundation of the stage, has been more followed and admired, by all classes of society, than any other species of dramatic writing; all admit the great advantages that may be derived from the representation of a well-written one. Now when I look at those plays styled in the bills comedy—for the author had the audacity to call the Step-mother, Soldier's Stratagem, Valeria, and such dramatic abortions, comedies—I am not surprised at the managers' losses. I have no hesitation in saying, that in this respect, our dramatic literature "has sunk as far as there could be perdition." In fact, at no period of stage-history was there ever so much nonsense and buffoonery displayed as at the present moment; a few years ago we had as many good writers of comedy as we had actors. Now the proportion is twenty of the latter to one of the former. This lamentable falling off, with respect to authors, is the more to be wondered at when we consider that the managers are liberal men, and ever anxious to patronize any work of merit; the public are not very unreasonable, indeed quite the contrary, for they seem to swallow every dish, however nauseous the compilation that is placed before them; and there are plenty of actors fully calculated to portray the author's wishes. I shall now quit the subject of comedy, and turn to the other branches of those dramas intended to raise mirth. Pity or terror may be as easily excited in the minds of the occupants of the gallery as those of the boxes:—with laughter it is different; the coarsest jest, or the vilest pun, will often raise a roar in one portion of the house, while the other remains in a state of cold indifference and disgust. I

saw several persons almost convulsed with laughter the other night by an actor asking another his name : "Doggins," he replies ;—"and yours?" turning to a second, "Noggins." In a piece lately performed, a cowardly servant says, "I am so bold, I could face the devil himself," and, of course, the devil makes his appearance. Speaking of watchmen, in another piece, a "*Barrister*" says, "if you take away their staves, they will starve; and instead of being pa-pas, they will become pau-pers." All these witticisms were received with much applause, and of such stuff is the whole of the dialogue of our modern laughable dramas composed. Now I am not a very ill-natured man, Mr. Editor, but such jests would not even win a smile from me. I have pointed out these errors,—errors which I have no doubt prevent many from visiting the theatre; and from practical observation, am fully convinced that the treasury loses more by the production of one indifferent drama, than it gains by five well-written. In fact, such was the horror inspired in the minds of the public, by the constant failures last season, that on the first night of the *Partisans*, (though so strongly cast,) the house was nearly empty. Having stated the disease, I shall endeavour to point out a remedy in your next.

Your's, &c.

(To be continued.)

## REVIEW.

### *The Brunswick: a Poem, in Three Cantos.*

This is written in the Don Juan stanza, and the author has copied the style of that poem, which we consider its greatest objection, for we hate "e'en Byron second-hand." It is, however, a pleasing composition; the versification is easy, and pathos, wit, and satire are admirably mingled, though the latter is the theme most suited to the author's muse, as some of his observations are very just, pointed and severe; indeed, no way inferior to the author he has imitated. The pathetic and descriptive parts are not so good. The subject is the last we should have ever thought of building a poem on; but that occupies a very small portion of the work. We cannot enter into a long examination of its merits, as the greatest part of it does not come within the compass of our work. We will, however, make a few extracts:—

#### *A Description of the late Brunswick Theatre.*

— "The building was of those  
Which, simply grand, afford a chaste delight;  
Before its front twelve stately pillars rose  
Of solid structure and majestic height,  
Which on a base of marble did repose;  
And just above the pillars, less in sight,  
In large old Roman characters the date  
Stood simply—Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-Eight.

\* \* \* \* \*

The box tiers were emblazoned, as they are *went*,  
 With decorations beauteous to behold ;  
 The first had paintings of the muses on't ;  
 A honeysuckle-pattern, wreathed in gold,  
 The second graced ;—on the gallery's front,  
 Emblems of those it was designed to hold ;  
 United in a wreath continuous shone  
 The thistle, rose, and shamrock all in one.

A splendid lustre from the centre hung,  
 With glass and gas distracting dazzled views ;  
 Figures of infant genii seemed flung  
 Around the border, tasteful yet profuse.  
 In front a lyre on antique model strung  
 Between the tragic and the comic muse,  
 Form'd three compartments—all in high relief,  
 Appropriate type of music, mirth, and grief."

The opening night is well described—

" The stage-manager pour'd forth his strain  
 Of admiration (a whole hecatomb)  
 Love, respect, and honour, such as men  
 Must feel for some two thousand others—whom  
 They never saw before, or may again ;  
 Wishing a thousand years may be their doom ;  
 And hoping they would only please to smile,  
 And patronize the Brunswick all the while.

And promising them his perpetual care  
 To study objects worthy of their taste,  
 The thing with which that compound rare,  
 A British public, is supremely graced ;  
 So much so, they quite breathe it like their air.  
 Wishing all this, while in his reach were placed  
 But two small days—a thing to make one ponder  
 On human wishes—but I must not wander."

The situation of those under the ruins is forcibly portrayed—

" One moment and you might have witnessed here  
 Music and mirth, and all the charms they gave ;  
 Another changed and checked that bright career,  
 And shrieks were heard—but THERE WAS NONE TO SAVE.  
 All was despair ! they had no time for fear,  
 With but one step from pleasure to the grave.  
 Death was above them, round them, and beneath,  
 And all they felt, and heard, and saw—was death."

Mr. Smith's proposal of turning the theatre into a chapel for sailors is happily ridiculed—

" Why, since to lose a theatre their fate is,  
 Instead of such gay places to beguile them ;  
 If Parliament will give consent, they say 'tis  
 Intended to build up a huge asylum,

Where the sailors may be taught religion gratis ;  
The thing of course will pass—'tis such a vile hum,  
And all the papers will their columns fill  
With " Brunswick British Tar Salvation Bill."

# MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. TERRY.

MR. DANIEL TERRY was born in the year 1780, at Bath ; he was descended from highly respectable parents, and was intended for an architect. At the age of sixteen he was articled to Samuel Wyat, with whom he remained five years, when an early passion for the drama induced him to make his appearance on the Bath stage, which he did in the character of Heartwell, in the *Prize*, soon after Elliston had made his *début*. In 1803, he joined Mr. Macready's company, at Sheffield ; here he remained for a few months, when he again returned to his old occupation of an architect. In the year 1805, he joined Mr. Stevens's Company, at Newcastle, and from thence to Liverpool, where he gradually raised himself in the favour of the public. In November, 1809, he was engaged by Mr. H. Siddons to take the lead at that Theatre ; here he became a great favourite, particularly in the line of old men, sentimental and comic. At Edinburgh he became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, (through one of the Ballantynes, the printers of the *Waverly Novels*,) who ever proved to him a kind and disinterested friend. In May, 1812, he made his first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, as Lord Ogleby, in the *Clandestine Marriage* ; here he performed a great variety of characters, playing Shylock, Major Sturgeon, Leon, Sir Edward Mortimer, &c. In September, 1813, he appeared at Covent Garden, as Leon, and continued at that Theatre until the year 1822 ; when he removed to Drury Lane, where he continued till October, 1825. In 1825, Mr. Terry, in conjunction with Mr. Yates, purchased the Adelphi Theatre from the executors of Mr. Rodwell, for 30,000*l.* on which occasion it was stated in most of the papers, that Sir Walter Scott had become security for Mr. Terry's portion of the purchase money. The Theatre, under the new management, was tolerably successful ; and Mr. Terry's share of the profits amounted to 4000*l.* Rumours, however, were circulated that Mr. Terry had involved himself in some difficulties, for which various reasons were assigned ; however, they were totally unconnected with the Theatre, as a dissolution of partnership took place between Mr. Yates and Mr. Terry, who compromised with his creditors. He then retired to the continent, with his health much impaired by the harassing situation he had been placed in through his embarrassments. In 1826, he performed *Lear* and a few other characters, at the English theatre in Paris. In 1828, he returned to England, and appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, as *Polonius* and *Simpson*. He contrived to walk through the first character ; but in the after-piece, his spirits and even his memory were quite gone. He was announced for *Job Thornberry*, but was unable to perform. Since that time, various paragraphs were written in the papers respecting the distressing state of his health. On Friday,

June the 12th, 1829, his whole frame was struck with paralysis, and his reason became nearly extinct. The attack resembled that sustained by the late Lord Liverpool; he lingered on in a most afflicting state, till the afternoon of Tuesday, the 16th, when he expired, almost without a struggle. Mr. Terry was one of the most chaste and correct comic actors of the day; though his performance rarely exhibited very brilliant touches of genius or strong conception of character, yet he was always pleasant and uniform. Few actors could better mingle the eccentricities and absurdities with the benevolence of old age: his Admiral Franklyn, Sir Oliver Surface, and his Mous-taché were all admirable pieces of acting; there were other parts in which he had so completely identified himself, that we always felt regret at seeing them assigned to others—such as Peter Simpson, the Socratic Hosier, in the *Road to Ruin*, Rochfort and Mephistophiles; in the latter, the fiendish exultation with which he led his victim from crime to crime, and the cold sarcastic villany of the demon, was painted with terrific fidelity. In Massinger's revived tragedy, *The Fatal Dowry*, his Rochfort ought not to be omitted: the last scene, where the father dies broken hearted on being shown the body of his murdered child, was considered a most affecting piece of natural acting. Mr. Terry added little to his fame by his performance at the Adelphi; his declamation was too studied, and his action too classic, for the serious dramas, and his humour too chaste and refined for the common ones.

In a minor theatre—we care not whether it is Tottenham Street or Adelphi—an actor must caricature his parts; he must overstep the modesty of nature, or he will gain but little applause. Many very excellent actors have been lost to our principal theatres from the performers sacrificing their judgment to applause.

Mr. Terry was considered a good classical scholar, and was much esteemed in private life. He adapted for the stage *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, and we believe, assisted Mr. Soane in the arrangement of *Faustus*; he also edited a *Gallery of Theatrical Portraits*, for which he wrote the Memoirs. He was twice married: his first wife was a lady from Liverpool, and his second, (who lives to lament his loss,) the daughter of that celebrated artist, Alexander Nasmyth, Esq. In height Mr. Terry was five feet seven inches and a half, of a dark complexion, and a well-proportioned figure; his features were strong, and well adapted to express the violent emotions of tragedy.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### LIVERPOOL.

*July 1st.*—Of the performances of the past week we are compelled to say that, generally speaking, they have not given us entire satisfaction, notwithstanding the accession of Mr. C. Kemble and Mr. Blanchard, who made their first appearances last Monday. With powers that place him far beyond any other actor of the day in comedy, while in tragedy he is little more than respectable, Mr. Kemble has played tragedy four nights

out of the five; viz. Hamlet twice, Othello and Pierre; on Tuesday he appeared as Wellborn and Charles the Second, and truly delightful performances they were; in the first part he was well supported by Vandenhoff as Sir Giles, which he played with admirable effect. Mr. Blanchard's Justice Greedy was an excellent piece of acting, and Mr. Smith as Marall, was effective. In *Charles the Second*, Rochester was filled with much ability by Mr. Montague. Miss



Eyre looked very pretty as Lady Clara. Mr. Kemble took his benefit on Friday, July 10th, under the patronage of the Stewards of the races: the performances were the *School for Scandal*, *Matrimony*, and "No." In the first piece Mr. Blanchard played Sir Peter Teazle for the first time. The house was brilliantly attended. The *Beaux Stratagem* has been played with great applause. Blanchard's Scrub, Kemble's Archer, and Miss Tree's Mrs. Sullen, were all equally good in their way. Mr. Warde commenced his engagement here on the 13th of July as Jacques, in *As You Like It*; he has since played Rolla, Brutus, &c. Miss Lacy commenced her engagement as Elvira. The four Bohemian Brothers appeared the same evening. Messrs. Maffey's Fantoccini, which attracted so many persons at the Argyll Rooms, are exhibiting here. Messrs. Daras and Manché, who appeared at Drury Lane, are performing at the Amphitheatre.

July 18.—The performances of this week have been attended by select, though by no means numerous audiences, with the exception of those of last night, which were for the benefit of Misses E. and A. Tree, and the last night of their engagement. The former of these young ladies has delighted us with the varied excellence which she has displayed in the round of characters that have been assigned to her. In *Rosalind*, Mrs. Sullen, Mrs. Oakley, Christina, and the vivacious Belinda, she has exhibited talents of the first order. Miss Byfeld is a singer of considerable talent, with a powerful, clear, and bell-like voice, which she manages with much ease and skill. We must not omit to notice our old friend Blanchard, whose Touchstone, Trinculo and Don Jerome, fail not to provoke abundant laughter, as well as to draw forth peals of applause.

#### READING.

July 3.—The lovers of music and the drama had a grand treat at our theatre last night, there being no less than eight performers from Covent Garden and Drury Lane:—Mr. Warde, Mrs. Chatterly, Mr. Meadows, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford, Miss Forde, Mr. G. Stansbury, and Mr. Green; the performances were for the benefit of the latter gentlemen. The theatre closed for the season on Friday the 10th, for the benefit of Mr. Meadows, and was numerously attended. Mr. Meadows obtained great applause by his performance of Wormwood.

#### THEATRE ROYAL, HULL.

July 7.—During the last week Miss Lacy has been playing several favourite characters with considerable applause. Last night she enacted Juliet to Mr. Butler's Romeo. On Friday, Mr. Calvert took his farewell benefit of an Hull audience; the theatre was well attended, and Mr. Calvert took leave of his friends in a short but feeling address on the occasion.

Saturday Mr. Jones, late of the Edinburgh Theatre, made his appearance as Lord Ogleby and Jeremy Diddler; he was well received; he was a great favourite at Edinburgh in light comedy parts. We find they have lowered the price of admission at the theatre; to the boxes the price is 2s. 6d. and to the pit 1s. 6d.

Monday, Mr. Meadows appeared as Matty Marvellous in the *Miller's Maid*, and Wormwood in the *Lottery Ticket*.

#### BELFAST.

Mr. KEAN. This unrivalled actor made his appearance, on Monday night, to a most respectable house, in the character of Shylock. We have seldom seen him to more advantage: his health seems to be perfectly restored, and the audience testified their delight by the most rapturous and enthusiastic applause. He is announced for Othello on Wednesday evening, when a rich treat is expected, and a crowded house, as we understand his engagement is limited to one or two nights more.

#### DUBLIN.

Tuesday, July 14.—On Saturday evening a crowded audience attended to witness the first appearance of Mr. Young, after an absence of some years. His performance of the character of Rienzi was finely conceived, delineated in the ablest manner; and several passages were delivered with such forcible expression as to elicit three rounds of applause. Miss Kenneth was an interesting representative of Claudia; Miss Huddart, as Lady Colonna, bold and dignified; and Mr. Calcrafft, as Angelo, spirited and effective. In the after-piece, Mr. Power, as Murtoch Delaney, kept the house in a merry mood; he has become a decided favourite. Yesterday evening Mr. Young appeared in the character of Hamlet, and never had the Prince of Denmark a more correct representative; in the picture scene his performance was most affecting, and

was most warmly and deservedly applauded. A ballet followed the tragedy, but such a "BALLET," it really would disgrace a barn at Cunnemara. Mr. Power, as usual, was excellent in Looney M'Wolter, in the farce of the *Review*, which concluded the entertainments of the evening.

#### NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

*Monday, July 5.*—Mr. Liston commenced his engagement as Paul Pry, and Tristram Sappy; the house was a bumper, indeed several were unable to obtain admission. He has played several of his favourite characters here with equal success.

*July 20.*—Miss Tree commenced an engagement in the *Wonder*, and the two *Two Pages of Frederic the Great*.

#### MANCHESTER.

*Monday.*—Madame Caradori made her appearance this evening to a genteel and crowded audience, and was received in a manner that could not fail to gratify her feelings; her great powers as a singer in the Italian Opera had already been acknowledged here, and the novelty of seeing her in so opposite a capacity as that of an actress and singer in the English Opera, made her present visit unusually attractive; the powers of her understanding were, however, pleasingly developed in her new capacity, and her whole effort was crowned with eminent success. Madame Caradori's personation of Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*, completely justified her undertaking; she spoke the language of the author with an ease freed considerably from the impediment of a foreign accent. In the execution of her songs she delighted the audience, and procured several encores; this was particularly the case with the beautiful airs "How Bless'd the Maid," "Should he Upbraid," "Coming through the Rye," &c. Mr. Bianchi Taylor, a gentleman respectably connected with this town, made his first appearance on the same evening, as Young Meadows, and was well received. Mr. L. Francis, a pupil of Mr. Cooke's, personated Hawthorn; he was not very fortunate. Mr. H. Beverly's entré as the Justice was greeted with rounds of applause. The interlude of *Matrimony* followed the opera, in which Mr. Browne, of Drury Lane, played Delaval with great spirit. Miss Lawrance's Lady Clara was

very effective. *Midas* was the afterpiece, in which Miss Graddon took the part of Apollo. She was received with great applause and peculiar kindness, in recollection of her former services on the stage. Her voice is as sweet as ever, and her singing improved by the experience of the London stage and the additional science she has acquired.

*Wednesday.*—Madame Caradori's benefit.—There was a very good house. She played Rosina and Polly. Madame C. was very happy in the execution of the well-known songs, and was honoured with loud calls for a repetition of several of them. Mr. Bedford in Captain Macheath, Mr. Carter as Filch, and Miss Dyer as Lucy, were greatly applauded.

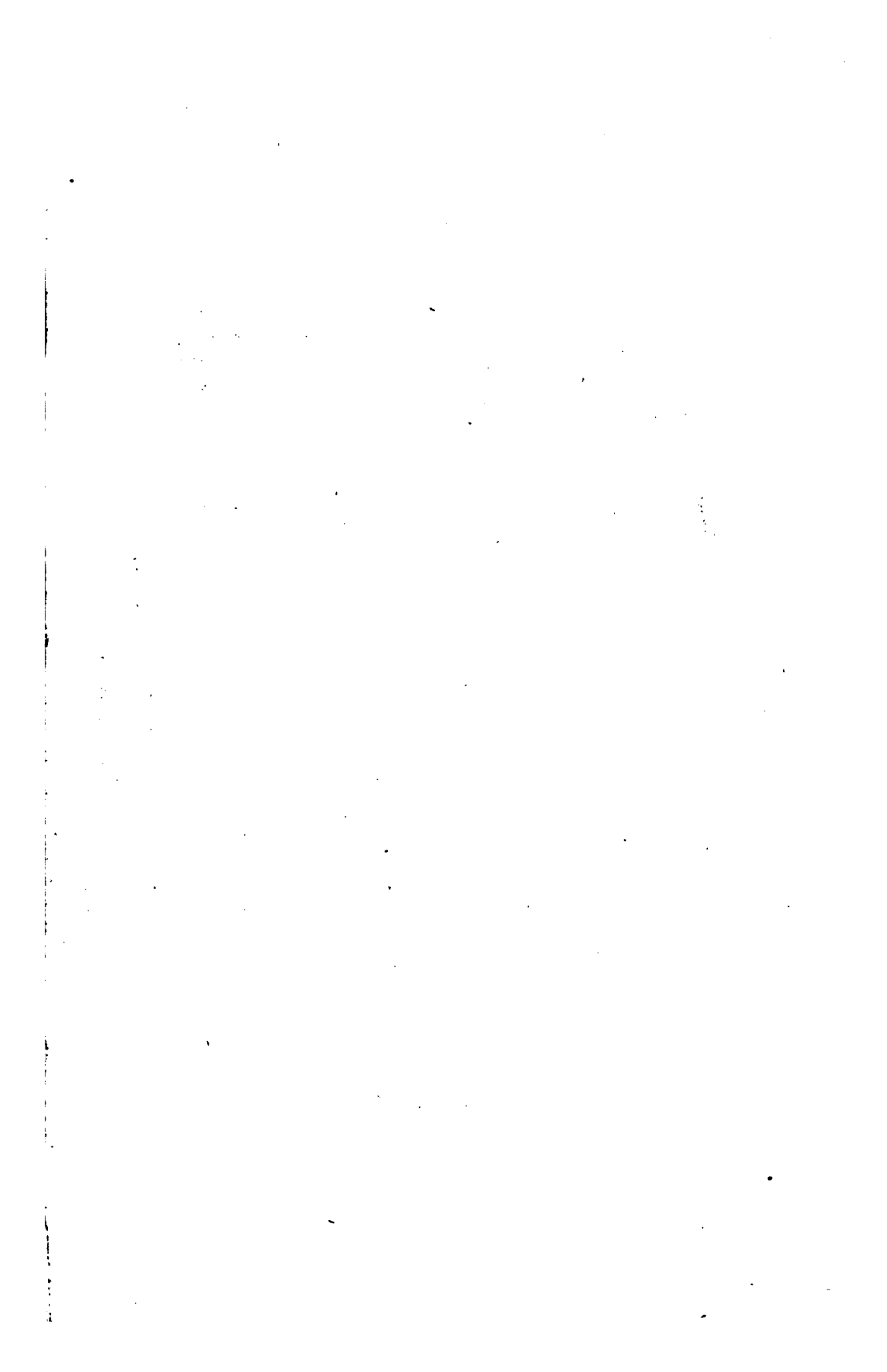
*Saturday.*—Mr. Horne made his first appearance, before a Manchester audience, in the character of Henry Bertram.

*July 13th.*—Mr. C. Kemble commenced an engagement of four nights in the part of Hamlet. Tuesday he played Pierre; Wednesday, Archer; Thursday, Octavian.

*July 18th.*—Miss Fanny Ayton commenced an engagement for four nights in Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*. The Manchester paper remarks that the total apathy of the Manchester public regarding theatricals was never more apparent than at the present moment; with the exception of Madame Caradori, not one of the numerous stars with which the manager has favoured us, has succeeded in drawing tolerable houses. Mr. C. Kemble's benefit was pretty well attended. Mr. Knowles's lectures, though not numerous, have been very respectably attended; his recitations from Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron prove him to be an accomplished elocutionist.

#### CHELTENHAM.

*Monday 29th.*—This theatre opened with the tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. Miss Smithson appeared as Belvidera, and in several scenes may be said to have rivalled the first actresses of the age. Mr. Barry, a promising tragedian, filled the part of Pierre with judgment, and Mr. Cooke's Jaffier was a highly creditable performance. On *Tuesday* Miss Smithson's Jane Shore and Miss Penley's Alicia afforded great satisfaction to a fashionable audience. She has since played Imogene, Portia, Lady Mabeth, and Mrs. Haller; the latter for her benefit.





*Drawn by Robt Cruickshank's and Engraved by Richd Sawyer.*

**MR. T. P. COOKE & MISS SCOTT,**

*(as William and Susan),  
in Black Eyed Susan.*

*London, Published Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1829, by Whittaker, Treacher & Co., Ave Maria Lane.*

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THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1829.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

HAYMARKET.

**MONDAY, July 27.**—*Charles the Twelfth*; Planché.—*Manœuvring*; Planché.—*Sweethearts and Wives*; Kenny.

*Charles the Twelfth* is playing here with great success; the only alteration in the cast of characters is Mrs. Humby for Eudiga—Miss F. H. Kelly, Ulrica—Mr. Brindal, Gustavus, and Mr. Webster, Triptolemus; this change is by no means advantageous to the drama, and if the manager had possessed the least discernment, he would have assigned the blundering Burgomaster to Mr. Reeve, a character every way suited to his talents.

**TUESDAY, July 28.**—*Quite Correct*; Miss Bowden.—*Paul Pry*; Poole.

**WEDNESDAY, July 29.**—*Charles the Twelfth*.—*The Happiest Day of my Life* (1st time).—*The Rencontre*; Planché.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Mr. Gillman, Mr. LISTON; Frederick Vincent, Mr. J. F. WILLIAMSON; Charles, Mr. BRINDAL; Mr. Dudley, Mr. WILLIAMS; Thomas, Mr. COATES; Mr. Jones, Mr. COOKE; John, Mr. COVENEY; Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. GLOVER; Mrs. Grimley, Mrs. TAYLEURE; Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. COVENEY; Sophia, Mrs. HUMBY; Mary, Mrs. ASHTON; Miss Stokes, Miss BARNETT; Jane, Mrs. W. JOHNSON.

The interest of this piece turns on the crosses and disappointments Mr. Gillman meets with on his wedding-day, which he had intended to be "the happiest day of his life." His first annoyance is occasioned by his recollecting that he had neglected to order Twamley's quadrille-band, which he had promised his bride, Sophia, a month before; he runs nearly five miles to procure them, a feat which he had not anticipated to perform on "the happiest day of his life." On his return he is much annoyed by finding a young gentleman

kneeling to Sophia, and kissing her hand; his uneasiness on this score is soon relieved, as the gentleman is her cousin. Without more impediments the parties proceed to church. On his return, while expatiating on his happiness, Mr. Gillman is informed that a lady wishes to speak to him; this is a Mrs. Grimley, who is in search of a husband who has abandoned her and her three children, and whom she has learnt is on the point of being married to another; this produces much confusion, as Mr. Gillman is immediately condemned, unheard, as the suspected person; and the bride's mother, Mrs. Dudley, goes to Mrs. Grimley to speak to her—Mrs. Grimley is brought in, and the mistake is cleared up; for it is at the next door that her gay Lothario is staying. Scarcely has Mr. Gillman recovered his spirits, which of course had been "somewhat dashed" by this adventure, ere a new source of torment awaits him, and which makes the "happiest day of his life" likely to turn out "the last of his existence;" for Frederick Vincent, a favoured lover of Sophia's sister, and who has been absent for some weeks, thinks that Gillman has married his beloved, and accordingly challenges him. All mistakes, however, are cleared up in the end, and of course all parties are satisfied. This piece is adapted from the French, by Mr. Buckstone, the author of several popular dramas at the minor theatres. It is an amusing trifle; but its great fault is in the vulgarity of the language, for the dialogue is often coarse and unpolished, and by no means suited to the supposed quality of the characters. Mr. Listen depicted the jealousies, the fears, and the buoyancy of the "unfortunate Mr. Gillman" with inimitable humour. Mrs. Glover is equally clever as a cautious match-making mother, anxious to get her daughter well settled in life. Mrs. Tayleure, as the deserted Mrs. Grimley, played with great truth. Mrs. Humby gave Sophia too much the manners and refined graces of a costermonger's daughter.

THURSDAY, July 30.—*Quite Correct.*—*Paul Pry.*

FRIDAY, July 31.—*Spring and Autumn;* Poole.—*Charles the Twelfth.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life;* Buckstone.

SATURDAY, August 1.—*Quite Correct.*—*Paul Pry.*

MONDAY, August 3.—*The Two Friends;* Lacy.—*Charles the Twelfth.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*

*The Two Friends* is one of the most immoral and dangerous dramas we ever recollect to have witnessed, and loudly demands the censure of all who regard the well-being of society. We are surprised that a polite audience can tamely witness Elinor's declaration of her incestuous passion for her brother (for such she firmly supposes him to be). There was a time when the stage

endeavoured to "make mankind, in conscious virtue, bold," and when the theatre proved a source of pleasing instruction to the youthful part of the community; but now it is almost dangerous to take a young person to a play-house.\*

TUESDAY, August 4.—*The Two Friends*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

WEDNESDAY, August 5.—*Nothing Superfluous* (1st time).—*Charles the Twelfth*.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*.—*Manœuvring*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—The Sultan Selim, Mr. THOMPSON; Giafer, Mr. BRINDAL; Sadi, Mr. J. REEVE; Gulnare, Mrs. H. CORRI.

The Sultan Selim has a propensity for wandering about at night incog, to view the distresses of his subjects. In one of these nocturnal rambles he is attacked by banditti, and his life only saved through the bravery of Sadi, a half-starved cobbler, who is of a very merry disposition, though "steeped in poverty to the very lips." The Sultan visits Sadi's cottage, for the purpose of rewarding his valour, and overhears him soliloquising on his abject state, and declaring that he should be the happiest man in the world, if he could only procure the common necessaries of life. Charmed with such unambitious desires, the Sultan appears to him, and promises to procure for him whatever he may desire, provided that he shall ask "nothing superfluous." Sadi joyfully agrees to the proposition, but soon becomes most extravagant in his demands, as a lovely wife, a palace, an estate, splendid clothes, and a large retinue, are considered necessary for his happiness. The Sultan, under the name of his good genius, supplies these wants. Sadi then commands his slaves to pull down a poor man's cottage, because it obstructs a view from the palace; upon which, the Sultan discovers himself, and orders Sadi's beloved wife, Gulnare, to be carried to his harem. This, however, is merely a practical lesson, which the Sultan gives Sadi on the cruelty of oppressing the weak, as he restores his wife to him, and gives him a command in the army.

This piece is translated by Mr. Thompson, and is to be commended, on account of its endeavouring to convey a moral lesson to the audience: a very rare occurrence with the dramas now a-days.

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\* That we may not be considered too scrupulous, or rigid, in our ideas of propriety, we beg our readers to refer to the journal of the English Opera House, where they will frequently find three pieces performed on the same night, in which all the heroes are betrayers, and the heroines have been seduced. The dramas we allude to, are *The Sister of Charity*, *The Middle Temple*, and *The Bottle Imp*. The whole tenour of the last piece is a most daring infringement on the rules of morality, the hero throughout being an abandoned and rewarded profligate, and the heroine, on confessing her shame to her father, instead of a reproof, is calmly told to dry her tears and keep herself composed, for that her youth and inexperience are quite sufficient excuses for her errors.

Mr. Reeve played Sadi with humour, but he indulged in his old fault, of making himself too much at home with the audience. We find that he is a great admirer of our "Advice to Players;" especially rule the 1st, which he follows with the most scrupulous attention. Mr. Thompson was rather too energetic as the Sultan: a fault rarely to be imputed to him. It is a strange fact, that all our actors, when they have any eastern character assigned to them, make a point of laying a most unmerciful taxation on their lungs. Mrs. H. Corri played with more spirit than usual.

THURSDAY, August 6.—*Nothing Superfluous.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*  
—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Spring and Autumn.*

FRIDAY, August 7.—*The Rencontre.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Peter Smink.*

SATURDAY, August 8.—*Nothing Superfluous.*—*Paul Pry.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*

MONDAY, August 10.—*The Hypocrite; Bickerstaff.*—*Nothing Superfluous.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*

*The Hypocrite* has been justly pronounced one of the best comedies in our language, and proves what incalculable advantages the drama may afford to society when properly directed, for as it may be difficult for our laws to punish sanctified knavery, or stop the increase of religious folly and madness, the stage is almost the only place where the villany of the former or stupidity of the latter can be effectually exposed and ridiculed. The comedy was on the whole tolerably well cast, though Farren's Cantwell is far inferior to Downton's; it wants that quiet demeanour, that comfortable sleek appearance, and that hypocritical softness of visage, and mildness of tone which rendered the latter so admirable. Farren's defects, however, proceed more from the want of physical powers than any error of judgment. Liston's Mawworm made us regret that there was so little of him. When he talks of his wife's goodness in cutting him down when he had hanged himself through melancholy, and adds, that he did not believe there was a woman in the parish would do so much for a husband, it would be impossible for the most rigid follower of Irving to preserve the gravity of his countenance. Mrs. Glover's Lady Lambert was excellent.

TUESDAY, August 11.—*The Green-Eyed Monster.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

WEDNESDAY, August 12.—*Spring and Autumn.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Manœuvring.*

THURSDAY, August 13.—*The Rivals.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*—*Lock and Key.*



Farren's Sir Anthony Absolute, in the comedy, is far inferior to Downton's: though a passionate, Sir Anthony is by no means a crabbed tempered man, which impression, Farren's "vinegar aspect" and whole manner is calculated to give. Faulkland and the Captain were creditably sustained by Cooper and Vining: but had we not been well acquainted with the comedy, we should have taken Mr. Thompson for an "Irish bogtrotter," instead of a Baronet. Mrs. Glover's Mrs. Malaprop was admirable, only inferior to Mrs. Davenport's, though we think Mrs. Harlowe played the character as well as any actress of the day: for the quiet and unconscious manner in which she uttered her egregious blunders gave a new, and we are not certain the correct, idea of the character. All the other parts, with the exception of our friend Liston, were but indifferently sustained. The house was tolerably full.

FRIDAY, August 14.—*The Miser*; Fielding.—*Charles the Twelfth*.  
*The Happiest Day of my Life*.—*Thirteen to the Dozen*.

Farren's Lovegold is one of his most vigorous and highly-finished efforts; his by-play was throughout excellent; and in the scene where he discovers the loss of his treasure, his acting approached to a point of excellence. He was well supported by Mrs. Glover in the intriguing waiting-woman, Lappet. Mr. Webster's Ramillie was not very good: Vining should have played the character. Mrs. Ashton may be classed among those ladies sapiently denominated sticks. The house was full.

SATURDAY, August 15.—*The Rencontre*.—*Paul Pry*.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*.

MONDAY, August 17.—*Rob Roy*; Pocock.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*.—*Tom Thumb*; Fielding.

It is certainly very bold on the part of the manager, to say the least of it, to continue performing musical dramas, considering the quality of his operatic corps. With the exception of Liston, Cooper, and one more, we never recollect seeing any thing so indifferently got up; not only as to the acting, but in respect to the scenery, choruses, &c. Mr. Cooper's Rob Roy was daring and energetic, and indeed exceedingly well played throughout the two first acts, especially when he taunted Rashleigh for his conduct, which was bitterly sarcastic. But in the scene in the last act, where the unhappy outlaw comments on his altered and fallen state, he wanted that thrilling pathos, that earnest regret which Macready imparted to the character. When Cooper said, "I did not think that mortal man would see a tear in the Macgregor's eye," he almost raised the mirth of the audience; when Macready said it, there were few of the spectators whose eyes did not sympathize with those of the hero. The house was very full.

TUESDAY, August 18.—*Nothing Superfluous.*—*Ups and Downs*; Poole.—*Fish Out of Water*; Kenney.—*Modern Antiques*; O'Keefe.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—*Every One has His Fault*; Inchbald.—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Manœuvring.*

THURSDAY, August 20.—*Sweethearts and Wives.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Manœuvring.*

FRIDAY, August 21.—*The Miser.*—*Ups and Downs.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Nothing Superfluous.*

SATURDAY, August 22.—*Paul Pry.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*The Scape-Goat*; Poole.

MONDAY, August 24.—*Every One has his Fault.*—*X. Y. Z.*—*The Devil to Pay.*—Nell, Mrs. Humby; Jobson, Mr. Farren.

TUESDAY, August 25.—*Ups and Downs.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Nothing Superfluous.*—*Spring and Autumn.*

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### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MONDAY, July 27.—*Sister of Charity.*—*Gretna Green.*—*The Bottle Imp.*

TUESDAY, July 28.—*The Robber's Bride.*—*Lying made Easy.*—*Paul and Virginia.*—Paul, Mrs. Keeley; Virginia, Madame Cellini.

WEDNESDAY, July 29. *Sister of Charity.*—*Der Freischütz.*

*Der Freischütz* was revived this evening, with great care and attention as to the arrangement of the choruses, &c. Sapio played Rodolph; Phillips, Caspar; and Miss Betts, Agnes—they were warmly and deservedly applauded; but we do not think the revival was very judicious, as the opera must have been played, taking one theatre with another, above 500 times in this metropolis.

THURSDAY, July 30.—*Der Freischütz.*—*The Middle Temple.*—*The Quaker.*

FRIDAY, July 31.—*Sister of Charity.*—*Der Freischütz.*—*Quartette.*

SATURDAY, August 1.—*Sister of Charity.*—*The Robber's Bride.*—*The Waterman.*

MONDAY, August 3.—*Der Freischütz.*—*Sister of Charity.*—*The Bottle Imp.*

TUESDAY, August 4.—*The Robber's Bride.*—*Paul and Virginia.*—Virginia (1st time), Miss Betts.—*The Cornish Miners.*

WEDNESDAY, August 5.—*Der Freischütz*.—*Sister of Charity*.—*He Lies like Truth*.

THURSDAY, August 6.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*Lying made Easy*.—*Master's Rival*.

FRIDAY, August 7.—*The Sergeant's Wife*; Baynin.—*Gretna Green*.—*Der Freischütz*.

SATURDAY, August 8.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Waterman*.—*Free and Easy*.

MONDAY, August 10.—*The Sergeant's Wife*.—*The Cornish Miners*.—*Gordon the Gipsy*.

TUESDAY, August 11.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

WEDNESDAY, August 12.—*The Witness* (1st time).—*Military Tactics*.—*Presumption*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Mr. Henderson, Mr. JAMES VINING; Frank Elton, Mr. PERKINS; Tom Tremor (his Man), Mr. KEELEY; Mr. Holmes (a Magistrate), Mr. F. MATTHEWS; Harding (a Deer Stealer), Mr. O. SMITH; The Witness, Mr. BAKER; Catherine Henderson, Miss KELLY; Alice, Mrs. KEELEY; Old Janet, Miss PINCOTT.

Several years before the opening of the drama, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Elton, two most intimate friends, had been engaged in some smuggling transaction; and returning homewards, a quarrel took place between them, when heated with wine, which ended in the former tossing his "dear friend" overboard. Henderson was tried for the murder, and honourably acquitted; but his life is rendered constantly miserable through the workings of conscience. By way of somewhat atoning for his crime, he takes Elton's only son under his protection, and treats him every way with the greatest kindness. The piece opens with Frank Elton on the way to his benefactor's (for such he styles Henderson) house, after an absence of nine years: being overtaken by a violent storm, he seeks shelter in the cottage of Old Janet, whose kinsman, Harding, is a ferocious deer-stealer. From Harding's threats, he thinks it advisable to counterfeit deafness, and thus overhears some strange conversation respecting his father's death, for Janet was on board the vessel when the murder was committed. He leaves the cottage and arrives at Mr. Henderson's house, dripping like the statue of a water god, naturally asks for a change of clothes, and by some accident he has given him one of his father's smuggling habiliments. Henderson, on seeing him, mistakes him for the spirit of his murdered friend, and uttering some incoherent expressions of horror, staggers off. On Frank retiring to rest, Old Elton appears to him as a ghost, (for he had been taken

out of the sea by a vessel passing at the time,) and charges him not to think of marrying Henderson's daughter, (for Frank and Catherine are mutually in love with each other,) for that he is a murderer. Frank Elton is much alarmed, and his cries for help bring in Mr. Henderson, whom he charges with his guilt; he falls senseless. This, being what is termed an effective situation, concludes the first act. In the second, Henderson confesses his guilt to his daughter. The officers of justice are about to enter, when he conceals himself behind a picture; but, however, his hiding-place is discovered, and he is taken prisoner, and carried before a Mr. Holmes, a magistrate: Old Janet and Frank Elton give their evidence against him, and he is on the point of being committed, when the Witness (Old Elton) appears, pardons his friend on account of his penitence, and joins the hands of the two lovers.

This piece is the production of Mr. Bayley, of Bath, the author of several nursery rhymes, whose aspiring soul has cast off the ambitious desire of becoming a "butterfly born in a bower," and sunk to the more common-place wish of becoming a Dramatist. But to judge from the present specimen, he is likely to have both his wishes ungratified, for *The Witness* displays very little theatrical tact or discrimination, and abounds with inconsistencies of so glaring a nature as to strike every judicious spectator with disgust. The most forcible of these is the conduct of old Elton, who absents himself twenty years from his native land without assigning any ostensible cause; and then, on his return, instead of shaking his son by the hand, as every rational parent would have done after so long an absence, tries to frighten him out of his wits by passing himself off for a ghost. But these inconsistencies, these absurdities, this aiming at effect in the production of what is styled powerful situations or interesting scenes, to the utter exclusion of correct arrangement of story or propriety of character, is in the true spirit and practice of the modern school. To patch up such dramas as the *Sister of Charity*, *The Witness*, and many others, the names of which it would not be more superfluous than tedious to recapitulate, is in the power and capacity of every scribbler: but to make the leading incidents mutually depend upon and reciprocally spring out of each other, to preserve a due connexion between them from first to last, and to maintain a consistency of character and action throughout the whole progress of the piece, is the prerogative of genius and of talent, and, what we need not add, is rarely to be met with in the dramas of the present day. The character of Catherine is, however, well imagined — a female who fondly loves her father, and, notwithstanding all the evidence against him, is firmly convinced of his innocence, and even when his guilt by his own confession is declared, resolves never to forsake him. This could not fail, in the hands of Miss Kelly, of exciting a deep interest in the

minds of the spectators. Whatever talents Mr. Bayley possesses for the composition of ballads, he is utterly deficient in *vis comica*; for Tom Tremor is as dull a servant as ever delivered a message; and all his attempts at wit consist in his historical similes, which are impertinent plagiarisms from the Burgomaster's in *Charles the Twelfth*.

Mr. J. Vining's acting in this piece has quite astonished the critics, though many of them have pronounced it a mere imitation of Young. This is unfair, for though Mr. Vining might have taken certain of Young's peculiarities, when studying the character of Henderson, (and which every actor is allowed to do: for Voltaire says, originality consists in judicious imitations) it is by no means a servile copy of that actor's style. At that rate, Kean might be termed an imitator of Cooke; Jones, of Lewis, &c.; Young, of Kemble. We consider an actor an imitator, when he follows every blemish, as well as beauty, of a popular performer; when he points his toe, stiffens his elbow, works the palms of his hands, drops his jaw, not because nature, the feeling of the moment, or the situation of the part, requires it; but because Mr. Kean, Mr. Macready, or Mr. Kemble have done so. In short, without further argument, we have only to point out to our readers to observe Mr. Kean, jun., Mr. Perkins, Mr. Mude, and their acting will more forcibly convince them of what servile imitation consists, than any thing we could say on the subject. But to Mr. Vining's acting, we are not apt to offer indiscriminate praise, and therefore have no hesitation in declaring that his portraiture of a man whose frame is gradually wearing away by the slow fire of remorse, is as correct and just as any thing we ever recollect witnessing: and, moreover, it has the great merit of being a subdued, rather than an overcharged, piece of acting. We were particularly struck with the chasteness and propriety of his action and manner, when he mistakes Frank Elton for the spirit of his friend. Instead of trying to frighten a ghost away, as is the usual custom of melo-dramatic heroes, by empty noise and vehemence, he endeavoured, with gasping utterance and tottering frame, to escape from his presence. In the scene when accused of the murder, his mode of falling to the ground, as if his whole faculties were *gradually* benumbed by the shame and horror of the discovery, and not as if struck by a thunderbolt, was in strict accordance with the character. Miss Kelly, as the affectionate Catherine, played, of course, with great feeling; and Mrs. Keeley was loudly encored in some very pleasing songs composed by A. Lee, which will become very popular. This little lady increases the number of her admirers every time she appears—and well she may, for with the power, she is indefatigable in her exertions to please. The house was full.

THURSDAY, August 13.—*The Witness*; Bayley.—*The Middle Temple*.—*Der Freischütz*.

FRIDAY, August 14.—*The Witness.*—*The Quartette.*—*Gordon the Gipsy.*

SATURDAY, August 15.—*The Robber's Bride.*—*Sister of Charity.*—*The Waterman.*

MONDAY, August 17.—*The Witness.*—*Military Tactics.*—*Der Freischütz.*

TUESDAY, August 18.—*The Spring-Lock,* (1st time).—*He Lies like Truth.*—*The Bottle Imp.*

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Lorenzo de Medici, (Grand Duke of Florence)

Mr. WOOD; Ludovico de Medici, (his cousin) Mr. J. BLAND; Giulio, (in the suite of Ludovico) Mr. JAMES VINING; Count Montefieri, Mr. F. MATTHEWS; Monaco, (a Comic Actor) Mr. J. RUSSELL; Zenobio, Mr. FULLER; Camaldoli, (Confidant of Lorenzo) Mr. BENSON HILL; Doctors Manente and Flamingo, (Rival Physicians of Florence) Mr. KEELEY and Mr. O. SMITH; Burchiello, Mr. IRWIN; Amadore, Mr. MILLER; Aramantha, (Daughter of Count Montefieri) Miss CAWSE; Vergellina, (her Attendant) Mrs. KEELEY; Monna Brigida, (Wife of Doctor Menente) Mrs. C. JONES.

Aramantha, in compliance with her father's wishes, consents to marry Ludovico, though a mutual passion had long subsisted between her and Giulio. Previous to the nuptial ceremony being performed, she requests permission to retire a few minutes to her oratory, which is granted; we then see the lady issue from a trap-door, into what the author calls the upper story of a turret, which contains a large antique cabinet, with folding doors. Aramantha kindly informs the wondering audience that this is a room unknown to any persons in the palace, and that it had belonged to her mother. In the cabinet, which opens with a "spring lock," are hid the letters she had received from Giulio, which she now peruses for the last time; a noise is heard; she rushes hastily to the cabinet to replace the letters, treads on the secret spring, and the iron door closes on her. The scene changes to the gardens of the palace where Ludovico and the nuptial guests are awaiting the presence of the bride. Her continued absence of course occasions great alarm and surprise, and messengers are despatched every way in search of her, while her father imagines she has eloped with Giulio, who is taken prisoner and ordered for execution, unless the lady is found by a certain time.

Now for the other portions of the drama. The Duke Lorenzo, like Thompson's Sultan, is fond of wandering about in disguise. In one of these rambles he meets with Doctor Manente, a strange compound of folly, impudence and whim, and much addicted to drinking. The Duke being disguised as a troubadour, favours him with a song; the Doctor in return promises to take him that night to sup with the Duke, whom he declares to be his most particular friend, though he has never

seen him. Lorenzo resolves to humour his impertinence, and contrives that an invitation shall be sent him. On the Doctor's arrival at the palace, he is presented with some wine that has been strongly drugged with opium, and which entirely overcomes his faculties. In that state he is conveyed to an unfrequented chamber in the palace, where, on recovering from his intoxication, he is tormented with several of the Duke's servants, attired as fiends: he is, also, after being well tortured, conveyed, we know not how, to the room which contains the cabinet with the secret lock. He is at length allowed to return home, where he finds his wife and Doctor Flamingo regaling themselves over his wine, (for during his confinement he has been reported to have died of the plague, and has been buried in effigy). He relates his various misfortunes, not forgetting the strange cries he had heard in the old attic, the only part of his adventures which the audience had not witnessed. By this circumstance, the situation of the Lady Aramantha is discovered, who is taken out in an almost exhausted state; and well she might, having been there nearly three days. The piece ends with Ludovico generously resigning his claim in favour of Giulio.

This piece ought to have been styled *Salmagundi*, as it is nothing more than a heterogeneous jumble of adventures, serious and comic, taken at random from some old romances, mixed together with rhyme, but certainly without reason. The comic part excited much mirth, but the serious was indeed a very serious piece of business, and went nearly to damn the piece.

Of the dialogue, we are fortunately able to present our readers with a few choice specimens, which, for "elegance," "chasteness," and "brilliancy of wit and humour," cannot be excelled by that held at the "Point," at Portsmouth, or Castle Raig, at Plymouth. Dr. Manente asks for a comb, and his wife replies, "What is that running in your head now?" "Wine is better for keeping; but a mistress is not." The Doctor calls for a bottle of wine, observing, that he "has no scruples about swallowing drams;" that as Mr. Wood has a high voice, he will "stand on the table to hear him." We will not tire the patience of our readers, or sully our pages by making any more extracts. What we have done is merely to satisfy our readers of the justice of our criticisms; for, fortunately, we are able, with these writers, out of their own mouths to condemn them. The acting throughout was excellent. Indeed, we are fully convinced that Mr. Keeley's exertions saved the piece: but the situations he was placed in, bordered very closely on those in *The Bottle Imp*, *Frankenstein*, &c., for he had to exhibit exactly the same contortions of visage. Much mirth was raised by a fencing scene between the two Doctors. All the other characters had but little opportunity for displaying their talents. Mr. Wood sang two airs very sweetly, as did

Miss Cawse. Mr. Russel sang a "buffa" song with unusual spirit; his imitations of the Italian singers were much applauded, particularly by the galleries, who, never having been at the Opera, were of course fully "competent" to judge of the correctness of the imitation.

The music is by Rodwell; and two or three of the airs are highly creditable to his taste, especially Mr. Wood's song of the Troubadour; there was one chorus, and part of an air, that reminded us very forcibly of the music in *Masaniello*. The house was filled; and the drama was announced for repetition with applause.

WEDNESDAY, August 19.—*Sister of Charity*.—*The Robber's Bride*.—*The Quartette*.

THURSDAY, August 20.—*The Spring-Lock*.—*Der Freischütz*.—*The Middle Temple*.

FRIDAY, August 21.—*The Spring-Lock*.—*The Witness*.—*Master's Rival*.

The *Spring-Lock* has received some very judicious curtailments, and been reduced to two acts, which, of course, is an improvement; we do not think, however, it will be a favourite. The house was very full.

SATURDAY, August 22.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Lying made Easy*.—*Gretna Green*.—*The Waterman*.

MONDAY, August 24.—*The Spring-Lock*; Peake—*The Witness*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

TUESDAY, August 25. — *Der Vampyr* (1st time). — *He Lies like Truth*.—*The Middle Temple*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Characters in the Introduction—Eblis, (the Prince of Evil) Mr. O. SMITH; the Vampire, Mr. H. PHILLIPS; Alexis Zeriny, (a Hungarian Officer) Mr. SAPIO; Yanitza, (a Greek Chieftain) Mr. R. JONES; Marco, Mr. RANSFORD; Ianthe, (Daughter of Yanitza) Miss CAWSE.—Characters in the Opera—Baron Kassova, Mr. THORNE; Martin Brunn, Mr. MINTON; Count Mavrocordo, Mr. H. PHILLIPS; Alexis Zeriny, Mr. SAPIO; Franz Boro, Mr. G. PENSON; Stephen Sarko, Mr. J. RUSSELL; Wenzel, (the Baron's Huiduk) Mr. J. BLAND; Michael Zips, Mr. SALTER; Johan Bosky, Mr. FULLER; Henrika, (Baron Kassova's Daughter) Miss BETTS; Susi Boro, Mrs. C. JONES; Liska, Miss H. CAWSE.

The grand romantic opera by Marchner, that has been so long promised, was produced this evening. As it has been adapted to the English stage by Planché, the translator of the well-known melo-drama of the *Vampire*, any detail of the story would be superfluous. The only way in which the opera varies from the melo-drama, is, first, that in the Introduction Eblis appears, who permits the Vampire to remain another month on earth, provided he "stains his altars with the blood of a virgin;" and secondly, that the scene is laid in Transylvania, instead of Scotland.



The overture is a fine, bold, and in many respects an original composition, and was warmly applauded. The piece opens with a chorus of demons, which possesses little merit. A powerful and descriptive air was sung by the Vampire, on his being permitted to remain on earth; and a duet between him and Ianthe, (a Greek girl who has fallen into his toils, but eventually escapes) is deserving of notice.

The first act of the opera opens with a long scena by Henrika, which possesses much beauty, but reminds the auditors too forcibly of Lena's scena in *Der Freischütz*. The situations are similar, and the concluding stanza of each proclaims the arrival of their lovers. The choruses are all of a very superior description: the one "Loudly shout, and loudly sing," is as remarkable for its spirit and richness, as another, "Fleeting! Oh, how Fleeting," for its pathetic solemnity. There were two encores: a truly melodious and pleasing composition, sung by Miss H. Cawse, commencing "From the ruin's topmost tower," and a bacchanalian quartette, in which cogent reasons are given for drinking at all seasons of the year. Mr. Phillips had a most arduous character to sustain; for independent of all the elaborate music he had to execute, the part requires no ordinary knowledge of stage business and effect to get it through; but he proved himself fully competent for the difficult task. There is an amazingly long scena at the conclusion of the second act, where the Vampire relates the various horrors of his state, which alone puts the talents of a singer to a severe test. Miss Betts sung the first scena with much scientific taste and feeling. Mr. Sapio had but one air allotted to him, which did not meet with much applause. He, however, considerably heightened the effect of the concerted pieces, which are very numerous. Miss H. Cawse sung with great animation, and faithfully delineated not only by her voice, but by look, action, and manner, the words of her songs.

The opera was announced for repetition with great applause. Every admirer of music must feel grateful to Mr. Arnold for the very liberal, as well as scientific, manner in which it has been got up.

The house was crowded.

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### SURREY THEATRE.

*August 15.*—A melo-drama, called *Montralto; or the Mountain Pass*. This is merely the *Guerrilla Chief* under a new title. Mr. Osbaldiston sustained Bennett's character of the hero with ability.

*SATURDAY, August 22.*—*The Shade; or Blood for Blood*. The story is as follows:—Albert Blondell, and Lazarre, two early and attached friends, have formed a contract written with their blood, in which they had agreed, that the one who dies first should watch over and guard the safety of the survivor. When the piece opens, Blondell is much startled by the appearance of the shade

of his beloved friend, (who was on the point of marriage with a young lady) and the more so when he declares that he has been basely murdered, but that he is forbid to name the assassins. The Shade, however, gives Blondell a paper, the writing on which shall turn to blood when the murderers appear. As minute detail of the incidents would be useless, we shall content ourselves with observing, that the murderers are discovered, and prove to be the brother of the young lady and Dessein, his friend. The story is altogether of a very silly and extravagant description. It has, however, the merit of being exceedingly well played. Mr. T. P. Cooke, as Blondell, gave full effect to the harrowing situations in which he was placed; and Mr. Osbaldiston, as the Shade, afforded an interest to the character by the clear and sepulchral cadences of his harmonious voice.

The house was crowded, as it is indeed every night of performing.

MONDAY, *August 24.*—A Mr. Hamerton, from Bath, made his second appearance this evening, in the part of the Irish Frenchman, in *Midnight Gamblers*; his acting is spirited, but his brogue is very ill assumed.

### ASTLEY'S THEATRE.

*August 3.*—The splendid spectacle of the *Cataract of the Ganges*, which run upwards of ninety nights one season at Drury Lane, was revived here this evening. Though the processions and the scenery were not so splendid and gorgeous as at the Winter theatre, the drama was certainly got up in a very expensive and creditable manner. Mrs. Pope displayed great ability in the part of the heroine. Mr. Herring played Jack Robinson with humour, and Mr. Cartlich, as the ambitious Bramin, "ranted" with "great force." After some very entertaining scenes in the circle, a new drama was produced, translated from the French, entitled, *The Attack of the Diligence*. The story is simply this: Captain La Roche sets off by the diligence with a sum of money to give his foster-daughter, Annette, who is about to be married to the innkeeper of the "Steel Castle." The diligence is attacked by banditti, and all the passengers are robbed. On their arrival at the Steel Castle, it turns out that the innkeeper is leagued with the banditti; the robbers suspect that the captain is acquainted with this, and resolve his murder. His life is only saved by the arrival of Edward, a young soldier, a former lover of Annette's, who was reported to be dead. The scenery and incidents are uncommonly well managed, particularly the attack of the diligence, which forms a fine picture; and the representation of that clumsy vehicle was quite exact.

### COBURG THEATRE.

*August 24.*—A serious historical drama, entitled *The Council of Ten; or the Giant Staircase*. This is an alteration of Lord Byron's tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, and is a translation of the one now performing with great success at Paris. The story materially varies from Lord Byron's, insomuch as the Doge's lady has committed adultery with her husband's nephew, who is killed in the first act by

the nobleman who had spoken so freely of her reputation. This is made as an additional motive for the Doge to join the conspirators; in the second act, the Duchess confesses her guilt; the husband is, of course, much enraged; but after he has been condemned to death, freely pardons her, as he nobly says, "that he has now cast off all his worldly passions." The piece concludes with that fine impassioned burst of eloquence, "I speak to time and to eternity, of which I now form a part." The drama was listened to throughout with the greatest attention, by an audience more numerous than respectable. Of the acting, Mr. Cobham deserves favourable notice, for his personation of the aged Doge, though it was by no means so good as we expected. Some scenes betrayed marks of genius; among them may be noticed his manner of refusing to head the conspirators, after having been a general and a prince: the concluding speech was well delivered. Mr. H. Williams, as the captain of the guard, was powerful and just, especially when he entered, after having undergone the tortures of the rack. One of the scenes was beautiful, Venice with the canals by night.

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### VAUXHALL.

OUR visits to these gardens have been few and far between, for there is little, either in the company or the entertainments, calculated to afford us much gratification. We remember the time when Vauxhall could boast of as fine an assemblage of rank, fashion, and beauty, as any public place of amusement in town; but that time is gone, we fear, never to return; for the company appear generally of that description we should imagine promenading the gardens at White Conduit House; and if any sprinkling of fashion or gentility appeared among the motley group, it only served, like two or three stars twinkling in a gloomy hemisphere, to make darkness visible. Of the amusements, we cannot deny that the managers have spared no expense in the procuring of novelties, but unfortunately they are of an ill chosen description. In the first place, we think that the introduction of theatrical entertainments is very absurd; the English are not so play-mad a going people that their whole amusement is centered in a theatre. The burletta of *Music Mad* has some claims to notice, on the score of novelty, as Mr. T. Cook plays the part of an enthusiastic admirer of music with great spirit, if not propriety,—an actor who at Drury Lane speaks so carefully as if he was afraid of hearing the sound of his own voice. Mr. Weekes has an Irish character in the same piece, but we fear that all his humour is in his "unwieldy size:" like the prize fed ox, he excites our wonder, though he cannot raise our admiration. As so great a variety of entertainments is provided, it would be advisable to have two or three sorts of amusement going forward at the same time, as it would prevent that disagreeable rush at the close of each performance. But there is a very important reason for not doing this, which speaks far more to the policy than to the fair dealing of the proprietors, and which we will point out to the reader. The four principal amusements are, the Theatre, the Ballet, the Fantoccini, and the Fire-Works. Now, the spot appropriated to the public for the witnessing these exhibitions is so ingeniously

constructed, that on a full night it will not hold one half of the spectators, so that they are totally unable to witness any of the entertainments unless they choose to pay a shilling for entering a gallery invitingly placed for their accommodation, and which, no doubt, the buffeted, elbowed spectator, avails himself of, though enraged at the imposition, he secretly resolves never to enter the gardens again. In fact, the only amusement the spectator receives for his admission-money is the concert in the open orchestra, and a view of the Cosmoramas. We trust that next season the managers will remove these impositions, for such they undoubtedly are. On the celebration of the Duke of Clarence's birth-day, some water which was intended to have passed over the heads of the spectators, through some disarrangement in the machinery, fell short of the mark, and went on them; this was received with loud hisses. The gardens on this occasion, notwithstanding the great efforts of the manager to obtain an audience, were miserably empty.

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### THE MINOR THEATRES.

At the present period, when even tolerably well conducted theatres prove in very few instances to be successful speculations, it is more than ever necessary that the respectability of their establishments should be with managers an object of primary consideration. If so important a point be neglected, the drama must inevitably lose the patronage of the more enlightened portion of the public—that portion to which alone the stage must be indebted for its principal and permanent support.

That nothing so tends to diminish the respectability of a theatre, as the system lately adopted, of issuing shilling orders, is obvious from the quality of the audiences that it brings together. An equalization of the prices of admission to all parts of the house, must have the effect of excluding the genteel classes of society. No place indeed is left for their occupation, now that the Gods have descended from their regions; the dustman or coal-heaver, formerly content to throw down his shilling and take his seat in the gallery, for the same money swaggers into the boxes, with perhaps a pipe in his mouth, and a gin-bottle in his pocket. But not on this account only would the superior part of the community absent themselves from the theatre; they will reasonably infer that the taste and comprehension of the audience must be considered in the entertainments that are presented to them, and that the want of refinement of the one must necessarily occasion a corresponding want of refinement in the other.

The shilling order system, however, is injurious, not only on the ground of its keeping away from the theatre those persons from whom it ought to derive its principal patronage: there are other points in which it is equally detrimental to the interests of the managers. One of the most material objections against the new plan is, the certainty of its failing to yield permanent profit. The novelty of affording amusement at one fourth of the accustomed price may for a time prove attractive; but, as the desire for any thing is abated in proportion to the facility with which it may be obtained, the entertainments at the minor theatres will soon be regarded with contempt.

The justice of this position has already been illustrated by the empty benches of some of those houses where the shilling system is pursued, while others that continue to be conducted on the established principles, are sources of considerable gain to their proprietors. The best recommendation that can be submitted to those managers who have deviated from the hitherto customary course, is, that they should return to the usual prices, engage good companies, and produce good pieces; they will then find the public as ready to come to their houses as they now flock to those, where the liberality and judgment of the managers insure amusement to their patrons, and success to themselves.

REGULUS.

## MISCELLANIES.

### MARLOWE.

It is a strange, but well-known circumstance, that Marlowe has been described by all his contemporaries, and also by his biographers, as an Atheist and an impious blasphemer, a scoffer of all that was holy; and that he wrote several discourses against the Christian religion. Mr. Wood, a writer of the time, considered his untimely end as an immediate judgment upon him for his profaneness. Yet, on reading the termination of his *Faustus*, one would suppose that no man could have been more forcibly impressed with the truth of our holy religion. As we hate mutilating our extracts, we will give the whole of the last scene, without apologising for its length, as those who have seen it, can have no objection at meeting with it again: and to those who have not, it will afford great satisfaction, as the following speech is not to be surpassed in grandeur, sublimeness, and horror, by any one in our language.

Faustus's covenant expires with the Prince of Darkness at twelve o'clock.

(*The clock strikes eleven.*)

FAUSTUS, *solus*.

Oh! Faustus,  
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damned perpetually.  
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease and midnight never come.  
Fair Nature's eye! rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day! or let this hour be but  
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!  
O lentè, lentè, currite noctis equi!  
The stars move still—time runs—the clock will strike,  
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.  
Oh! I'll leap up to heaven!—Who pulls me down?  
(*Distractedly.*)

*A New Way of Raising the Wind.*

See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.  
One drop will save me. Oh! my Christ!

*(Attempts to pray.)*

Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!  
Yet I will call on him—Oh! spare me, Lucifer!  
Where is it now? 'tis gone! and see  
A threat'ning arm, an angry brow!  
Mountains and hills! come, come and fall on me,  
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven! No.  
Then will I headlong run into the earth:  
Gape, earth! Oh no, it will not harbour me.  
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,  
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,  
Into the entrails of yon lab'ring cloud.

*(The clock chimes the half hour.)*

Oh! half the hour is past, 'twill all be past anon.—  
Oh! if my soul must suffer for my sins,  
Impose some end to my incessant pain!  
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—  
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd.  
No end is limited to damned souls.  
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?  
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?  
Curs'd be the parents that engendered me—  
No, Faustus! curse thyself, curse Lucifer,  
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

*(The clock strikes twelve.)*

It strikes! it strikes! Now body! turn to air,  
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.  
O soul! be chang'd into small water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean—ne'er to be found.

*(Thunder.) Enter the DEVILS.*

Oh! mercy, heav'n, look not so fierce on me!  
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!  
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!  
I'll burn my books! oh, Mephistophiles! [*Exeunt.*]

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A NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

WHEN the late Mr. Reddish was in Dublin, being of an extravagant disposition, moreover, a member of Mossop's Company, wherein the salaries were not very regularly paid, he got greatly involved in debt. His creditors were clamorous. Promises were become too cold securities to trust to; besides, they had been repeated so often, and under such different modes, that the subject was quite exhausted.

In this dilemma, what was to be done? His benefit was coming round, on which the flower of his hopes depended; and if he was to be deprived of his liberty at so critical a juncture, his ruin was

inevitable. In "war" and "love," we are told every stratagem is fair. Our hero thought it would be much so in distress. His propitious stars, therefore, just at this moment propounded to him a scheme, which, while it gave every air of security to his creditors, left it still with himself to satisfy their demands. As soon as this scheme was properly concerted, he sent for all his creditors, and in a set speech, probably written by one of his favourite poets, under similar circumstances, explained to them the pain he suffered at not being able to discharge their several demands—"that from his inability he was afraid his 'honour' (a principle he held above all things most sacred) was liable to be called in question. That, therefore, he would risk that pledge no more, when it had been (not from intention) so often forfeited. That he had called them together, not to promise, but to perform, which he hoped they would understand as such, from the following plan he had arranged for the discharge of their demands—which was to beg their acceptance of part of their several debts in tickets, and the remainder should be paid in cash, from the receipts of the book, the morning after his benefit, by the treasurer, to whom he would give an order for that purpose."

A scheme so exceedingly plausible, tricked out with all the advantages of acting, instantly succeeded. The bills were printed—tickets delivered—newspaper puffs distributed (at which "art," none had a readier hand). And the historical tragedy of Richard III., with the abominable murder of his two young nephews in the Tower, stared in every corner of that metropolis, in bills, not an inch less than "EIGHT FEET LONG." At length the expected night arrived, and his house, from the interest of his creditors, who now became a party concerned in his profits, filled apace. But, Oh! mortifying discovery! When the tickets he had given, as part securities, were offered, they were refused as spurious by the door-keepers. Some insisted strongly they were refused by Mr. Reddish's order, who had privately intrusted them with the secret. However, the people going along with their families would not be disappointed, but paid down their money, still imagining it could be nothing but a mistake, which must be rectified as soon as known. Next morning, however, found Reddish's lodging surrounded by his creditors, whom their late disappointment had made "watchful as fowls for their destined prey." But, alas! the bird was flown: our hero had been too practised in the knowledge of human nature not to have expected this visit; he therefore wisely decamped for England the night before.

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#### COLMAN'S JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL, says Cooke, was obtained from the author, act by act, as he wanted money: but the last act did not come, and Mr. Harris refused to advance any more. At last, necessity drove him to make a finish, and he wrote the fifth act in one night, on separate pieces of paper, and as he filled one piece after the other, he threw them on the floor: then, after finishing his grog, he went to bed. On the morning of the next day he had promised Mr. Harris should have the denouement of the play. Mr. Harris (it being late in the day, and

tired of waiting) sent Fawcett to him, and he insisted on going into his bed-chamber and waking him. "Well! What do you want?" said Colman. "My dear sir," replied Fawcett, "remember your promise to Mr. Harris, we are all at a loss for the last act?" "There it is! let me sleep!" "Where?" "There, on the floor, pick it up, and don't disturb me." Fawcett gathered together the scraps, and took them to the theatre in his pocket handkerchief.

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#### GARRICK'S RICHARD.

THIS slight account of Garrick's Richard will not be uninteresting to many of our readers. It was written by an eminent critic of the day.

"May 28, 1776.—The last season of his appearance.—Yesterday Mr. Garrick appeared in the character of Richard III., in the usual phrase, to a crowded and brilliant, and we may add too, to a perspiring audience; for it may be truly affirmed, that Drury Lane house never contained, at any one time since it was built, so many people of fashion, and so many mob. His action was sometimes excessive, his attitudes were not always well chosen. His voice refused frequently to follow his conceptions. He threw an air of ridicule on some of the most serious passages of the play, and by so doing, commanded plaudits from the galleries. The galleries were frequently thrown into convulsions of laughter, when they should have been struck with horror at the villainy of the tyrant; the absurd effect of his manner of playing this part of the character, was not at all to be attributed to the actor; to speak impartially, it might be fairly *divided* between him and his auditors in the upper regions. On the other hand, he was great beyond expression throughout, the two last acts in particular; and called forth powers which seemed to have lain dormant since he gained the admiration of a Chesterfield, a Lyttleton, and a Fielding. In the scene between Buckingham and him, previous to the meeting in Guildhall, and when that nobleman introduces the Mayor and citizens to him, subsequent to that meeting, he was inimitable. He was no less excellent in the scene between him and Lady Anne, where the unrelenting tyrant not only tells her, her person is become indifferent to him, but that he hates her most heartily."

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#### HISSING.

HISSING, to show disapprobation, is of great antiquity. In the vulgar technicals of our green-rooms, it is known by the term *goose*, and the extempore strictures of this family critic are more awful to the players than those of any other Aristarchus, who only borrows the assistance of her feathers. Though Shakspeare makes very few allusions to the practice, he speaks once very plainly of it in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—"If I do not act it, *hiss* me." But that this mode of indicating popular dislike was two centuries old, no one questioned; however, it is still more ancient—nearly two thousand at least. It did not, in all probability, obtain in the Roman theatre, as we learn from the poets that at the games they had a different way of showing their approbation, or expressing their



censure. See Horace and Juvenal.\* But it was used to public speakers, some nineteen centuries ago, as it appears from the following passage in Cicero's letters. Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Cælius thus describes the success of his eloquence: "It is worthy of observation that Hortensius reached his old age without once incurring the disgrace of being *hissed*."

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

As you have given Luther's opinion of Comedies, perhaps his remarks on Music will be allowed a place in your entertaining and useful work.

Yours, &c.

J. F. S.

"Music," said Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions, and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. How is it," continued he, "that on profane subjects we have so many fine verses and elegant poems, whilst our religious poetry remains so languid and dull? Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," added Luther, "and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in this art."

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SHUTER.†

ON MACKLIN'S ACTING MACBETH IN 1773, AT THE AGE OF 75.

During the rehearsal, Macklin was so prolix and tedious, that Ned Shuter (in his arch way) exclaimed, the case was very hard, "for the times have been, that when the brains were out, the man would die: but now—"

Macklin overhearing him, good-naturedly replied, "Ay Ned, and the times were, that when liquor was in, the wit was out, but it is not so with thee."

Shuter rejoined in the words of Shakspeare.

"Now, now, thou art a man again."

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IMPROMPTU BY THE CELEBRATED BURNS.

ON SEEING MRS. R\*DD\*\*L PERFORM THE CHARACTER OF YARICO, AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

R\*DD\*\*L, thous't cured my unbelief  
Of Moses and his rod;  
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,  
The rocks with tears had flow'd.

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\* Epist. l. i. 18, v. 66. Disapprobation was expressed by turning the thumb upwards, and the reverse by their compressure.—Juvenal. 3. v. 36.

† Inserted at the requests of Correspondents.

## OSBURGA, OR THE DANISH INVASION.

*Mansfield, August 7.*—We were highly gratified by the performance of a maiden tragedy, bearing the above title, the production of J. Haskin, Esq. of Cuckney. The audience was numerous, and of the first class, as might have been anticipated, both from the talents of the dramatist and the well-known merits of the performers. The piece went off well, with a few exceptions, arising from circumstances over which the manager had but a limited control. This drama is, with the major portion of our acting tragedies, somewhat defective in the unities of time, and place, and action: it is, moreover, in that mixed style for which the precedent of Shakspeare is so often pleaded. That it is not destitute of poetry, the following quotation will attest:—

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

OSBURGA TO RICULA, HER FRIEND.

Observe the leaf of Autumn when it falls:—  
 In the same place where that was nourished  
 An embryo leaf remains, which in due time  
 Bursts forth, expands, attains maturity,—  
 Then dies, and leaves an embryo again.  
 Thus is it still with Hope; it buds at first,  
 Beneath the vernal influence of the heart,  
 Whose ardent summer gives it rapid growth;  
 And when at length approaching winter comes,  
 And rudely shakes it off, it never fails  
 To leave a germ behind to spring anew.

The general style of the tragedy may be fairly inferred from the following specimen:—

CAMELRIC TO WULFHE.

See'st thou yon rising orb? before him flies (fly)  
 The mists, and clouds, and darkness of the night;  
 And though awhile they strive for mastery,  
 'Tis fruitless all; his onward course will show  
 He rides triumphantly the god of day!  
 Such is our infant navy:—every keel  
 Shall fly the presence of her rising strength,  
 Or perish if they dare contend in fight;  
 Thus gathering power by time, she'll shine alone  
 And ride triumphant mistress of the word!

*End of Act first, last scene.*

Miss Graddon has been playing at Hastings with unbounded applause, as Lucy Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*; and Apollo, in *Midas*: her vocal powers proved a great treat.

Macready, it is said, is so dissatisfied with the management of both the National Theatres, that he is about to exchange the buskin for the pulpit, and is now engaged in studying theology.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—A meeting of the creditors and shareholders of this theatre was held on Monday the 17th, to receive a report of a committee appointed to arrange the liquidation of the debts, and

the settlement of the disputes among the proprietors. Mr. Johnson read the report, which stated that their efforts to effect any arrangement with the creditors had been fruitless, and they suggested, that to prevent the injury that would result from the theatre remaining closed next season, it should be opened without prejudice to existing interests; the necessary funds being supplied by the parties in possession. It appeared that Mr. Harris would not treat with Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, unless they paid the new debts since 1822, and would rather wait for the decision of the House of Lords. Mr. Lowden, on the part of Mr. Kemble, stated his willingness to have the questions at issue referred to a barrister, and offered to act as manager if he was secured from molestation by creditors and shareholders. Mr. Bartley, the comedian, said the performers would agree to a sacrifice of 17 per cent., and urged the necessity of re-opening the theatre. He was ready to advance 200*l.* towards a reserve fund. Mr. Corder, the vestry-clerk of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, said the parish would not enforce the execution till the affairs were arranged, if they had security. Resolutions were passed for opening the theatre on the 1st of October, as usual, and in favour of a reference for the settlement of the disputes.

It appears from the printed documents, that no less than 10,993 orders had been written by the clerk of Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, in two months, altogether amounting to 3,851*l.* 1*s.* A numerous meeting of the Shareholders, and others connected with the theatre, took place in the saloon on Monday, the 24th, but nothing decisive was arranged.

The receipts of Covent Garden Theatre, it appears, last season, amounted to only 41,777*l.* 78,610*l.* per annum, Mr. Harris states to have been the average amount under his management.

In a letter addressed by Mr. Harris to some of the creditors of the theatre, he speaks with much severity of the late management. He says, "The property is at present, by the grossest system of mismanagement, burdened with the old debt and its interest, with the addition of a load of their own debt, styled by them, 'new debt,' which, on the 17th of June, 1828, according to their own statement, amounted to no less a sum than 22,486*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*; and what it may amount to now, after the last season's disastrous management, it is impossible for me to conjecture. The chief complaint of the lessees is, that they agreed to give too large a rent. My answer to that is, that I offered to hold the theatre and give much more. Instead of 12,000*l.* I offered them (including Mr. Const's share) a rent of 13,500*l.* with securities. This rent they refused. How can they, therefore, complain of the rent, 10,500*l.* exclusive of Mr. Const's share?"

## THE FRENCH DRAMA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

PROBABLY nothing is so disagreeable to the ears of the English admirer of the legitimate drama as witnessing a representation at the *Théâtre Française*, Rue de Richelieu,—the only house consecrated to the higher range of classical performances. The poetical effusions of a Corneille, Racine, or Voltaire, however they may interest the mere reader by the undisputed beauty of their composition, and the chaste

harmony of their rhyme, or even their real dramatic *verve*, in a *closet* perusal, must ever fail to excite that sympathetic feeling for the character personated,—that intimate connexion between the hero of the piece (whether ancient or modern) and the audience, which the peculiar dignity and energy of our language invariably creates. The idea of Agamemnon and Ajax disputing the possession of the fair Trojan in "*mincing poetry*," or of Cæsar falling under the poniards of his assassins, soothed into death by the tuneful cadences of inspired patriotism, has always, to myself, appeared so preposterous, that not even the talents of that truly great and lamented actor *Talma* could ever reconcile me to it. True it is, that the French language is in itself too sterile to admit of a passable composition in blank verse,—the attempted translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* evidently proving the impossibility of that species of writing; but, surely plain and simple *prose* would be preferable—more consistent with sound sense—more consonant with nature, and therefore more interesting, than all the versification of France's highly esteemed and justly famed poets. Of the scenery and decorations I need only observe, that they reflect no discredit upon either the taste or abilities of the artists employed. An appropriate costume to the characters delineated was established by *Talma*, and founded upon classical references. Upon the whole, a man who has been accustomed to the British stage, who can *feel* and *understand* the innumerable beauties of Shakspeare, and has enjoyed the performance of a Kean, a Young, a Kemble, and an Elliston, may, without fastidiousness, be permitted to consider that the scene for which such a man wrote, and upon which such men enact, must be the best and most pleasing in the world.

G. B. H.

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## REVIEW.

*The House that Jack built.* Composed by H. J. PANORMO, Author and Composer of the *Loyal Coro*, dedicated to His Majesty George the Fourth. Goulding, Dalmaine, & Co.

A PASTORALE movement in D major. The opening symphony commences on the tonic, accompanied by the fifth and octave, over which a trillo constitutes the upper subject, imitative of mice nibbling corn, followed by a cressendo; and at the termination of the symphony the first verse opens on seven very commanding notes, each verse increasing in length:—the music imitates the scrambling of the cat at being worried by the dog. The twenty-seventh and four following bars is a moving *sostenuto* bass, which absolves itself from a dissonant chord, by means of B flat, to a three-sharps dominant chord of the fifth from the tonic above mentioned. The whole of the subjects are simple and concordant: the boldest part is the "priest all shaven and shorn;" it then glides into a minor key. The most pleasing minors to the ear are the relative minors; but in this case, by means of the preceding symphony, it falls very strikingly into a foreign key, which is merely the tonic minor D: after which it moves to the subdominant minor G, and so on, until the major is resumed by the move of a unison, which beautifully enters the concords of B, five sharps, in a *sotto voce*. Mr. Panormo is evidently a sound musician and excellent composer, and we shall be happy in reviewing his *Loyal Coro*, which is very highly spoken of, the first opportunity we have.

## COINCIDENCES &amp; IMITATIONS AMONG DRAMATIC WRITERS.

(Continued from p. 88.)

Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease.  
 I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,  
 Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,  
 And duck as low as any barefoot friar.—*Jew of Malta, Marlowe.*  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:  
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;  
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause.—*Merchant of Venice.*

For this I'll have his heart.—*Marlowe.*  
 I'll have the heart of him if he forfeit.—*Shakspeare.*

What, bring you Scripture to confirm your wrongs?—*Marlowe.*  
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.—*Merchant of Venice.*

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,  
 My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed;  
 And, having all, you can request no more,  
 Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts  
 Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,  
 And now shall move you to bereave my life.—*Marlowe.*

Why I esteem the injury far less  
 To take the lives of miserable men,  
 Than be the causers of their misery.—*Marlowe.*

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:  
 You take my house, when you do take the prop  
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life,  
 When you do take the means whereby I live.—*Shakspeare.*

But take it to you in the Devil's name.—*Marlowe.*  
 Why then the Devil give him good of it.—*Shakspeare.*

He that desires to pay shall straight become a Christian.  
 How! a Christian! Hum! what's here to do?—*Marlowe.*  
 That, for this favour, he presently become a Christian.—*Shakspeare.*

But these unspotted eyes encountered mine  
 As spotlesse sunne doth on the dunghill shine.—*St. Peter's Complaint.*  
 Sometimes the beam of her view gilded  
 My foot, sometimes my portly belly,  
 Then did the sun on a dunghill shine.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Sleepe, death's allye, oblivion of teares,  
 Silence of passions, balme of angry sore,  
 Suspense of loves, securitie of feares,  
 Wrath's lenitive, heart's ease, storme's balme shore,

Senses and soule's reprivall from all lumbes,  
Benumming sense of ill with quiet slumbers.

*St. Peter's Complaint, Father Southwell.\**

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—*Macbeth, Shakspeare.*

Thinke that the verie stones thy sinnes bewray.—*Father Southwell.*  
For fear the very stones prate of my where-about.—*Macbeth.*

## POETRY.

### THESPIAN GALLERY.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

WE intend the following portraits as a substitute for our biographical sketches; for we find that, with all our care and industry, we have not been able to procure any thing new for that department.

MR. C. KEMBLE.†

Come tragedy, comedy, farce, or what will,  
Charles still gives a manifest proof of his skill :  
So varied his powers, that, like Proteus, he changes,  
For, equal to all, through the drama he ranges,  
And bears with much ease its vast weight on his shoulders,  
Till, like Atlas, his powers surprise all beholders.  
So graceful his step, so majestic his nod,  
He looks the descendant from Belvedere's god.  
Yet in tragedy oft his acting offends,  
For there Nature and Kemble not always are friends ;  
For his zeal damps his aim in the tragic employment,  
As rakes from excess lose the edge of enjoyment,

\* Father Southwell was not a dramatic poet; yet these coincidences are so curious, that we could not forbear inserting them. He flourished before Shakspeare, and an account of him shall be given in our next.

† Is the youngest son of Mr. Roger Kemble, the manager of a provincial company of comedians, and was born on the 25th of November, 1775, at Brecknock, in Wales; a town which will ever be celebrated in theatrical annals, as having been likewise the birth-place of Mrs. Siddons. At the age of thirteen he was placed by his brother John at the College of Douay, in Flanders, where he remained three years. On his return he was appointed to a clerkship in the Post-office; but the duties of this situation being irksome, and salary inconsiderable, he became disgusted with it, and determined to make the stage his future profession; to which he was incited by the splendid success which had crowned the attempts of his brother and sister. With little previous preparation he commenced his theatrical career, in 1792, at Sheffield, as Orlando in *As You Like It*, with much credit to himself and satisfaction to the audience. He continued to perform at this place, Edinburgh, and Newcastle for about a year; when, encouraged by his success, he repaired to London, and on the night of the opening of the New Drury Lane Theatre, on the 21st of April, 1794, he appeared in the part of Malcolm, in *Macbeth*.

He out-Herods Herod, and tears his poor throat,  
Till harmony trembles at every note.  
Though twelve-penny gods may with this be delighted,  
Common sense is alarm'd, and meek Reason affrighted.  
Still his Romeo the tear-dropping Muse loves to mention,  
And his Edgar 's a treat for the keenest attention.  
Then in the high paths of elegance who dare aspire  
To walk as his compeer, or copy his fire?  
For comedy pleasantly singled him out  
As her gentleman usher, when giving a rout,  
To regulate manners, pretensions, and places,  
To model the awkward and teach them new graces.

MADAME VESTRIS.\*

Tripping light o'er the ground see gay Vestris advancing,  
Like the *suite* of the morning which Guido drew dancing,  
Or the dimpled Euphrosyne arm'd in her eyes,  
Or a Parthian huntress, who wounds as she flies.  
She bursts on mankind like the type of good humour,  
And her smiles have a spell that can regulate rumour.  
So archly she looks, and so beauteous her face is,  
Like Venus escap'd from the hands of the Graces.  
A simper, bewitching, irradiates each feature,  
And the men all exclaim 'What a bewitching creature!'  
Such ease, such vivacity, such wit unaffected,  
A love-darting eye, and that eye well directed.  
Bless'd orbs! where such infantine myriads are seen  
To disportively wanton in Love's magazine;  
Now pointing their arrows with sedulous pains,  
To triumph o'er reason and lead her in chains;  
Making greater numbers their liberties yield  
Than Cæsar subdued in Pharsalia's field.

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\* This lady was born in London in the year 1797, her father being the son of that celebrated engraver Bartolozzi, her mother a German lady, and formerly a skilful professor on the piano-forte. Thus she may be said to claim talent as an hereditary possession. Miss Bartolozzi, however, was not educated with a view to her adopting the stage as a profession; but accident having thrown in her way that unrivalled dancer, M. Armand Vestris, then principal of the Corps de Ballet at the King's Theatre, the celebrity of this gentleman rendered his attention irresistible, and before she had attained the age of sixteen years, he led her to the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and was there married, January 28, 1813: no children have been the produce of this union. Madame Vestris made her first appearance for her husband's benefit, at the King's Theatre, July 20, 1815, in the character of Proserpina, in Winter's beautiful opera *Il Ratto de Proserpina*. She repeated the character on the following Saturday, and was gratified with the plaudits of the Princess Charlotte of Wales: and so delighted was her Royal Highness, that she again visited the house, on the Tuesday following, to witness the same opera. After this high approbation, it was not surprising that the opera should be frequently performed to the end of the season, or that this young performer should become a favourite, whom to applaud was fashion. In the winter of 1819 she was engaged by Mr. Elliston, and made her first appearance at Drury Lane on the 19th of February following, as Lilla in the *Siege of Belgrade*.

She knows the arcanum to marshal her wiles,  
 Seduce us with simp'ring, and win us with smiles :  
 The nymphs crowd around, as the fawns beat their tabours,  
 And dance 'fore the chantress, and join in her labours.  
 Sweet Harmony mellows the notes with her shell,  
 And Echo redoubles each lay from her cell.  
 Through Melody's mazes we easy can trace  
 The intent of her song by the lines of her face ;  
 Her arch comic spirit calls forth approbation,  
 Till the Theatre shakes with the loud acclamation.  
 Pray Fate that she long may be sportive on earth,  
 The prop of burlettas, and mistress of mirth ;  
 Of female comedians an excellent sample,  
 Of Abigail singers the first great example.  
 But let her beware of too great an indulgence  
 Of tricks that but mar her dramatic refulgence ;  
 Or if prais'd by the million, grow sick of the cause  
 That led her to fame and matur'd their applause ;  
 Lest she find, like some brides, who such errors must weep,  
 She can conquer a heart that she wants sense to keep.

MR. LISTON.\*

See, Liston comes forth with a confident air,  
 As the high-priest of Momus, and spoiler of care ;  
 The dryness of Shuter, and Edwin's droll whim,  
 By nature were blended and centred in him.  
 Hark ! the Theatre rings as the wight makes his entry ;  
 For such men are not born above once in a cent'ry.  
 If he errs now and then, and his faults meet detection,  
 It but proves that the best are not heirs of perfection.  
 To debauch common sense he may take many a shape,  
 But we laugh at the crime as a comical rape.  
 If at Reason's expense he attracts some applause,  
 And forces our mirth, though ashamed of the cause ;  
 If he sometimes should wound the best props of the stage,—  
 'Tis to tickle the lungs of a dissolute age.  
 But his name is a tower of strength, that defies  
 All the storms that engender in critical skies.  
 For the int'rests of comedy follow his beck,  
 And the Haymarket Theatre hangs round his neck.  
 Burlettas in future, when pregnant with whim,  
 The bard shall with pride dedicate but to him,

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\* This gentleman is descended from a respectable family in Soho Square. When he had passed from youth to manhood he became Master in the Library School in Castle Street, Leicester Square ; and having contracted a taste for dramatic exhibitions, passed his vacant hours by occasionally performing for the benefit of individuals who sometimes held such performances at the Haymarket Theatre by licence from the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Liston made his bow before a London audience at the Haymarket ; and on June 14, 1805, the new candidate for popular favour was introduced in the characters of Zekei Homespun in *The Her at Law*, and Sheepface in the *Village Lawyer*.



As the god of festivity, foe of despair,  
 The beacon of joy and assassin of care.  
 And when Death on our Liston shall e'er turn the table,  
 Gay Momus in heaven will put on his sable :  
 The eyes of gaunt Envy shall beam with delight on't,  
 And Spleen, when unfetter'd, with drink make a night on't.

## MISS PHILLIPS.\*

When prodigies peep on the earth or the air,  
 Mankind for some great revolution prepare;  
 And somewhat like that may young Phillips be named,  
 Who the meed of desert has successfully claim'd.  
 Ere fifteen green summers had mellow'd her age  
 She rush'd to the van of a profligate stage;  
 Threw Melpomene's robe o'er her juvenile shoulders,  
 And seizing the bowl, shook the faith of beholders.  
 Though her mind and her powers I gladly admire,  
 She has much to unlearn, and yet more to acquire.  
 But greatness is form'd from contracted beginnings,  
 As Coutts made his plum by progressional winnings.  
 Though her merits are great, her powers to please are restricted,  
 For Thalia's offspring she but badly depicted.  
 The termagant Oakley or gay Townley's wit  
 The decrees of Propriety mark her unfit.  
 Yes, the dimples of pleasure I advise her resign,  
 And keep to Claudia's sorrows and Juliet's shrine.  
 For though with vast labour she forces a smile,  
 'Tis a sickly exotic unknown to the soil.  
 Some aver mirthful points in her sentiments flow,  
 As we say the stones give which have none to bestow.  
 When she smiles no true mirth on her countenance sits  
 When she laughs 'tis not joy, but a laugh amidst fits.  
 Let her polish the talents which heaven has lent her,  
 And never again on comedy enter.

*(To be continued.)*

## AN ODE TO THE KELLY.

"Your theatrical talents would insure admiration to the plainest figure."

*Burn's Letters.*

Though sights may be sought for all over the world,  
 And sites of odd buildings to Palaces hurl'd,  
 For man's admiration and notice to call :—  
 Though sight, when restor'd to the blind is delight :  
 Though each pigmy dwarf be a very *great* sight,  
 A sight of my Kelly outbalances all.

Though murmur may breathe from the ripples of wave  
 That round the lov'd stem of their water-plant lave,  
 And rising, in tremulence over it fall :  
 Though murmurings stir with the wing of the bees,  
 And whispers of air on the leaf of the trees,  
 One whisper of Kelly's outbalances all.

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\* For an interesting Memoir of this Lady, see No. II.

Though rivers may roar with the torrent, and air  
 Reverb'rate its echoes like tones of despair,  
 And Nature's late smile all distorted appal:  
 Though thunder may in the storm's havoc rejoice,  
 And ruin portend in the shriek of its voice,  
 The shriek of my Kelly outbalances all.

Though glory may glisten the brow of a saint,  
 Mysterious as light with its flickering faint,  
 Round Endor's witch circle circumfering Saul:  
 Though sun-beams on yon gothic window are straying,  
 Like Purity's smile upon purity playing,  
 The glance of my Kelly outbalances all.

Though soft come the winds, scarcely stirring a rush,  
 Fresh over the roses, in frankincense flush,  
 From kisses they stole in their amorous call:  
 Though sweet is Love's sigh at a sorrowful tale,  
 As sob-stifled note of the scar'd nightingale,  
 The sigh of my Kelly out-balances all.

Like to glory illuming the prophet, when he  
 Dazzled subjects with proof of Divine Majesty,  
 And Israel's children, adoring him, fall:  
 Like glories the mission'd of Heaven surround,  
 For virtue, with Paradise radiance crown'd,  
 The NATURE of Kelly outbalances all.

P. T.

*Trin. Coll. Cambridge.*

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### DUBLIN.

*Monday, July 27.*—*Julius Cæsar* was played to the fullest house of the season, Brutus, Mr. Young; Mark Anthony, Mr. C. Kemble. To witness the magnificent acting of Young in Brutus, and indeed in almost all his characters, is like the perusal of a grand and perfect epic poem, in which the combination of truth and dignity, and of unity of style, produces an elevation of thought without distracting the imagination by an overstrained excitement. Mr. C. Kemble represented Anthony with great truth and spirit.

*Thursday.*—The house was not so well filled as we had expected it would have been, from the quality of the performances. Mr. Young was inimitable in King John, as was Mr. C. Kemble as Falconbridge. Miss Huddart's *Constance* was respectable.

The comedy of the *Rivals*, by command of the Lord-Lieutenant, attracted a numerous audience (another paper says the house was empty); Faulkland, by Young; Absolute, C. Kemble; Sir Lucius, by Power. *The Revenge* was performed to a respectable house last night. Mr. Young received well-merited applause in Zanga; and Miss Huddart's representation of Leonora drew down frequent bursts of approbation. Mr.

Power's Larry Hoolagan, in *The Lying Valet*, kept the audience in continual laughter. To-night Mr. Kemble takes a benefit, which promises to be well attended. On Monday night Miss Huddart will take a benefit, under the distinguished patronage of Lord and Lady Gower, which will terminate the performances of the season.

Mr. Young's engagement has been very successful, and his benefit was well attended.

### LIVERPOOL.

*Monday, August 7.*—Mr. Kean commenced an engagement of four nights in the part of Richard the Third; Richmond, Mr. Warde; the Queen, Miss Smithson; Lady Anne, Miss Lacy. Tuesday he played Shylock; Wednesday Othello, for the benefit of Miss Smithson; Thursday Sir Giles Overreach; Friday Brutus, for the benefit of Mr. Warde; Saturday Hamlet, for his own benefit.

We had heard and read much of the ravages which disease had made upon Mr. Kean's constitution, and of a melancholy decay of his powers, both mental and physical; and we must say, that though traces of the latter were but too visible in his kneeling, rising, walking, and in his inability to excite a more rapid or hurried pace, so far from de-

tecting the slightest symptom of the former, we have no recollection of ever having been so strongly impressed with the truth and force of his conceptions—of the workings of passion—or with his mastery over the deepest sympathies of the human heart. Miss Smithson's benefit was well attended. Mr. Warde had a well-filled house, notwithstanding the announcement of Madame Sontag's concert for the same evening.

*Monday, 10.*—Miss Foote commenced an engagement of ten nights; she has played Mrs. Haller; Amadis (*Nymph of the Grotto*); Madame de Germanie (*in Home, sweet Home*), and several other characters.

*August 17.*—Mr. Meadows commenced an engagement as Sir Peter Teazle; Lady Teazle, Miss Foote; Careless, Mr. Bedford. *Black-Eyed Susan* has been got up here with great success.

#### SLIGO.

Miss Jarman made her first appearance in the part of Juliet, on Monday evening. She was received by the audience with a simultaneous burst of applause.

#### HULL.

Master Burke returned here on Thursday, and played on that, and Friday evenings, to full houses.

*Monday, August 13.*—Mr. Harley, who was formerly of the York company, appeared this evening as Ollapod and Jack Phantom. The house was well attended.

#### BRIGHTON.

*Wednesday.*—Miss Phillips, of Drury Lane, appeared this evening as Mrs. Beverley; on Thursday, as Juliet; Friday, Mrs. Haller; Saturday, Claudia, in *Rienzi*, for her benefit. All the above-mentioned characters she beautifully depicted, and many single passages, particularly in Mrs. Beverley, were electrifying in their pathos and effect. Mr. Mude sustained Mr. Beverley with great applause.

#### YARMOUTH.

Lady W. Lennox commenced her engagement, as Rosina, in *The Barber of Seville*.

#### MANCHESTER.

*August 15.*—Miss Smithson appeared before a Manchester public for the first time since her return from the continent, on Monday evening, in the character of the unhappy Shore. The audience was not so numerous on the occasion, as from the celebrity which that lady has acquired, we had ventured to anticipate. But though the argument may be un-

satisfactory in the treasury, the manager could not but feel pleasure in observing that the attendance consisted of many parties of high respectability, and of acknowledged taste and judgment in the drama. Miss Smithson's portraiture of the erring, but repentant fair one, was indeed most touching.

On Tuesday night, Miss Smithson performed the difficult character of Juliet, and sustained it, too, with all the sweetness and tenderness that belong to that beautiful commentary upon the enduring devotion of woman to the object of her first affections.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Kean presented himself before the public in the character of Shylock. His delineation of the part of the hard and unforgiving Jew was as effective as ever; indeed, it appeared to us to be more mellowed in its kind, and freer from those peculiarities of style, and that alternate tameness and intemperance of manner, which have in some degree tarnished the greatest efforts of Kean's genius. The house was well attended, and the plaudits which rewarded the exertions of this favourite actor, were warm and flattering.

Mr. Kean has since sustained his favourite parts of Richard, and Sir Giles Overreach, each with consummate skill, and to excellent audiences. Tonight he takes a benefit, and Monday evening closed his engagement, when he performed Othello, for the benefit of Mr. Beverley, the manager. Iago, by Mr. Waldron; Cassio, Mr. Green, of Covent Garden; Emilia, Miss Lacy. Meadows and Bedford have been playing here.

#### WORCESTER.

*Friday, August 21.*—Madame Vestris played Lady Teazle to one of the best houses we ever witnessed at Worcester. This performance has been so often criticised in the London papers, that it would be useless to say anything about it. Mr. Bennett, the manager, was the Charles Surface of the evening; and a worse piece of acting was rarely seen. Mr. B. puts us in mind of a bear beginning to dance on hot iron; for he is continually treating us with a hop, skip, and a jump. Joseph Surface was well supported by Mr. Elton; who, we think, is an acquisition to the company. Loveday was good in Sir Peter Teazle, though we think he made him appear too old. The rest of the characters, with the exception of Mrs. Loveday, as Mrs. Candour, were miserably sustained. We missed several old faces, and we think that their places have not been well filled up.

The after-piece was *Figaro*. Madame Vestris was lively as Susanna, and Mrs. Loveday very pleasing and impudent as the Page. Miss Bartolozzi was the Countess: her acting was inanimate. If stars come into the country, merely to give themselves airs, they had better stay away. Her singing "Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy chains," would have been hissed at any minor theatre in London. Miss Campbell, whom we are sorry to miss this season, would have sung it infinitely better.

*Saturday 22.—Charles the Second.—Sublime and Beautiful.*—Mary, Madame Vestris; Page, Miss Bartolozzi; Cobb, Mr. Loveday; Charles, Mr. Bennett; Rochester, Mr. Elton. It is the great curse of country theatres, that however unfit for the purpose, managers always play the principal characters. Mr. Bennett's Charles was a compound of ignorance and self-sufficiency. He seems particularly vain of his personal appearance, and sacrifices to that all propriety of costume. Who ever saw Charles

represented by a gentleman with a crop (*id est*, no wig)? Madame Vestris's personation of Mary was by no means correct. Mary is a simple, unsophisticated girl: she gave her all the meretricious airs of a modern bar-maid. Miss Bartolozzi's Page was as cold and inanimate as usual. This lady seems more engaged with admiring herself, than with her part. Mr. Elton's Rochester was good: his figure is slight and genteel, and his countenance capable of great variety of expression. We wish Madame Vestris would not take so much time in changing her dress. The performances commenced at seven, and were not over till half-past eleven: and yet we think there are only four acts in the two pieces. To accommodate Madame Vestris and her sister, they were stretched out into seven acts. We cannot conclude, without noticing Mr. Bennett's unremitting exertions to please the public in the procuring of stars. Miss E. Tree and her sister appear this week, and Mr. Liston the week after.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Shakspeare's *Coriolanus* was performed on Saturday week, at the English theatre in Paris. Mademoiselle St. Leon, a French actress, performed the part of Volumnia. The French critics (not the best judges, by the way) say that she pronounced the English language correctly. The theatre was by no means crowded, and the reception of the play is said to have been far from enthusiastic.

*The English Comedians late in France.*—Ill-used in every respect, and hooted every evening, by an implacable cabal, the English comedians had their closing night on Monday last, and are now returning to cross the Straight, pursued by the hisses which will a little later follow the Prince de Polignac. This new company was a wretched one we must admit; but the reception we gave them was gross and cruel. Happily, however, the cabal, of which these unfortunate players are the victims, is the work of a gentleman who arrived express from London for this courageous and honourable purpose. There, then, is French hospitality abused to gratify the rage of John Bull. We do, however, beg of him to send us for the future performers who will ill-use Shakspeare

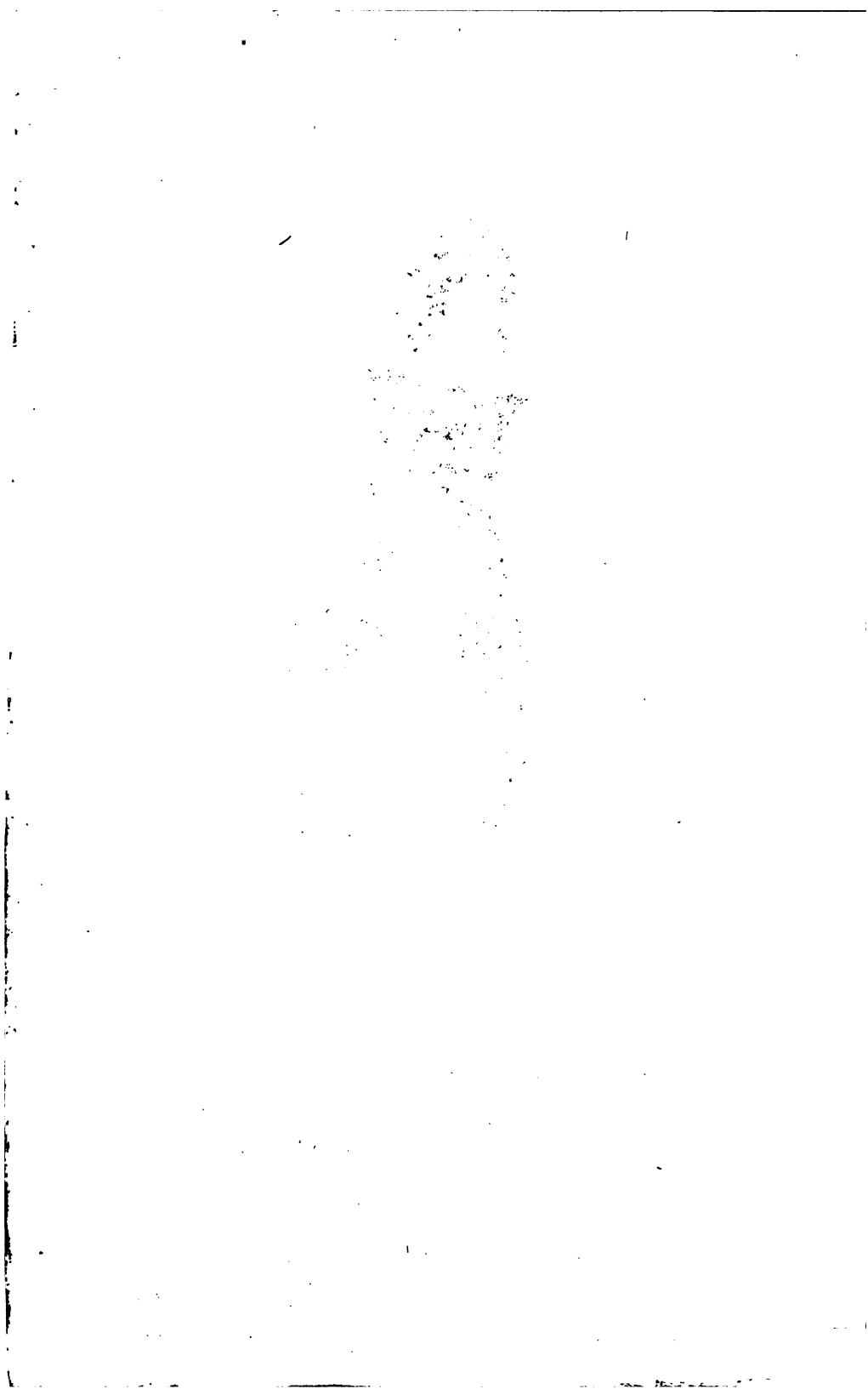
and Rowe a little less.—The company consisted of Messrs. Wallack, Abbot, Diddear, Raymond, Younger, Mrs. West, (who has been violently hissed) &c. &c.

Perlet commenced an engagement at the Théâtre de Madame on Wednesday. The tariff for the letting of the boxes on this particular occasion, is different from the ordinary one. A private box, for instance, containing seven places, is charged (for one fixed day of the week during the whole four months of Perlet's engagement, that is to say, for sixteen representations), 400 francs.

M. de St. Georges, the author of *Illusion*, and several other favourite dramatic pieces, is appointed joint director, with M. Davis, of the Opera Comique.

It is reported that the editor of *Figaro* has actually purchased three of the Paris theatres—the Vaudeville, the Variétés, and the Nouveautés!

The new play of Victor Hugo, entitled *Marion Delorme*, has been disapproved in many parts by the censors, and will not be suffered to be played, unless great alterations are made in it. It is said, that they have exacted the excision of the whole part of Louis XIII.





*Painted & Engraved by T.L. Busby, for the Dramatic Magazine.*

MISS PATON,  
*as Behnam,*  
*in the Aboultze & Cudah.*

*London, Published Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1829, by Whittaker, Treacher, & Arnot, Ave. Maria Lane,  
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THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1, 1829.

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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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HAYMARKET.

WEDNESDAY, August 26.—*Nothing Superfluous*; Thompson.  
—*The Hypocrite*.—*All's Right*.—*The Rencontre*; Planché.

The absurd interlude of *All's Right* was translated a few seasons ago for Mr. La Porte to perform Mr. Cool. The character this evening was sustained by Mr. Liston.

THURSDAY, August 27.—*Nothing Superfluous*.—*Sweethearts and Wives*; Kenny.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*; Buckstone.—*Manœuvring*; Planché.

FRIDAY, August 28.—*The Miser*; Fielding.—*Ups and Downs*; Poole.—*Fish out of Water*; Kenny.—*All's Right*.

SATURDAY, August 29.—*Ups and Downs*.—*Paul Pry*.—*Nothing Superfluous*.

MONDAY, August 31.—*Lover's Vows*; Kotzebue and Inchbald.—*Illustrious Stranger*; Kenny.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*.  
(For the benefit of Mr. Liston.)

This actor concluded his engagement this evening. The theatre has been crowded every night of his performing. He played The Baron, in the first piece, very respectably.

TUESDAY, September 1.—*Fatality* (1st time).—*Clandestine Marriage*.—*Youth, Love, and Folly*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—General Loverule, Mr. THOMPSON; Edward, (his Son), Mr. BRINDAL; Bertrand, (a veteran Soldier), Mr. COOPER; Michael, Mr. V. WEBSTER; Lackbrain, (a Farmer) Mr. WEBSTER; Mrs. Lackbrain, Mrs. GLOVER; Susanna, Miss F. H. KELLY.

The new drama is a continuation of *Love and Reason*, a piece played at Covent Garden and the Adelphi, with great success, a few seasons ago. It will be recollected that in the former drama Susanna, from motives of gratitude to the General, consents to marry Bertrand,

though she is much attached to Edward. The folly of this unnatural union, and the miserable effects that would be consequently supposed to result from it, are in this drama very faithfully pointed out.

The story commences three years after Susanna's marriage, and finds her settled with her husband in a handsome farm, the gift of Edward to Bertrand. Though an exemplary wife and mother, her disappointment had caused a settled melancholy, which is displeasing to her husband, who is hasty and sensitive, but warmly attached to her. At this period, Edward, who has married a woman in high life, and been hated, and at last dishonoured by her, returns home to his father, and his early friends. His presence gives Susanna great uneasiness, lest Bertrand's jealousy should be roused; this is increased by Edward, who, wishing to unfold his griefs to her, seeks a private interview, which she refuses; and is aided by Mrs. Lackbrain, Bertrand's cousin, who, upon his surprising Edward at Susanna's feet, generously turns his suspicion upon herself; but the folly of her husband, Lackbrain, who is too soft to be aware of the mischief he is doing, renders all her efforts unavailing, and circumstances combine to fix the appearance of guilt on Edward and Susanna, and awake Bertrand's jealousy, who, stung almost to madness, will listen to no justification, but challenges him to fight; two shots are heard, and the piece concludes with Bertrand rushing in, and falling at the General's feet, entreating forgiveness for having killed his son.

This piece is translated by Miss Bowden, the authoress of *Quite Correct*. The part of the veteran is admirably suited to the talents of Mr. Cooper, and was rendered extremely effective. Mrs. Glover was much applauded in the termagant Mrs. Lackbrain, and the other characters were well filled.

WEDNESDAY, September 2.—*Fatality*; Miss Bowden.—*Intrigue.—Secrets Worth Knowing*; Morton.—*John of Paris*.

Reeve's round, rich, healthy appearance, as April, and Farren's lanky, care-worn, decrepid look, as Rue, form a most laughable contrast.

THURSDAY, September 3.—*Speed the Plough*; Morton.—*Fatality*; Miss Bowden.—*Manœuvring*.—*Twixt the Cup and the Lip*.

In the last piece Reeve played Simon Pengander with much applause.

FRIDAY, September 4.—*She Would and She Would Not*: Cibber.—*Fatality*; Miss Bowden.—*The Miser*; Fielding.—*The Lottery Ticket*.

In the first piece Webster played the lying ingenious rascal Frappanti, with a good deal of spirit.



SATURDAY, September 5.—*Fatality.*—*The School for Scandal.*—*Charles the Twelfth.*

The comedy was vilely cast. In the last, Reeve played Adam Brock for the first time.

MONDAY, September 7.—*Fatality.*—*Laugh When You Can*; Reynolds.—*The Miser.*—*The Milliners*; Planché.

Reynolds's comedies were much abused and satirized at the time they first appeared; yet we should be very happy, and we are sure the frequenters of the theatres will coincide with us in our declaration, if the present novelties were one half as amusing. Vining appeared as Gossamer, we believe for the first time, a character written for Lewis; but it has been played, with great success, by Elliston. With the exception of Jones, Vining is the only actor of the present day at all qualified to represent Reynolds's gay and eccentric heroes: "Thus rats become dainties when God sends a famine." Mr. Vining understands his business, and is very attentive to it; and though his acting does not possess the richness and communicative glee of Lewis and Elliston, he is almost always correct in his conceptions, and frequently pleasing. Cooper, as the philanthropic negro, declaimed with much judgment; but Mortimer, in Mr. Thompson's hands, instead of exciting the commiseration of the audience, inspired them with feelings of disgust. It is really offering them a most gross insult to assign a character of such importance to the interest of the comedy to such an actor.

TUESDAY, September 8.—*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*; Beaumont and Fletcher.—*Charles the Twelfth.*—*The Lottery Ticket.*—*Fatality.*

This comedy is greatly indebted for the hold it still has on the public to the ameliorating hand of Garrick, to whose inimitable performance of Leon its best celebrity may be ascribed. What Leon suffered at the decease of Garrick, the Copper Captain lost by that of Lewis. Mr. Cooper personated the former, and Mr. Vining the latter, both for the first time, and with success. Mr. Cooper's assumption of idiotcy was good; but when he "threw off the cloud and appeared himself," he was rather boisterous. It is a great misfortune that actors will not be convinced that ranting does not imply firmness, nor violence feeling. Estifania was admirably sustained by Mrs. Glover, a part she has long been admired in. Mrs. Fawcett played Margaretta with propriety, though she could not be justly styled a *little piece* of mischief. This is a character we trust is rare—Margaretta considers marriage as a cloak, and bears the yoke that she may be free; and a husband is with her a ball to lie by her side to wash out her stains. If there be any woman of such a libertine mind, there is no man, we

think, like Leon, who, after marrying her, would credit her professions of repentance, or believe her reclaimed. Therefore this main part of the business is both preposterous and offensive. The old woman was played by Reeve, who greatly assisted Vining in one of the best scenes in the play. Cacafo, a most disgusting character, which the authors intended as a copy of Falstaff, and which they even had the audacity to consider superior to the Fat Knight, was well sustained by Williams. The house was tolerably full.

WEDNESDAY, September 9.—*Fatality*.—*Speed the Plough*.—*Rencontre*.—*Tom Thumb*.

THURSDAY, September 10.—*Fatality*; Miss Bowden.—*The Green Eyed Monster*; Planché.—*Spring and Autumn*; Kenny.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.

FRIDAY, September 11.—*Fatality*.—*William Thompson* (1st time).—*Laugh When You Can*.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—William Thompson the First, MR. VINING; William Thompson the Second, Mr. J. REEVE; Doctor Soothem, Mr. WILLIAMS; Bailiff, Mr. C. MORRIS; Thomas, Mr. COATES; Miss Dormer, Mrs. ASHTON; Mary, Miss BARNARD; Julia, Miss F. H. KELLY.

Dr. Soothem, a physician residing at Richmond, is expecting two visitants, with whose persons he is unacquainted, William Thompson the Second, his intended son-in-law, and an insane person as a patient; the first had taken his place by the stage, and stowed in it a fine cod-fish and a hamper of champagne, but had unfortunately suffered it to start without him. His situation has, however, been taken unconsciously, by another William Thompson, a gentleman who is addicted to somnambulism, and who, in his sleep, very unceremoniously takes his seat in the coach. When the stage arrives at Dr. Soothem's gate, inquiry is made whether it contains a Mr. William Thompson: the answer is affirmative, and the sleep-walker is astonished to find himself received with the most cordial welcome by a person whom he had never seen before. In the doctor's daughter he discovers a lady whom he had much admired at a masquerade, so that he resolves to favour the mistake. The real William Thompson, however, soon makes his appearance, after undergoing a series of misfortunes: he is first of all arrested for a debt which his namesake had contracted; next he is nearly torn to pieces by some hounds, who had scented a piece of venison pasty which he had placed in his coat pocket. At length he arrives at the doctor's house, where he encounters his rival, who informs him that the doctor is dead; he however shortly meets with the doctor, and mistakes him for an undertaker; and the doctor, from his torn garments and odd expressions, takes him to be the insane

patient that he was expecting, and under that impression has him bled, blistered, and his head shaved. The doctor at last, however, discovers his mistake, and offers him his daughter ; but the treatment he has received inspires him with such a horror to the family, that he declines the honour, and agrees to marry Miss Mortimer, to whom he had some time before plighted his vows, but had been induced to break them, in the hopes of a more wealthy marriage ; and the therefore fortunate somnambulist, with the consent of all parties, receives the hand of Julia.

The incidents in this farce are ingeniously strung together, and afford much mirth ; it is said to have been produced by Miss Bowden. We are surprised that a lady should have written so disgusting a dialogue as that between Dr. Soothem and Mr. Thompson, when the latter mistakes the former for an undertaker ; indeed, the whole of the language is far below mediocrity, and we suspect that Mr. J. Reeve manufactured Mr. Thompson's portion of it himself. Mr. J. Reeve played with great humour, and raised considerable laughter whenever he appeared. Mr. J. Vining was very agreeable as the somnambulist, and the other characters were well supported.

SATURDAY, September 12.—*Speed the Plough.*—*Two Pages of Frederic the Great.*—William Thompson.

MONDAY, September 14.—*The Goldsmith.*—*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.*—William Thompson.

TUESDAY, September 15.—*The Two Friends.*—*The Clandestine Marriage* ; Colman and Garrick.—William Thompson.

WEDNESDAY, September 16.—*A Bold Stroke for a Wife.*—*Two Pages of Frederic the Great.*—William Thompson. Colonel Feignwell, Mr. Cooper ; Modelove, Mr. Webster ; Ann Lovely, Miss F. H. Kelly.

We have so amply discussed the merits of this comedy, in a preceding number, that we have not any further remarks to make. Cooper is inferior to Kemble in the hero, and the other characters, with the exception of Farren's Periwinkle, were but indifferently sustained.

THURSDAY, September 17.—*Speed the Plough.*—William Thompson. — *The Happiest Day of my Life.*—Intrigue.

FRIDAY, September 18.—William Thompson.—*The Rivals.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*The Lottery Ticket.*

SATURDAY, September 19.—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*—*Secrets Worth Knowing.*—*Spring and Autumn.*—William Thompson.

MONDAY, September 21.—*The Goldsmith.*—*Procrastination* (1st time).—William Thompson.—*The Happiest Day of my Life.*

Major D'Arcy, Mr. VINING; Sir John Franklin, Mr. WILLIAMS; Mr. Montague, Mr. W. FARREN; Mr. Perkins, Mr. WEBSTER; Parchment, Mr. BISHOP; John Bates, Mr. J. REEVE; Miss Maria Duncan, Miss F. H. KELLY; Mrs. Bates, Mrs. TAYLEURE; Flora, Mrs. T. HILL; Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. HUMBY; Miss Perkins, Mrs. GLOVER.

The piece opens at Sir John Franklin's house, at Richmond, who is momentarily expecting the arrival of Mr. Montague, the son of an old friend, whom he is anxious should marry his niece, the widow Vernon. Instead of Mr. Montague, Major D'Arcy appears, a dashing, gallant officer, and a warm admirer of the widow; on hearing the person's name they are expecting, he declares they are likely to wait some time, for that Mr. Montague was formerly in the same regiment as himself, and was so notorious for procrastinating all his movements, that he went by the Joe Miller title of the *late* Mr. M.; and mentions a fact of his being ordered to lead an assault, which would have for ever established his military fame, but that, in consequence of the length of his harangue to his soldiers, he arrived just in time to see the English colours placed on the enemy's walls. Sir John, fearful of the Major gaining the lady instead of his friend, civilly bows him out of the house, and the scene changes to Mr. Montague's abode, which is upwards of 100 miles from Sir John Franklin's. Here we are introduced to his orphan ward, Miss Maria, a young lady who secretly cherishes a deep love for her guardian, or rather benefactor; after some conversation respecting the procrastinating habits of Mr. Montague, the gentleman enters, as usual, in a violent hurry; a variety of letters lie unopened on the breakfast table, one of which, by some fortuitous chance, he is induced to open, it is from Sir John Franklin, reminding him of the clause in his uncle's will (that unless he marries before the age of thirty-five, he forfeits 80,000*l.*), and inviting him to his house, to marry his niece, a lady that he was once violently attached to, and only lost to him through his dilatory movements. Montague, on reading this, recollects that there only ten days wanting to complete his thirty-fifth year; and on looking at the date of his friend's letter, finds that it is a fortnight old, he therefore resolves instantly to set off for Richmond, and the first act concludes with his departing to secure a place in the coach. The second act opens with the arrival of Mr. Perkins and his sister; the first is a crafty attorney, and the second a lady of a certain age, who is very anxious to change her maiden state, and has fixed upon Mr. Montague for the purpose, but her intentions are completely frustrated by that gentleman accidentally witnessing a violent altercation between Perkins and his sister; in which the lady avows her intention of entrapping Mr. Montague into a marriage with her. These persons are quickly dismissed—they may be

considered in the light of interlopers, as they do not at all forward the action of the piece. After many delays, Mr. Montague leaves his house, and Maria gives his attendant, John Bates, a letter, to be delivered to her guardian when his matrimonial arrangements are "settled." Thus ends the second act. In the third, we return to Sir John Franklin, who, as well as the widow, is almost tired of waiting for Montague. A messenger is announced from him—this is John Bates, who says his master was detained at Coventry, from having left his pocket-book at home. After a whimsical account of his adventures, Mr. Montague at length does make his appearance, and succeeds in making a tolerable impression on the widow. Major D'Arcy, however, contrives to re-enter the house, and while Mr. M. is congratulating himself on his success, walks off with the lady. Sir John is, however, determined that Montague shall have his niece, and orders the Major to quit the house. D'Arcy, enraged, seeks a private interview with his rival, and challenges him: they fight—the Major is slightly wounded, and, Montague runs for a surgeon. During his absence, the widow exhibits such symptoms of regard for D'Arcy, that the uncle, wearied with Montague's delays, gives him her hand, so that Montague comes back just in time to witness his adversary's success. Hearing him say that all is settled, John Bates gives Maria's letter: in this she avows her love, now that he was supposed to be united to another, and bids him eternally farewell, as her feelings would not permit her to remain in the same house after he was married. Montague is delighted with the intelligence, as he discovers that he long had loved this lady, but from her being always with him, had never thought of marrying her. Mrs. Bates makes her appearance, to state that Miss Maria had come to Richmond, in order that she might privately witness his marriage, and see him for the last time—and hearing of the duel, had come to the house to inquire after his safety. Montague rushes out to fetch the lady, and the drama concludes with all parties expressing themselves perfectly happy.

We have given rather an elaborate sketch of *Procrastination*, in order that our readers may be fully enabled to judge of its merits and defects. It must be apparent, that the plot is of a very slight texture, and that the incidents are not very ingeniously wove together. Still there is so great a knowledge of stage effect, and so much theatrical tact displayed in certain little points, more easily seen than described, that if the judgment of the critic may be somewhat displeased at the velocity with which the author moves his characters from place to place, he cannot help being amused at the oddity of the situations.

The dialogue has not any of those brilliant flashes of wit and humour which were wont to set the audience in a roar, but is free,

thank heaven, from puns. Some expressions, however, were of so coarse and vulgar a nature, as to call forth the loud censure of the audience. The acting throughout was excellent.—It will be easily imagined that the whole interest of the piece consists in the movements of Mr. Montague. Farren has achieved another triumph, by his personation of this very original character—his constantly declaring that he will never postpone making his arrangements, and for ever doing it—his whimsical account of his three matrimonial engagements all being broken off by his being too late—and the just emotions of surprise and pleasure he exhibited when reading Maria's avowal of her love, were all chaste and rich pieces of acting.—The other characters are but indifferently drawn. The widow seems in doubt to which of her admirers she should give the preference till the very conclusion; Maria is rather an interesting character, but very faintly developed. It is a pity that Miss F. H. Kelly has chosen so artificial a style of acting: possessing capabilities of the first order, she mars all her exertions by her constrained and affected delivery. She, however, did full justice to the author's intentions. Miss Primrose is a mere sketch, made very amusing by the admirable acting of Mrs. Glover. John Bates, the Major, Mrs. Bates, Sir John Franklin, &c., are all every-day characters, and all admirably acted. The comedy was received with great applause—it is the production of Mr. H. Payne, the author of *Clari*, *Charles the Second*, *the Lancers*, &c.

TUESDAY, September 22.—*Speed the Plough*; Morton.—*Fatality. The Two Friends*.—*Peter Smink*.—(For the benefit of the Philanthropic Institution.)

WEDNESDAY, September 23.—*The Lottery Ticket*.—*Procrastination*; H. Payne.—*William Thompson*.—*Frederick the Great*.

THURSDAY, September 24.—*Procrastination*.—*Speed the Plough*.—*William Thompson*.

FRIDAY, September 25.—*Procrastination*.—*Clandestine Marriage*.—*William Thompson*.

SATURDAY, September 26.—*Procrastination*.—*William Thompson*.—*Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*.

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### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY, August 26.—*The Spring Lock*; Peake.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Free and Easy*; Peake.

THURSDAY, August 27.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

FRIDAY, August 28.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

SATURDAY, August 29.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

MONDAY, August 31.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

TUESDAY, September 1.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

WEDNESDAY, September 2.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

THURSDAY, September 3.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

FRIDAY, September 4.—*Der Vampyr*.—*The Spring Lock*.

SATURDAY, September 5.—*Sister of Charity*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Spring Lock*.

- *Dramatis Personæ*.—Count Cremona, Mr. J. RUSSELL; Dense, Mr. SALTER; Alfred, Mr. WOOD; Adelle, Miss CAWSE; Eliza, Miss H. CAWSE.

The new musical interlude is (as usual) a translation from the French, and is very similar to a piece produced at Vauxhall this season, called *Musie Mad*. The plot is of a very simple nature, and may be thus described:—Count Cremona, a musical enthusiast, resolves to give his niece's hand to that suitor who can sing the most scientific air; accordingly, the lady's lover beguiles the old gentleman out of his consent by appearing—first as a troubadour—a Spanish minstrel—and lastly in his own character of an Englishman. The piece succeeded through the praiseworthy exertions of the different performers. Mr. Wood obtained but little applause in the first two airs; but the third, an English ballad, he gave with much true taste and expression; it is likely to become extremely popular. It is translated by Mr. Bailey, the music is by Mr. A. Lee.

MONDAY, September 7.—*The Witness*; Bailey.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Spring Lock*; Peake.

TUESDAY, September 8.—*The Spring Lock*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

WEDNESDAY, September 9.—*The Recruit* (1st time).—*Bombastes Furioso*.—*The Spring Lock*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Albert Ritzler (a Swiss Chief), Mr. J. VINING; Col. Lacrosse (Officer of a French Corps), Mr. BAKER; Hans Frankhausen, Mr. KEELEY; Pierre Pétard, (Serg. of Grenadiers), Mr. O. SMITH; Hector Le Brun, Mr. SALTER; Antoine, Mr. IRWIN; Sentinel, Mr. J. COOPER; Lory Quartz, Mr. F. MATTHEWS; Agnes (Wife of Albert Ritzler), Miss KELLY; Elise (her Sister), Mrs. KEELEY.

Albert Ritzler, (a Swiss patriot) despairing of being able to free his country from the yoke of France, enlists in their service; his wife is much agonized on learning this rash act, and being acquainted with the time he was to join his regiment, infuses a strong opiate in his wine, the effects of which do not subside till twenty-four hours

after the time appointed for him to be at head-quarters. He is considered as a deserter, and a party of soldiers are sent to his cottage to apprehend him. Agnes observes their approach, through the window, and discovers they are led by Pétard, a soldier, who had lately offered her some dishonourable proposals. Albert, on hearing this, seizes his rifle, and very prudently shoots him. Pétard rolls down a precipice, apparently lifeless, and Albert is taken and condemned to be shot for the murder; but, however, just as he is about to undergo his sentence, Pétard is discovered to be alive; he had secreted himself in the recesses of the mountain, in the hopes of being able to gain Agnes after her husband was dead.

The fable, however *simple*, is broken and entangled, through the total ignorance of the author, not only of the known and established rules of the drama, but of the occult science of story-telling: so much so, that we are surprised any man possessing common sense should write such stuff, still more that any manager should produce it. We put this simple question—If a deserter fires at, and wounds the leader of a party sent to apprehend him, would that at all mitigate the offence, and consequently change the sentence, because the man did not die of his wounds? But it is a mere waste of time to criticise such productions. The acting was, as is always the case at this house, excellent. This has been a fortunate season for Mr. J. Vining, for he has been placed in characters which have enabled him to exhibit talents that might have ever remained dormant to a London audience. Mr. Keeley was amusing as a village schoolmaster, who enlists in the French service, through a fit of jealousy about his mistress, Elise. Before quitting this drama, we beg to remind our dramatists of a very homely, though just proverb—"Too much of one thing is good for nothing." The jealousies, the quarrels, and the reconciliations between Mr. and Mrs. Keeley may be very amusing now and then; but when they form the main incident in every new drama, it is really quite unbearable.

THURSDAY, September 10.—*The Recruit.—Sold for a Song.—The Spring Lock.*

FRIDAY, September 11.—*The Recruit.—Sold for a Song.—Master's Rival.*

SATURDAY, September 12.—*The Recruit.—Sold for a Song.—The Spring Lock.*

MONDAY, September 14.—*The Recruit.—The Middle Temple.—The Bottle Imp.*

TUESDAY, September 15.—*Der Vampyr.—Sold for a Song.—The Sister of Charity.*

WEDNESDAY, September 16.—*Der Vampyr.—Bombastes Furioso.—The Spring Lock.*



Mr. O. Smith's *Bombastes* is equal, in dry original humour, to any piece of burlesque acting on the stage. He was admirably supported by Mrs. C. Jones, in *Distaffania*.

THURSDAY, September 17.—*Der Vampyr*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Spring Lock*.

FRIDAY, September 18.—*Der Vampyr*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*He Lies like Truth*.—*The Waterman*.

SATURDAY, September 19.—*The Sergeant's Wife*.—*The Quartette*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*Lying made Easy*.

MONDAY, September 21.—*The Noyades*.—*Presumption*; Peake.

TUESDAY, September 22.—

WEDNESDAY, September 23.—*The Spring Lock*.—*Military Tactics*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

THURSDAY, September 24.—*The Noyades*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*Free and Easy*.

FRIDAY, September 25.—*The Sister of Charity*.—*Gretna Green*.—*The Spring Lock*.

SATURDAY, September 26.—*The Noyades*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*Der Vampyr*.

## SURREY THEATRE.

August 28.—*False Friendship*; or, *The Irish Traveller*. This is an abridgement of an interesting melo-drama, called *False and True*.

Mr. Homerton played O'Rafferty, a favourite part of Irish Johnstone's, but not with much success. His acting is both deficient in ease and humour; some parts told well, particularly the account of his strange blunder in arriving at Naples instead of Dublin, through the similitude of the two bays.

August 31.—A new comic pantomime, *Tibby and Tabby*; Harlequin, Mr. Ellar; Clown, Mr. Paulo; Columbine, Miss Barnett. The new entertainment was much applauded by a crowded audience.

Sept. 7.—*The Red Rover*. This drama has been got up with great splendour, and some very appropriate choruses are introduced, the composition of Mr. Blewit. Mr. T. P. Cooke played the noble-hearted sailor (Fid) with much characteristic feeling; and Mr. Osbaldestone, as the Red Rover, was not only very energetic, but graceful and dignified; his intonation is remarkably clear and distinct. Mrs. Egerton made the part of Madame de Sacey very interesting by her excellent acting.

Sept. 21.—*The Flying Dutchman*; or, *The Phantom Ship*. This extraordinary drama has also been revived in a very pains-taken and creditable manner. Vanderdecken is another of Mr. T. P. Cooke's personations deserving the most unqualified praise; the wild and more than earthly gloom which seems to be stamped upon his visage,

and his mysterious and romantic appearance, inspired the spectators no less with awe than admiration. Vale played Reeve's part of the Cockney Dutchman with some humour, though we missed the rich drollery of the former. Mr. Forrest is not sufficiently sprightly for Toby Varnish, his action is far too mechanical.

*Black-Eyed Susan* has nearly reached the 100th night, and continues to be announced "every evening till further notice."

### COBURG THEATRE.

The only novelty here, during the past month, is a drama called *Kasil Irmark*; but this is merely *The Spectre Crew*, a piece played a few weeks ago at the Surrey; an account of it has been given. Cobham plays the Pirate. *The Doge of Venice* was very unsuccessful. We regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. E. L. Lewis, of this establishment, an actor who possessed some talent, and moreover was extremely useful.

### ASTLEY'S THEATRE.

*Timour the Tartar* has been the chief object of attraction at this theatre, during the past month.

### A DISSERTATION ON PANTOMIME.

THE name of Pantomime, which signifies an imitation of every thing, was first given to those comedians who imitated and explained all sorts of subjects by gesture. It originated amongst the Romans, as we are told by Zorimus and Suidas, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar.

The first inventors of this new art were Pylades and Bathyltus, who both rendered their names celebrated in the Roman history. They were both rivals in their art—the former protected by the Emperor, the latter by Mæcenas; and their disputes at times ran so high with the public, that on Cæsar himself once advising Pylades to live in greater harmony with his competitor, the other had the confidence to remark, "That the best thing that could happen to him, was to see his people busied in such a dispute;" thereby indicating that he could carry on the purposes of government more uninterruptedly. What seems very surprising is, that those pantomimes who so charmed the Roman people in this era of their highest polish and refinement, did not make use of the motions of their face, it being certain that they gesticulated with masks, in the same manner as the other comedians. Lucian says, in his 'Treatise on Dancing,' "that the pantomimic mask had not a wide mouth, like those of common

comedians, but was much handsomer;" and Macrobius relates, that Pylades being vexed once when he was acting the character of Hercules Furius, because the spectators complained that his gesticulation was extravagant, cried out to them, "Don't you know, you fools, that I am acting the part of a greater fool than yourselves?" Yet notwithstanding this very great inconvenience, the pantomime was so entire master of his action, and rendered his expression so marked and intelligible that the general character of his art was,

"Tot linguæ quot membra viri mirabilis est ars  
Quæ facit articulos ore silenti loqui."

Cassiodorus, with many other respectable authors, after speaking of the tragedies and comedies that were represented on the stage, called the pantomimes "Men, whose eloquent hands had a tongue as it were on the tip of each finger,—men, who spoke while they were silent, and who knew how to make an entire recital without opening their mouths,—men, in short, whom Polyhymnia had formed, to show that there was no necessity for articulating in order to convey our thoughts." Lucian likewise declares himself a zealous partisan of these dumb comedians, and we find he took a pleasure in relating such facts as might be an honour to their profession. Amongst other things he says, that a cynic philosopher treated their art as a childish amusement, and defined it a collection of gesticulations which the music and decorations rendered barely tolerable. But a pantomime of Nero's court, wishing to show the philosopher he was in the wrong, executed before him the amours of Mars and Venus in dumb declamation, without any instrument to accompany him, upon which the cynic frankly acknowledged he was master of a real art. The same author relates, that a king, whose dominions bordered upon the Euxine sea, happening to be at Rome, during the reign of Nero, begged of that prince very earnestly to let him have a pantomime he had seen perform, that he might make him his general interpreter in all languages. "This fellow," said he, "will make all the world understand him, whereas I am obliged to have I don't know how many interpreters in order to keep up a correspondence with my neighbours, who speak a great many different languages which I don't understand." Though it is not very difficult to conceive how the pantomimes could contrive to give an intelligible description of an action, and to signify by their gestures the words taken in their proper sense, such as the heavens, the earth, a man, &c. how is it possible, some will ask, to express by gestures words taken in a figurative sense, which occur so frequently in poetry?

The most satisfactory answer we can give to this question is, to relate the following story from Macrobius, which in a great respect may give us some idea of the way that Hylas, the disciple of Pylades, (the first inventor of pantomime) executed a monologue, after his manner, which ended in these words—"The great Agamemnon." Hylas, to express them, made all the gestures of a man that wants to measure another bigger than himself, when Pylades, who was in the pit, unable to contain himself, cried out, "Friend, by this you make Agamemnon only a big man, not a great man." On this the people called out for Pylades to perform it himself; he complied, and when

he came to that part for which he had publicly censured his disciple, he represented, by his gesture and attitude, the countenance of a person immersed in deep meditation, pointing out very properly by this action, that a man greater than others was he who had profounder thoughts. As we cannot, however, bring ocular testimony to the representation of those pantomimes, we are as little capable of deciding on the merits of their art, and how it was possible to be executed with such astonishing success, as we are of the method of dividing the ancient declamation between two actors. Those, however, who are diverted by seeing the Italian comedy at this day, may be, from this specimen, convinced that several scenes may be executed without speaking. But we can allege a fact, as related by the Abbé du Bos, which will evince, better than any argument, the possibility of the execution.

"About the beginning of the last century, a princess, remarkable for her great talents and taste for public spectacle, had a mind to see an essay of the ancient pantomimic art, in order to acquire a clearer idea of their representations than she had conceived by reading. For want of actors practised in the art, she solicited a man and a woman dancer, of superior genius in their profession, and extremely capable of inventing. She had ordered them to get ready to represent only with gesticulation, at the Théâtre de Sceaux, the scene of the fourth act of the *Horatii* of Corneille, in which the young Horatius kills his sister Camilla. They accordingly executed it, accompanied with music, adapted by a great master to the words of the scene, the effect of which was, our two new pantomimes animated one another to such a degree, by their gesticulations and expressive movements, that at length they shed tears, and consequently communicated them to the whole audience."

From this instance we may very well credit antiquity for the surprising accounts of their pantomimes, particularly when we consider the very great pains they were at in bringing them up to this profession.

Under the idea that emasculation produced a suppleness in their bodies superior to any other men, they all previously underwent this operation; the pantomime likewise required a particular size and make: and after he had been instructed in feats of activity, in attitude, and grace, he underwent a regular study in music, history, and several literary accomplishments. This art at present lingers in Italy. In England, though it never arrived at perfection in all its parts, (perhaps on account of our natural action not being lively and eloquent enough to be readily understood without the accompaniment of discourse), yet it received great encouragement at times, particularly under the celebrated Lun, and his pupil, Mr. Rich, then sole patentee of Covent Garden theatre, who, as far as mimicry went in their own persons, (bating the wide difference between ancient and modern pantomimic education) were perhaps little inferior to the artists of antiquity.

But it has been the case with this country, that however we may have occasionally succeeded in pantomime performers, the art itself came to us in a mutilated and imperfect state. With the Romans there was always a fable invented, or taken from history, composed

of regular parts, by which it became a considerable species of the drama, full of instruction and entertainment, and was in consequence, as we have before observed, often much more followed than tragedies and comedies. With us, we never had a fable important enough to draw the attention and esteem of the curious; consequently, the whole force of the pantomime rested on a single character, who generally wasted his attitudes in the explanation of trifles. But even these imperfect remains of pantomime are now exploded. For since the death of Mr. Rich, we have had no pantomime who did not consider his whole art to consist in fidgeting, skipping, and leaping; as for fable, it is entirely substituted by a jumble of mechanical deceptions, obviously calculated for no other purpose than to draw together the great and vulgar at the expense of public taste and judgment.

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#### MR. HUNTLY.

THE admirers of melo-drama will be gratified to learn that this favourite actor has recovered from a long and serious illness, and will shortly make his appearance at one of our Minor theatres.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN.

THE public Journals have been expressing their surprise at the extreme apathy evinced by the higher classes, and indeed, by the public in general, to the probable ruin of this magnificent theatre. Grieved as we, and all admirers of the drama, must feel at the truth of this statement, we can hardly find words to express our surprise and indignation at the coolness, the meanness, and the inhumanity exhibited on the part of those actors who belong, or formerly belonged to the establishment.

Why have the following "played Sir Rat, and fled like pampered vermin from a fallen house?"—Messrs. Fawcett, Blanchard, Warde, Young, Liston, Munden, Farren, Mathews, Jones, Wood; Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Jarman, Mrs. Chatterly, Miss Stephens.

Some of the above are now receiving very comfortable salaries at the rival house, and may therefore say, "What have we to do with Covent-Garden, or its distresses? It is to the interest of our master, that that theatre should be ruined." But, if no feelings of charity, if no love of the profession, holds any sway over their hearts, we think then, that motives of policy would induce them to subscribe; for the number of talented actors will be so great, that a reduction must take place in the salaries, or a dismissal from their engagements.

A Correspondent in the "Morning Herald," observes, "after enumerating a list of the defaulters, "Do these people suppose that the closing of Covent-Garden will benefit them; or, have they so little feeling, after having fed, and grown fat upon the salaries (enormous in some instances) which they have derived from this property, as to refuse to stretch forth a helping hand, to rescue hundreds of their unfortunate brethren from poverty, and the proprietors from ruin?"

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The following is a list of those admirers of the drama who have so generously come forward to relieve the theatre from its present difficulties.

	Loan.	Gift.		Loan.	Gift.
	£ s.	£ s. d.		£ s.	£ s. d.
Shakspeare Reed, Esq.			Sir George Smart ....	100 0	—
shareholder.....	200 0	—	Mr. Lawrence.....	—	1 1 0
W. Wallop, Esq. ditto	20 0	—	Mr. Moore, shareholder	—	10 0 0
Henry Alexander, Esq.	50 0	—	Mr. Hewitt .....	—	10 0 0
George Robins, Esq. ...	100 0	—	Mr. George Mew ....	—	5 0 0
John Thomas, Esq. ..	—	20 0 0	Mr. Lane .....	—	5 0 0
Richardson and Clunn	—	20 0 0	Captain Johnstone ..	—	5 0 0
Mr. Offley .....	—	5 0 0	Mr. Reed .....	—	5 0 0
H. Wordsworth, Esq. ...	—	5 0 0	Mr. Duraset .....	—	5 5 0
H. Twiss, Esq. M.P. ...	10 0	10 0 0	Mr. John Dawkins ..	—	25 0 0
C. M. Westmacott, Esq.	10 0	—	Mr. Tucker .....	—	5 5 0
Wm. White, Esq. ....	21 0	—	A Friend of Bartley ..	—	5 0 0
James Thomson, Esq.	—	5 5 0	Mr. Cannon .....	—	1 0 0
Loftus Lowndes, Esq.			Rev. W. Fallofield, share-		
shareholder.....	10 0	10 0 0	holder .....	—	5 0 0
Mr. Rhodes.....	—	5 0 0	Mr. Solomon Vaughan	—	2 0 0
Capt. George Harris ...	10 0	10 0 0	Mr. Bianchi Taylor ..	—	5 0 0
Mr. Cuttriss .....	10 0	—	Mr. T. W. Jones ....	—	5 5 0
Mr. Farley .....	—	5 5 0	Mr. Ward .....	—	20 0 0
— Wetton, Esq. share-			Mr. J. Hodgson ....	—	5 0 0
holder .....	10 0	—	Mr. H. C. White ....	—	10 10 0
W. Macready, Esq. ..	—	20 0 0	Reporter of 'Morning		
Mr. Cribb .....	—	5 0 0	Journal' .....	—	2 2 0
Mr. B. P. Bellamy.....	—	5 0 0	Mr. Vie .....	5 0	1 1 0
Mr. Sotheby .....	—	5 5 0	Mr. John Hare .....	—	1 1 0
— Ewing, Esq. ....	50 0	—	R. B. ....	—	2 0 0
H. Robertson, Esq. ..	—	10 10 0	Mr. Cooper of 'The		
Mr. Olivier.....	—	5 5 0	Standard' .....	—	1 1 0
Mr. Dowland .....	—	5 0 0	Mr. H. Chilton .....	—	1 1 0
Joseph Gwilt, Esq. ....	—	10 10 0	Mr. Burroughs .....	—	1 1 0
Mr. Dixon .....	—	5 0 0	Mr. Winkfield .....	—	1 1 0
J. H. Skelton, Esq. ..	10 0	—	Mr. E. Culliford ....	—	0 10 0
Mr. Notter .....	—	10 0 0	Mr. Pattison .....	—	1 0 0
Sundry Friends of ditto	—	47 15 6	Mr. J. W. Cooper ....	—	2 2 0
Mr. Wrench .....	—	10 0 0	Mr. Notter's Friend ..	—	1 1 0
Mr. Parland .....	—	1 1 0	The Editor of 'The		
Mr. Farley's Friend ..	10 0	5 0 0	Mirror' .....	—	1 1 0
'Public Ledger'.....	—	30 0 0	Mr. E. Harvey .....	—	2 2 0
Mr. Woodham .....	—	25 0 0	Mr. Pearson .....	—	1 0 0
Mr. Purday .....	—	2 0 0	Mr. Tierney .....	—	0 10 6
Alexander Lee, Esq. ...	—	5 0 0	R. L. ....	—	1 0 0
M. Bernasconi, share-			A Provincial Comedian	—	0 5 0
holder .....	—	10 0 0	Sundry Donations ....	—	1 4 6
Charles J. Pocock, Esq.	20 0	—	Mr. Denman .....	10 0	10 0 0
Mr. Foulkes .....	—	10 10 0	Mess. Lowdham, Parke,		
Mr. Grieve, scene paint-			and Freeth .....	—	25 0 0
er and shareholder... ..	20 0	25 0 0	Aug. Thessiger, Esq. ..	—	5 0 0
Son of an Old Performer	—	5 0 0	Mr. John H. Walton	—	1 1 0
Mr. Warren .....	—	5 0 0	Mr. Winston .....	—	5 0 0
Mr. Beighton .....	—	10 0 0	Mr. Gilbert .....	—	1 1 0
A Friend of the Theatre	—	10 0 0	'Court Journal' .....	—	5 0 0
Proprietor of the Cigar			Mrs. Siddons .....	—	20 0 0
Divan, King-street,			Madame Vestris ....	20 0	20 0 0
Covent-garden ....	—	5 0 0	Mr. Braham .....	—	25 0 0
Mr. Slack .....	—	1 1 0	'Dramatic Magazine'..	—	5 0 0
Mr. Milton .....	—	2 0 0	Duke of Montrose....	—	200 0 0
Mr. Thomas .....	—	2 0 0	Mr. Rothschild .....	—	50 0 0
Robert Vernon, Esq. ...	—	10 10 0			

## ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.

OWING to the distressing state of Covent Garden Theatre, several letters have appeared in the public journals, declaring that the appetite of the public for theatrical entertainments is completely wearing away in this kingdom. This idea is worthy of refutation; for, perhaps, at no period of stage history was the drama more followed by the mass of the public, than at the present moment; especially if we take into consideration the nature of the entertainments provided for them. Indeed, what greater arguments can be offered as a proof of this, when we may defy any person to show a period when dramatic professors received such enormous salaries, or when so many theatres were crowded to the ceiling at this season of the year? We have now upwards of twenty actors or actresses lolling in their carriages; and six summer theatres, proving rich sources of speculation to the proprietors. But though the patronizers of the drama are not diminished in quantity in this country, they are miserably so in quality. To endeavour to account for this, we should open so wide a field for discussion, that we could soon fill our limited pages. Among many probable causes, we may notice the mismanagement so glaringly displayed on the part of the conductors of our principal theatres, who are frequently so unqualified for the undertaking, that they inflict upon the public all the trash that is offered them. Another cause is, the great patronage afforded by the higher classes to the Italian Opera, when they prefer hearing nonsense sung in a language they do not understand, to having it spoken in their own. Many have founded their arguments on the decline of the drama by the present rage for pantomime and shows; but all who are acquainted with the theatrical history of this kingdom, must be aware that the triumph of noise, nonsense, mummary, and show, over sense and intelligence, has afforded food for the satirists from the drama's first institution in this country. Ben Jonson bitterly complained of it at the very dawn of our dramatic day, and in Garrick's time,—that time which has been proudly styled the golden age of the drama, the doors of the theatres, on the first night of a new pantomime, were obliged to be opened at three o'clock; and when the public demanded the institution of a half-price, Garrick made this proviso, "except on the run of a pantomime spectacle."

A long article has appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, on the drama, which states, that it is on the decline, though, however, no ostensible reasons are given to justify the assertion. There are two statements which we cannot help noticing. Why do all men of merit almost unanimously refuse to visit the theatres, and why will no man of real talent write for them?

The first requires no answer, as it remains to be proved, that no

man of merit will visit the theatre; the other may be thus accounted for. Among the numerous persons who have written for the stage, few have done so from choice, it has been through necessity; and it is a curious fact, that the first poet who received wages for his labours, was a dramatic poet. At the time when Otway and Lee flourished in this country, our periodical literature, which, at present, occupies so many otherwise idle hands, was very limited; so that those persons, who had nought but their talents to "feed and clothe themselves with," fortunately for posterity, were obliged to turn their attention to the stage; but now that our periodical literature has arrived to such an extent, and the writers paid so liberally, it is not to be wondered at that men prefer receiving a certain stipend for their labours, rather than run all the crosses and disappointments which attend dramatic productions.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### INCONVENIENCES OF THE STAGE IN GARRICK'S TIME.

THEATRES, then, were not large enough, on the benefit of a favourite performer, in the audience part, to contain the company: therefore the following advertisement appeared at the bottom of each play-bill, on any benefit of consequence:—"Part of the pit will be railed into boxes; and for the better accommodation of the ladies, the stage will be formed into an amphitheatre, where servants will be allowed to keep places." When a great house was not sufficiently ascertained, (as the performer judged) from the places taken and the tickets sold, at the bottom of the bill was, "N.B. Not any building on the stage." The inconveniences arising from this mode of building on the stage must have been very great. Suppose an audience behind the curtain, up to the clouds, with persons of a menial cast on the ground, beaus and no beaus, crowding the only entrance. What a play it must have been when Romeo was breaking open the supposed tomb, which was no more than a screen on those nights set up, and Mrs. Cibber prostrating herself on an old couch, covered with a black cloth, as the tomb of the Capulets, with at least (on a great benefit night) two hundred persons behind her, which formed the back ground, as an unfrequented, hallowed place of *chapless* skulls, which was to convey the idea of where the heads of all his buried ancestors were packed!

The stage spectators were not content with piling on raised seats, till their heads touched the theatrical cloudings; which seats were closed in with dirty worn-out scenery, to continue the painted round from the first wing, the main entrance being up stairs from the middle of the back scene; but when that amphitheatre was filled, there would be a group of ill-dressed lads and persons sitting on the stage in front, three or four rows deep; otherwise, those who sat behind could not have seen, and a riot would have ensued. So, in fact,



a performer, on a popular night, could not step his foot with safety, lest he should thereby hurt or offend, or be thrown down amongst scores of idle and tipsy apprentices.

The first time Holland acted Hamlet, it was for his own benefit, when the stage was in the situation here described. On seeing the Ghost he was much frightened, and felt the sensation and terror usual on the occasion, and his hat flew *a-la-mode* off his head. An inoffensive woman in a red cloak, (a friend of Holland's) hearing Hamlet complain the air bit shrewdly, and was very cold, with infinite composure crossed the stage, took up his hat, and with the greatest care placed it fast on Hamlet's head, who on the occasion was as much alarmed in *reality*, as he had just then been feigning. But the audience burst out into such incessant peals of laughter, that the Ghost moved off without any ceremony; and Hamlet, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, immediately followed, with roars of applause. The poor woman stood astonished, which increased the roar, &c. It was some time before the laughter subsided; and they could not resist a repetition (that merry tragedy night) on the re-appearance of the Ghost and Hamlet.—*Tate's Memoirs*.

#### A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

SIGNOR SPOZZI, a dancer at the Birmingham theatre, in the rage for novelty, announced for his benefit, in August, 1787, a dance by himself in the character of a Dæmon, surrounded by fire, and imprudently appeared on the stage with five half-pound rockets on his head, and one on each arm. He had not been dancing a minute before he was deprived of his senses, by the report of the gunpowder and smoke, and was first drove against the stage door in a state of stupefaction, from thence thrown into the pit over the spikes, and received eleven wounds in different parts of his body. He was all this while on fire, which communicated to the audience in the front of the pit, and several of them had their clothes, aprons, &c. much burnt by his imprudence.

#### FOOTE'S OPINION OF FARCES.

"A DROLL" was a vague expression, which those who spoke with propriety would choose to distinguish by the name of Farce, a sort of hodge-podge, dressed up by a gothic cook, and the mangled limbs of probability, common sense, and decency, served up to gratify voracious cravings and depraved appetites.

#### A GOTHIC GREEN ROOM.

WHEN application was made to the dean and chapter of Westminster, to obtain permission for Mrs. Clive, the actress, to be buried in the Abbey, one of the prebends said, he "had made no objection to burying Garrick and Henderson, in Poet's Corner, because each of them had talents, independent of their professions; nor did he see any particular objection to allow the same privilege to Mrs. Clive: but," added he, "if we do not draw some line in this theatrical ambition for mortuary fame, we shall very soon make Westminster Abbey a kind of Gothic Green Room."

## PRAYING FOR THE DEAD.

MRS. CIBBER wrote to Murphy, requesting he would send her word as to the success of his *Orphan of China*, adding, "I shall offer up my prayers for your success." Foote read the letter aloud, and returned it, saying, with great gravity, "Mrs. Cibber is a Catholic, and they always pray for the dead."

## ARTAXERXES.

WHEN Dr. Arne first brought the Opera of *Artaxerxes* to a rehearsal, Tenducci sung the air of "Water parted from the Sea," with such effect, that Miss Brent (afterwards Mrs. Pinto,) for whom the part of Mandane was composed, flew to Dr. Arne with some violence, and told him, "he might get whom he pleased to take Mandane, because he had given the best air in the piece to Tenducci."—In vain the poor Doctor strove to soothe her—she was ungovernable.—He retired from the theatre—sat down, and having first written the words of "Let not rage thy bosom firing,"—composed an air to them in the same character that marks "Water parted,"—though it is inferior in other respects:—this he presented to Miss Brent, who being struck with the application of the first line to her own violence of temper, told the Doctor, "that she was appeased, and would sing to the utmost of her ability to serve him."

## PERSONATIONS OF MACBETH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The following poetical fragment, I think, is worthy of insertion, as it gives a fair idea of the styles of the different Macbeths, from Quin to Macklin. Your admirer, J. P. C.

Old *Quin*, ere fate suppress'd his lab'ring breath,  
In studied accents grumbled out *Macbeth*:  
Next *Garrick* came, whose utterance truth imprest,  
While every look the tyrant's guilt confest:  
Then the cold *Sheridan* half froze the part,  
Yet, what he lost by nature, sav'd by art:  
Tall *Barry* now advanc'd tow'rd *Birnam* wood,  
Nor ill perform'd the scenes—he understood:  
Grave *Mossop* next to *Fores* shap'd his march,  
His words were minute-guns, his action, starch:  
Rough *Holland* too—but pass his errors o'er,  
Nor blame the actor when the man 's no more!  
Then heavy *Ross* essay'd the tragic frown,  
But beef and pudding kept all meaning down:  
Next careless *Smith* try'd on the murd'rous mask,  
Whilst o'er his tongue light tripp'd the hurried task:  
Hard *Macklin*, late, guilt's feelings strove to speak,  
While sweats infernal drench'd his iron cheek;  
Like *Fielding's* kings, his fancied triumph past,  
And all he boasts, is, that he falls the last.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST TRAGEDY IN OUR LANGUAGE.

THE first regular tragedy which England produced, was written at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign. This was the *Gorboducke*,

by Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, Lord Buckhurst, the original contriver of the *Mirror for Magistrates*; it is written in blank verse, and clothed in all the formalities of a regular tragedy. It was not intended for publication; but being surreptitiously and fraudulently printed in the year 1585, with the consent, and under the inspection of the author, a correct edition was printed in 1571. In the dramatic conduct of this piece, Mr. Warton observes, "the unities of time and action are eminently and visibly violated, a defect which Shakspeare so frequently commits, but which he covers by the magic of his poetry." "Our tragedies and comedies," says Sir Philip Sydney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, "not without cause, cried out against, observing rules, neither of honest civilitie nor skilful poetrie. Excepting Gorboducke, (again I say of those that I have seene) which, notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesie. Yet in truth it is very defective in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact modell of tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should alway represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed as it should be, both by Aristotle's precept, and common reason; but one day, there are both many days and many places inartificially imagined; but if it be so in Gorboducke, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia on the one side, and Affricke on the other; and so many other under kingdoms, that the plaier when he comes in, must even begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must beleeve the stage to be a garden. By and by wee heare news of shipwracke in the same place, then we are to blame if wee accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave: while in the mean time two armies flie in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

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#### ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED RICOBINI,

*who belonged to the Italian theatre in Paris, upon a visit to London in the year 1715, on seeing SPILLAR, the celebrated actor of that day, in the character of an Old Man.*

WHEN I was in London, a thing happened, which for its singularity deserves notice. At the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn fields I saw a comedy, taken from the *Crispin Medicis*. He who acted the old man, executed it to the nicest perfection, which one could expect in no player who had not had forty years' experience and exercise. I was not at all astonished in one respect, but I was charmed to find another, Mr. Guerin, that excellent comedian, master of the company at Paris, whom we had the misfortune to lose in our time. I was mistaken in my opinion that a whole age could not produce such another, when in our time I found his match in England, with the

same art, and with talent as singular. As he played the part of an old man, I made no matter of doubt of his being an old comedian, who, instructed by long experience, and at the same time assisted by the weight of years, had performed it so naturally. But how great was my surprise, when I learnt that he was a young man about the age of twenty-six ! I could not believe it, but I owned it might be possible, had he only used a trembling and broken voice, and had only an extreme weakness possessed his body ; because I conceived it possible for a young actor, by the help of art, to imitate that debility of nature to such a pitch of exactness : but the wrinkles of his face, his sunk eyes, and his loose and yellow cheeks, the most certain marks of great old age, were incontestible proofs of what they said to me. Notwithstanding all this, I was forced to submit to truth, because I knew for certain, that the actor, to fit himself for the part of this old man, spent an hour in dressing himself, and disguising his face so nicely, and painted so artificially a part of his eye-brows and eye-lids, that at a distance of six paces it was impossible not to be 'deceived. I was desirous of being a witness of this myself, but pride hindered me, knowing that I must be ashamed of the confirmation of it from the other actors.

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#### DRAMATIC AUTHORS.\*

MR. THOMPSON, the actor at the Haymarket theatre, waited upon Sir Richard Birnie, on the 17th ult., to know if he could take any steps to compel Mr. Barrymore, of Drury Lane theatre, to give any account and share the profits of two dramatic pieces written by him (Mr. Thompson) and brought out through the medium of Mr. Barrymore, the one at Drury Lane theatre, and the other at the Surrey. The piece brought out at the latter theatre was called *Jack Robinson*, and that which came out at Drury Lane was named *The Dumb Savoyard*. Mr. Elliston had payed Mr. Barrymore 50*l.* for the first piece, and he received from Mr. Price 54*l.* for the latter. Mr. Barrymore had refused to give him a farthing of the profits, although both pieces were entirely his own production.—Sir R. Birnie observed, that such conduct on the part of Mr. Barrymore was very shameful, and advised that he should apply to Mr. Price.—Mr. Thompson replied that he had done so, and learned from him the sum which he had paid to Mr. Barrymore for *The Dumb Savoyard*.—Sir R. Birnie : “ What does Mr. Elliston say ? ”—Mr. Thompson : “ I have in my pocket a very kind letter from Mr. Elliston, saying that *Jack Robinson* had a great run at his theatre, and stating the price which he paid to Mr. Barrymore for it.”—Sir R. Birnie : “ Does Mr. Barrymore deny your claim ? ”—Mr. Thompson : “ Oh, no ; he acknowledges the debt, but says he has not, as yet, received the money. Now I know that to be false, because I am assured, both by Mr. Price and Mr. Elliston, that he was paid by them. I gave the pieces to Mr. Barrymore, because I knew his interest was much better than mine, and he undertook to get them out and share the profits with me. I then

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\* The Edinburgh Review may justly state, that no man of real talent will write for the stage.

went to Paris, where I was quite delighted to learn that both my pieces had been so favourably received; but behold! when I wished to touch the profits, I found them melt from my grasp like the golden fruit in the fable.—Mr. Halls said it was a most dishonourable action on the part of Mr. Barrymore.—Sir R. Birnie: "You must proceed, I am afraid, by civil action."—"Then I fear I may go whistle for the money," said Mr. Thompson.—Sir R. Birnie expressed his regret that Mr. Thompson had no better prospect of a successful issue to his suit.—"It is the way of the world, Sir Richard," said Mr. Thompson. "Some men are made to prey upon the wits of others. Mr. Barrymore has had the reputation of producing dramatic pieces of his own composing; but what is the fact? Why, he has been wearing the laurels and pocketing the money of poor devils like myself."—"Such conduct, I must say," said Sir R. Birnie, "is most unprincipled."—"There are two of us who compose pieces for Drury-lane," said Mr. Thompson; "one is a knave, and the other is a fool; from what you have heard, you will have no difficulty in fixing upon the first, and I am afraid that the fool's cap will fit myself." Mr. Thompson having thanked the magistrates for their kind attention, bowed and withdrew.

Mr. W. Barrymore has contradicted, in the strongest terms, the above statement made to his prejudice by Mr. Thompson. He intends to prosecute for defamation. He says—the charge, "if it were true, would justify the worthy magistrate in designating such conduct 'shameful and unprincipled;'" and as I most positively deny every part of the statement, both with respect to Mr. Thompson being the author of the pieces, and that he has never received a farthing of the profits, I trust that will be sufficient to clear my character from such a foul aspersion, until the public be put in possession of the whole facts of the case, by an action at law for defamation and slander."

Mr. Thompson has written a reply to Mr. Barrymore's letter, in which he says—"Mr. Barrymore denies my being the author of the pieces which he has had performed as his own. I beg to say that 'author' is not the proper term—'manufacturer' would be more correct; he is the master—I am only the journeyman; he furnished the 'raw material,' which I wove in my mental loom (rather a weak machine, perhaps) till it appeared that flimsy article called *The Dumb Savoyard*, and which was played fifty-four nights at Drury-lane. My journeyman's wages were regularly paid, to the enormous amount of one shilling and elevenpence farthing per night—(a fact).—What my master received, I never could learn—but I have rebelled, and demand 'my share' of the market price, and I 'wish I may get it.'"

#### DR. DODD'S INTENTION OF BECOMING A DRAMATIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I enclose you a curious anecdote respecting the late Dr. Dodd, who, though he was not a dramatist, had the intention of becoming one (as you will perceive); I think you may allow it a place in your very entertaining work.

Your constant Reader,

J. F. C.

"The day after the doctor was convicted at the Old Bailey of the crime for which he afterwards suffered, he sent a note to Mr. William Woodfall, the original printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, requesting the favour of speaking to him on a very particular subject. Woodfall, who could never hesitate on a question of active and disinterested friendship, hastened to Newgate on the very morning of receiving the invitation.

"On entering the apartment where the doctor sat, he found it impossible to avoid taking some notice of his unhappy situation; but as he was commiserating it in an embarrassed, sympathizing manner, the doctor, with great apparent composure, interrupted him by saying, 'O! Mr. Woodfall, this is not the business I sent for you about. Sit down, and I will explain. Though I have not the pleasure of personally knowing you, I am not unacquainted with the line of your professional business; which, I understand, engages you much in the habits of the theatres, the managers, and theatrical pursuits in general. I likewise have a particular respect for your judgment in those matters; and on this account, I think you can be of some service to me.'—Here the other offering his civilities, the doctor proceeded.—'You must know, then, that being in my earlier days, like yourself, a lover of the drama, I sketched out a comedy, the hint of which I took from the story of Sir Roger de Coverley, in the *Spectator*. This piece I have finished, *since my residence in Newgate*; and if you will be so good as to revise it, and give me your interest with the manager, I shall feel myself much obliged to you.'

"Mr. Woodfall, finding himself relieved by the conference taking so different and unexpected a turn, instantly acceded to this proposal, took the manuscript away with him, suggested some alterations, which the doctor readily complied with, and afterwards corresponded with him on this subject till the week before his execution."

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#### SHERIDAN.

His wife's voice and the opera of the *Duenna* were the foundation stones of Sheridan's fame. He drew the plan of that successful drama from an old Italian novel, and, having finished it, was perpetually dunning the manager of Covent Garden to bring it out at his theatre; but for a considerable time without effect. Mr. Harris at length one day said to him, "Well, I am going down to Hampton Court to dine with Mr. Brummell, who, you know, is a judge of dramatic literature; you shall go with me, and take your opera in your pocket." This being carried into effect, and dinner over, Mr. Sheridan was called upon by the judges to read this opera. After a preface, enumerating the manifest disadvantages which a piece of the operatic kind must labour under in a bare recital, he began to read the performance; but had proceeded no great length, when the critics began to yawn; he, however, courageously persevered, and they preserved their patience with equal resolution, now and then encouraging him with a "well! and so?" and "what next?" until he arrived at the friars' scene, when they suddenly stopped him, with "Pshaw! pshaw! Mr. Sheridan, is it possible you can be mad enough to conceive, that an audience would swallow such a damned absurdity as a company of friars singing

a song!!! Zounds, Sir! the people would rise, tear up the benches, and hurl them at the chandeliers." Upon this Mr. Sheridan coolly put his opera up in his pocket, with this observation, "Either you, gentlemen, are, or I am, a damned blockhead." On the first night this unfortunate-fortunate piece was within a hair's breadth of a second, of a public, as well as a private damnation, and Leoni was so alarmed at the reception which he met with in the first act, that it was absolutely necessary to push him on, by main force, in the second; but when they came to the *friars'* scene it was received with such bursts of applause, that all apprehensions vanished, and the opera has been ever since esteemed as the best in the stock of Covent Garden house. It was reported to have redeemed the theatre from a state of bankruptcy!!

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#### BEGGAR'S OPERA.

GIBBON has an observation on the *Beggar's Opera*, which, whether just or not, is ingenious: "It has," said he, "had a beneficial effect in refining highwaymen, and making them less ferocious, more polite, in short, more like gentlemen." Mr. Courtenay, on hearing this, said, "Then Gay was the Orpheus of highwaymen."

When Mrs. Farrel played the part of *Macheath*, in 1777, at Covent Garden, there was a curious alteration made, on the suggestion of the moral Leffingham, at the end of the opera, by introducing a scene of Woolwich Reach, with the *Hulk*, and the hero entered as under sentence of three years' imprisonment to heave ballast, while the rival females were introduced to take leave, and a promise of marriage to Polly at the expiration of the sentence. A chorus song concluded, having for burthen,

The wicked to-day may be virtuous to-morrow.

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#### 1768, VERSUS 1829.

WHY sleeps the Comic Muse? the critics cry,  
Is ev'ry source of humour quite drawn dry?  
Is Genius at a stand, and Nature too?  
And has sly Satire nothing left to do?  
"None of all this;" say those who rule the stage,  
"Farces we have; and farce presents the age."

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#### THE LATE MR. HULL.

MR. HULL, who was for several years Deputy Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, always valued himself upon his address at making apologies to the public for the accidental calamities of the evening; and this habit was so deeply rooted in his nature, that when the fanatic mob assailed his house in the time of the ever memorable riots in June, 1780, in order to appease their rage he sent them out a barrel of table beer, untapped, which they, imagining to be porter, instantly drew the bung; but expressing much resentment at the deceit, and throwing some stones at the comedian's mansion, he

appeared at the centre window of the one pair of stairs room, with his velvet night-cap, and, after making three low bows, addressed the children of plunder thus:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen, upon my honour I have sent to Giffard’s brewhouse for some porter; in the meantime I must humbly solicit your usual indulgence.”

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QUIN used to say, he always looked at a London Theatre as the main ocean; for, continued he, when an author writes a piece here, he launches it upon the sea of criticism; and every one knows this is a most dangerous navigation, full of rocks and shoals, and no sure pilots but novelty, wit, and sense. An actor here first sets sail for the port of applause, and if lucky enough to double the cape of approbation, he may weather out a season, and taste the benefit of the April monsoons. As to the busses, smacks, frigates, transports, and tenders, which cruise here in fleets, they carry on a very illicit and dangerous trade, and if it was not for Philips’s Insurance Office, no navigator could get underwrote for less than cent. per cent. for though there are but few *privateers* upon this station, the fire-ships are innumerable.

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#### MADAME MARA.

Of the celebrated Madame Mara, it may be remembered how, during the performance of one of Handel’s grand choruses in Westminster Abbey, she kept her seat, while the Royal Family, with all who were present besides, who were all the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom, stood up. This was known at Oxford, when she was engaged there for the Grand Music Meeting, and they resolved to teach her better in future. As soon, therefore, as she appeared in the Theatre, she was called upon from all sides to avow whether she meant to practise the same there. Upon this, the worthy Professor, Dr. Hayes, who was fond of speechifying, came forward to assure the audience, that Madame Mara would stand up during the performance of the chorus in question; but, in his eagerness to allay the storm he saw arising, instead of this, the first words of the chorus running in his head, he told them, that Madam Mara would rise when “the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” This laughable blunder put the audience in such good humour, that, perhaps, it did more for the lady than even one of the Doctor’s best speeches could have done. This, however, did not last long, a performer in the orchestra, who was accompanying her in one of her songs, happening to play a little out of tune, so disarranged the lady’s feelings, that she turned round and flung the book she was singing from at his head. Upon this, Dr. Chapman, then Vice-Chancellor, rose, and in a tone of authority indignantly exclaimed, “Madame Mara has conducted herself too ill to be suffered to sing any more before this audience.” Immediately, an arch wag cried out, “A riot, by permission of the Vice-Chancellor!” The confusion instantly became universal, and the lady was handed out amid the hisses of an indignant auditory.



## FRENCH CRITICISMS ON MATHEWS AND YATES.

THE following are some of the remarks of one of the French critics on the performances of these actors.

"This was an extraordinary representation, and the audience which attended it was no less so. Conceive a Theatre Royal, in the most brilliant quarter of Paris, filled from ceiling to floor with a company among which not a hundred French of both sexes could be counted!"—"At the rising of the curtain, Mr. Yates pronounced a short preliminary speech, in very good French, but with an English accent, which was applauded by the French part of his audience only—the English part not understanding a single word of the matter. But their turn came next. Their favourite actor, Mathews, had only to show himself, to excite a universal shout of pleasure.

"The physiognomy of Mathews is, in its natural state, insignificant, and even vulgar; and his voice is hard, sharp, and harsh. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, he however sometimes produced a sufficiently comic effect: we say, sometimes, because in his ordinary recitation, he is overpowering from his volubility, and wearying from his monotony. He promised his auditory a history of his whole life; and he was unkind enough to keep his word."—"His Irish and Scotch songs, invariably sung in a key altogether different from that of their accompaniment, were perfect martyrdom to ears of any delicacy; and they occurred every now and then, by way of parenthesis, in his narration." [The critic evidently thinks that the *patter* of the songs was part of the narrative of Mathews's life!] After admiring the astonishing celerity of Yates in his transformations, &c. the critic adds,—“We are not aware what may be the comparative degree of merit assigned to these two famous mimics by the English public; but, to judge by the effect which they produced on the French portion of their audience, Yates would amuse more in a quarter of an hour, than Mathews in the whole hour.”

SEVERAL noticeable changes have taken place in the Drury Lane Company since last season, the result of which, it is said, will be a saving to the *entrepreneur* of 3000*l.* a year. Price is said to have offered Keeley and his wife 26*l.* a week, their salary at Covent Garden having been 16*l.* only; but Keeley has refused the offer under the present condition of the Covent Garden Company. The price to the Boxes is lowered to 6*s.*, and it is understood that it will be the same at Covent Garden.

We understand that there is no doubt whatever of Covent Garden Theatre opening the first week in October. Among the first novelties will be the appearance of a daughter of Mr. Kemble, as a representative of youthful tragic heroines. The first novelty among dramatic pieces will be a tragedy by the author of “Woman's Love.”

Fawcett retires from the stage management of Covent Garden Theatre, and Bartley takes his place.

Laporte has offered the Covent Garden Company a night at his Theatre free of expense, the proceeds to go towards the fund for opening the Theatre. It is said also, that Kean has offered to play twenty-four nights gratis.

They are said to have some clever actors in the Botany Bay Theatre, but no authors to supply them with pieces. It has therefore been suggested that the Colony should petition Parliament to make a law punishing *literary theft* with transportation; in which case the supply of dramatic authors would be rapid and plentiful!

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GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.

THE second act of this comedy is opened with the following song, which is said to be the first ever written in our language :

I cannot eat but little meate,  
 My stomach is not good ;  
 But sure, I thinke that I can drinke  
 With him that wears a hood.  
 Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,  
 I nothing am a colde,  
 I stuff my skin so full within  
 Of jolly good ale and olde.  
 Backe and side go bare, go bare,  
 Both foot and hand go colde ;  
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
 Whether it be new or olde.

I have no roaste but a nut-brown toaste,  
 And a crab laide in the fire ;  
 A little bread shall do me stead,  
 Much bread I nought desire.  
 No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,  
 Can hurt me if I wold,  
 I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd  
 Of jolly good ale and olde.  
 Backe and side, &c.

And Tibbe, my wife, that as her life  
 Loveth well good ale to seek,  
 Full oft drinkes she, till ye may see  
 The teares run down her cheek ;  
 Then doth shee troul to me the bowl,  
 Even as a malkworm should,  
 And saith, " Sweetheart, I took my part  
 " Of this jolly good ale and olde."  
 Backe and side, &c.

Now let them drinke till they nod and winke,  
 Even as good fellows should do ;  
 They shall not miss to have the bliss  
 Good ale doth bringe men to.  
 And all poor soules that have scoured bowls,  
 Or have them lustily troul'd,  
 God save the lives of them and their wives,  
 Whether they be young or olde.  
 Backe and side, &c.

## POETRY.

### THESPIAN GALLERY.

(Continued from page 221.)

"Come like shadows, so depart."

YOUNG.\*

LED by Melpomene with dignified mien,  
Young, her chaste and favoured child, is seen;  
Whose acting has much of the Kemble school,  
But he woes not with nature, but makes her his rule.  
His deportment is grand, his mind comprehensive,  
His conceptions are both just and extensive.  
In thunder harmonious his cadences roll,  
And the full tide of eloquence flows on the soul.

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\* This favourite performer was the son of Mr. Thomas Young, a surgeon, and was born in Fenchurch-street, on the 10th of January, 1777. He received the rudiments of his education under an eminent private teacher at home, and at the age of nine, accompanied a Danish Physician to Copenhagen, who had been some time in this country for professional improvement.

After an absence of a year he returned to his native country, and was sent to Eton, where he continued two or three years, and derived all the scholastic benefits that belong to that great seminary. The remainder of his classical education was conducted by the amiable and learned Mr. Bishop, at Merchant Taylors' School. It is said, that in his youth his declamation was distinguished by much point and theatrical effect. At the age of eighteen he was placed in the counting-house of one of the most respectable firms in the city, where he pursued commercial affairs for some time; but the apparent pleasures attendant on the exhibitions of the stage, operated to destroy his resolution for business, and he accordingly quitted his situation in about two years. With a view to try the effect of his powers in public, he performed a few times at the Private Theatre, Tottenham-court-road, with very marked and distinguished approbation. In 1798 he was engaged by Mr. Aicken, the then proprietor of the Liverpool Theatre, where he made his first appearance, in the character of Douglas, under the feigned name of Green.

It has been observed by his biographer, in the *Monthly Mirror*, "that the oldest performers declared, that they never had witnessed so excellent a first appearance." The success of his first effort, together with his increasing popularity, induced him to relinquish his assumed name. His fame having reached some distance round the country, he was engaged in the winter of 1798 and the following year as the hero of the Manchester theatre; and in the intermediate summer he returned to Liverpool, where he played every succeeding season while Mr. Aicken held the theatre. In the winter of 1800, 1801, and 1802, he displayed his talents in the leading characters at the Glasgow theatre, with the continued approbation of an admiring public.

On the opening of the new theatre at Liverpool, in 1802, by Messrs. Lewis and Knight, Mr. Young was engaged, where he continued every winter to support an extensive line of business, with the most approved success. In October, of the same year, Miss Grimani, from the Haymarket house, became a member of the above theatre; to whom he was married at Liverpool, on the 9th of March, 1805. In October of that year, he purchased Mr. Bellamy's share in the Chester theatre, where he and his wife enjoyed the patronage and respect of the public, and at which place he remained until he came to London.

In 1807, he suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his amiable companion; who, shortly after conferring on Mr. Young the title of father, fell a victim to a biliary fever. On the 21st of June, 1807, he appeared on the Haymarket boards, in the character of Hamlet.

His tones the cold ear of criticism warming,  
 Are audible, sonorous, manly and charming.  
 In the great points of acting, when the judgment's delighted,  
 The rays of concordance are aptly united:  
 The arm and the voice, the eye and the mien,  
 In him correspond to give force to the scene.  
 No abrupt opposition, the sense to confound,  
 Like a trumpet that's cracked, a hiatus in sound;  
 For the whirlwind of passion, though furious and warm,  
 The force of his judgment, e'en gives laws to the storm.  
 He roves the dominion of human ability,  
 But stops on the verge, ere he passes possibility.  
 Thus his sallies so aptly accord with his sense,  
 We can applaud without giving judgment offence.  
 Some critics there are, would his merits estrange,  
 And limit his powers to a trifling range.  
 Go find me his equal in Hamlet, Pierre, Oakley,  
 In Zanga, Chamont, Prospero and Beverly.  
 In the subtle Iago, sublimely infernal,  
 He bares ghastly vice, and exposes the kernel:  
 And so well clears the text of our moralist's pen,  
 That the head asks the heart, if such villains are men?  
 In the Stranger his woes are so ably exprest,  
 That the tale of his wrongs fill the void of each breast.  
 All the force of allusion attends on his will,  
 And the tears that gush forth prove the test of his skill.  
 Our pulses flow faint as the ear drinks the sigh  
 Of the despairing husband, whose wish is to die.  
 An integral dramatic performance, I ween,  
 Is seldom, alas! in these times to be seen.  
 Some component particle mostly is wanting,  
 To perfect the whole, when the muse is descanting.  
 And yet I challenge the critic's keen eye,  
 In Young's *Rienzi*,\* one fault to espy.  
 'Tis a total perfection, an excellent whole,  
 A felicitous union of body and soul.

## WEEKES,

Mark Weekes, like a whale, bears his fatness before him,  
 As the sprats of the Drama for mercy implore him;  
 His high garnished phiz, gives young pleasantness birth,  
 And his well-fed abdomen's a mountain of mirth.  
 Impertinent doubts run to measure his size,  
 While temperance looks at his frame with surprise;  
 Still the rich fat brogue of his Connaught spalpeens,  
 Conveys to the ear all propriety means.  
 His Father Luke's the true, sly, rotten prop of old Peter,  
 And Dan, in *Donahue*, could not be play'd neater.  
 But why for us critics need he care a fig?  
 If none call him great, all the world swears he's big.

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\* Miss Mitford, in her preface to *Rienzi*, states that Young's *Rienzi* was the very portrait her mind's-eye had drawn when writing the character.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

### CAMBRIDGE.

Miss Foote concluded her engagement on Saturday, with a benefit, when the theatre was numerously attended. The performances were—*A Bold Stroke for a Husband*; *Persontation*; and *The Little Jockey*; in all of which Miss Foote acted with such spirit and vivacity as to elicit frequent and deserved applause. In the comedy, however, she was so feebly supported, that it required the utmost exertions of this elegant actress to prevent the audience testifying their marked disapprobation during several of the scenes.

On Monday the play of *The Honey Moon*, and the farce of *No Song No Supper*, introduced two new candidates for public favour, Miss Penley and Miss Crawford; the former, as the representative of Juliana, displayed considerable talent, and received merited approbation; and the principal strength of the company being brought forward on this occasion, the comedy went off with much spirit. Miss Crawford, as Margareta, in the farce, sang with some taste, and met with a favourable reception.

The nautical drama of *Black-Eyed Susan*, which has been so remarkably successful at the Surrey Theatre, was produced here on Tuesday. The characters of Black-Eyed Susan, William, and Gnat-brain, were allotted to Miss Poole, Balls and Burton, all of whom gave due effect to their respective parts; and the piece being upon the whole very well got up, the audience testified their satisfaction by the loudest plaudits.

The petite comedy of *The Green-Eyed Monster*, and some other new pieces, already produced, have been rendered highly amusing by the humour and spirit with which the leading characters were generally supported.

### LEAMINGTON.

Madame Vestris and her sister have been playing here three nights, to the greatest houses ever known at Leamington.

### BRISTOL.

Sept. 23.—The performances of this week have been attended by select, though by no means numerous audiences, with the exception of Monday evening, which was for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Woulds. On Friday, Mrs. Waylett took her benefit, when the opera of *The Marriage of Figaro* was performed; the house was well

filled. On Tuesday, *King Lear*. Mr. Gregory, a gentleman who performed last season at the Haymarket, was very respectable in some scenes as Lear, Miss Brothers' Cordelia and Mr. Brunton's (the manager) Edgar were much applauded. The theatre closed for the present season on Friday last.

### MANCHESTER.

Mr. Kean, Jun. has been playing here to some very indifferent houses. Mr. Blanchard and Miss Byfield.

### BRIGHTON.

Sept. 19.—The benefit of Mr. Kean, Jun. was well attended on Monday. Dowton appeared as Dr. Cantwell, and played the part to the very life. Russell shone as Mawworm, which he does, we think, nearly, if not quite as well as Liston. Dowton also performed some of his favourite characters on Tuesday and Wednesday, on which latter evening he took his benefit; but from the dreadful wetness of the evening, the audience was by no means numerous; he played Sir Abel Handy, Scout, and Old Doiley.

### LIVERPOOL.

Monday, Sept. 14.—The comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage* was played to a well-filled house for the benefit of Mr. Montague. Lord Ogleby by an amateur of fashion, as he was styled in the bills (Col. Berkeley); but who, nevertheless, exhibited a familiarity with the manners, practice, and business of the stage. The announcement, doubtless, had its effect in the way of attraction, and the performance was more satisfactory than could have been expected from any amateur. On Tuesday, the comedy of *John Bull* introduced, for the first time, to a Liverpool audience (we were very sorry to observe the thinnest attendance we have seen for some time) Mr. Power, in the character of Dennis Brulguddery: he has since appeared as Dr. O'Toole in *The Irish Tutor*; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in *The Rivals*; and Murtoch Delany, in *The Irishman in London*, to the perfect delight and satisfaction of a well-filled house. To those who have any relish for the whim and humour of Irish character, and can enjoy its exhibition with a less degree of polish in general, but with more of the force of truth and nature than was the wont of the late excellent Jack Johnstone, we know not that we could recommend any thing so

likely to promote their pleasure as an attendance upon this gentleman's future performances. On Wednesday, Mr. Mackay took his benefit, and was deservedly honoured by one of the fullest attendances of the present season. The play was *The Bride Lammermuir*, in which he delighted us with one of the richest pieces of comic acting, and one of the most finished specimens of dramatic portraiture we have ever witnessed, Caleb Balderstone.

Sept. 21.—The most prominent feature in the performances of the present week, has been the appearance on these boards, of Mr. Braham; an event, of which we believe our townsmen had abandoned every hope. The characteristics of this gentleman's style of singing are still what we have known them to be these—we will not say how many years; and the quality of his voice continues as pleasing as at any period of that term, though some little changed; the upper part of his range being slightly impaired, while its lower notes have acquired additional depth and fullness. We never witnessed a more perfect display of his power, to touch the sympathy of his hearers, than in the melting sweetness and touching pathos with which he sang Queen Mary's lament—"I sigh and lament me in vain," introduced in the dungeon-scene in *The Devil's Bridge*; "The winter is past," in *The Lord of the Manor*; "Thro' the Forests," and "Love, good night," in *Der Freischütz*; nor was the effect of his peculiarly energetic style ever more triumphant than in "Here's a health to the King,"—"Scots wha hae,"—"The death of Nelson"—and "The horn of chase." Long may he retain those powers, and may our opportunities be frequent of enjoying their exhibition. Miss Forde, who has also been performing here this week, has won great favour with the audience, by the modest unobtrusiveness of her manner; and she is a pleasing singer, though not pretending to any extraordinary excellence. The after-pieces have been abundant in entertainment for the laughter loving, *The Invincibles*, and *The Review*, affording good scope for the admirable talent of Mr. Power, in delineating the rich varieties of broad humour in Irish character; and he has been ably supported by Mr. Bedford, as Sergeant Brusque; Mr. W. J. Hammond, as Tactique; Mr. Browne, as Caleb Quotum, and Mr. Meadows, as John Lump. The success of Mr. Power's exertions to please his auditors, has been well attested by the continued shouts of laugh-

ter, and hearty peals of applause, with which they have been rewarded.

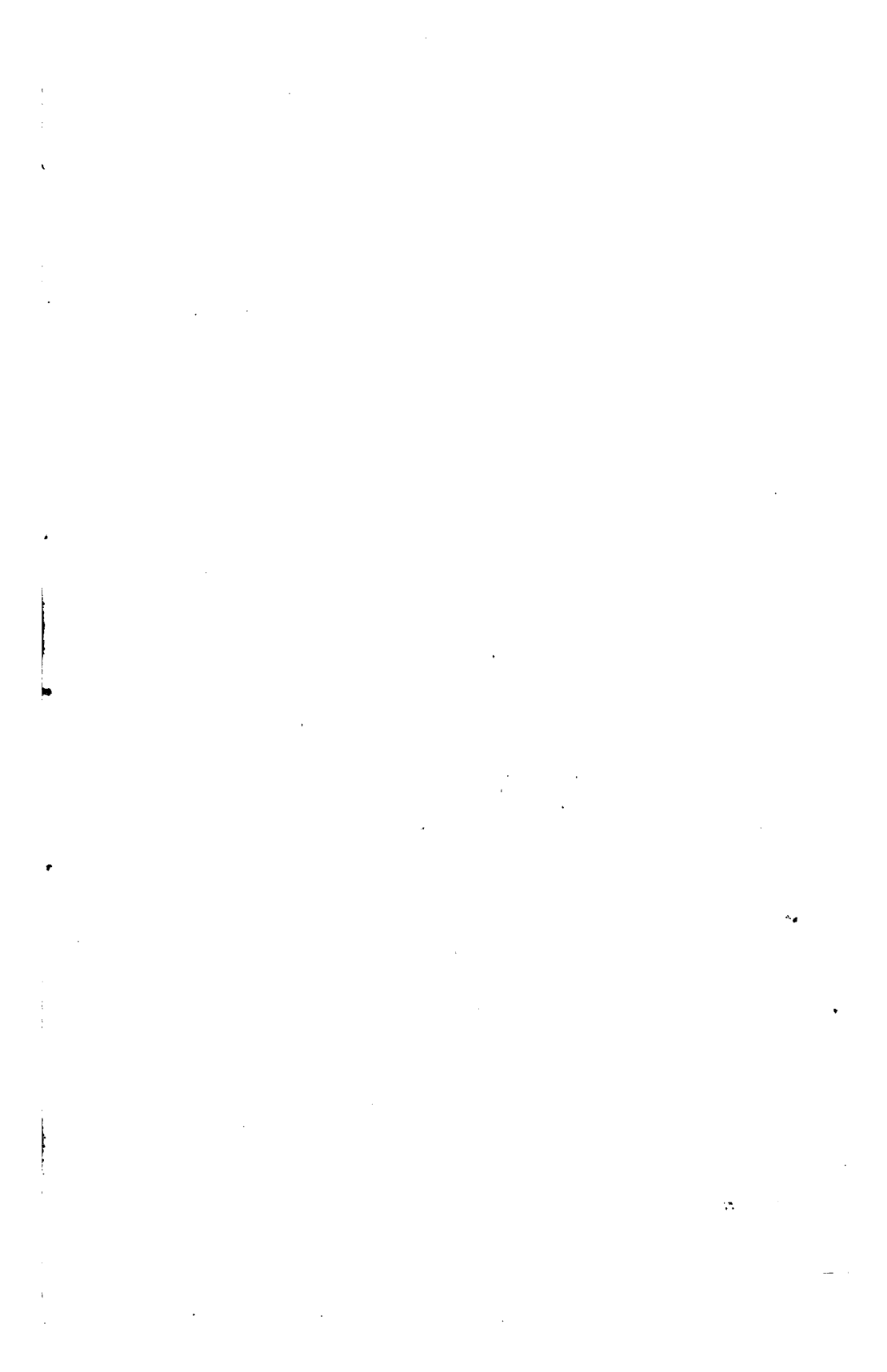
The Liverpool audiences cannot complain of any want of spirit on the part of the managers, for in addition to the names we have already enumerated, are Miss Jarman, Mr. Harley, Mr. Green, &c. &c.

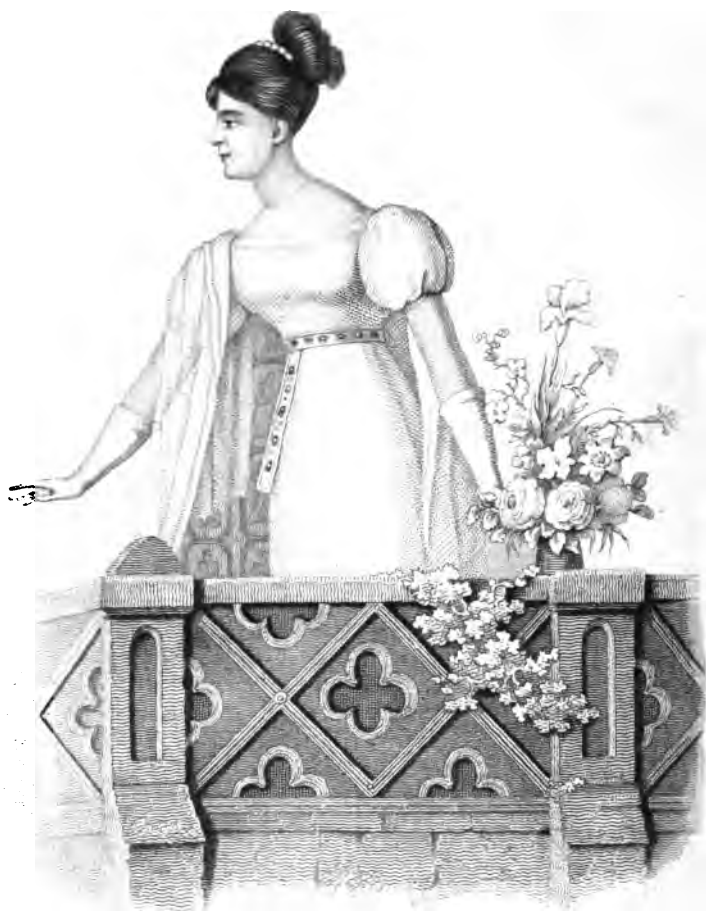
#### LEEDS.

On Friday week, the theatre closed for the season, when the most brilliant audience we ever witnessed during the season, honoured the manager by their presence. The peculiar feature of the evening, was the performance of a first-rate opera, called *The Innkeepers*, translated from the French of Jouay, (the music by Catel) the celebrated professor of Harmony in the Imperial Institute, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Cummins. It is an epoch in provincial theatricals, and the Leeds boards may justly boast of priority in emancipation from the metropolitan bondage and succumbency to cockney taste. While we feel proud of this, we cannot but regret that the success of this enterprise (and one more decided cannot be imagined) should confer upon the achiever so little of that solid recompence which would in London have rewarded his labour. The selection of the subject, both as a drama and musically, is no less indicative of taste than judgment, and judging from its effect in the performance, Mr. Cummins seems to have seized upon the very spirit of the witty author of the original. When our readers are informed that this opera contains more music than any in our knowledge upon the English stage, and that by far the greater portion is for a number of voices (from four to nine principals), their surprise will be considerable at being told that its performance was faultless, and elicited the warmest applause we ever heard within the walls of this or any other theatre. At the close of each act, and at the conclusion of the piece, several distinct rounds or peals of applause were given. The characters are remarkably and happily varied, and were admirably sustained.

#### BIRMINGHAM.

Sept. 21.—The theatre opened for the season with *The Honey Moon*. The Duke, Mr. Warde; Jacques, Mr. Harley; Lampedo, Mr. Meadows; Rolando, Mr. Montague; Montalbain, Mr. Hunt (formerly of Covent Garden); Juliana, Miss Jarman. *The Youthful Queen*. Bury, Mr. Warde; Christina, Miss Taylor. *Frightened to Death*.





*Painted & Engraved by T.L. Busby, for the Dramatic Magazine.*

MISS FANNY KEMBLE,  
*as Juliet in Romeo & Juliet.*

*London, Published Nov. 7, 1829, by Whittaker Treacher & Arnot Ave Maria Lane  
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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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DRURY LANE.

THURSDAY, October 1.—*Hamlet*.—*Thierna-na-Oge*.

This theatre, during the recess, has been cleaned and decorated, and altogether presents a neat and comfortable appearance.

Mr. Young's personation of the melancholy Dane exhibited all that chasteness, force and propriety of action and delivery which has rendered it one of the highest intellectual gratifications the drama of the present day is capable of affording; indeed we are convinced, that, taking the performance as a *whole*, it never was surpassed. Garrick's countenance might have been more expressive, Kemble's deportment more princely and dignified; but the soliloquies have never been given with more feeling, taste, variety, or with such impressive and harmonious intonation.

Mr. Young was rapturously received by a crowded house, and was loudly cheered throughout the play.

A Miss Faucit, who performed Letitia Hardy a short time ago at the Haymarket for Mr. Farren's benefit, was the Ophelia of the night. Though neither her face or figure are calculated to convey to the spectator's eye the more than mortal loveliness and indescribable delicacy which the author has drawn, her performance was highly respectable; her mad scene was much applauded.

Mr. Browne played Polonius for the first time. He is a clever and a useful performer, but his acting wants firmness; his portraits are mere sketches, destitute of that fulness and tone in which the great art and beauty of acting consists. His Polonius was little more than Mr. Browne in a white wig.

Mr. Cooper's Ghost was very good; his deep sonorous voice was heard to great advantage, but he showed a strange contempt for punctuation.

Mr. Younge was the King; Mrs. Faucit the Queen; Aitken, Horatio; J. Vining, Laertes; and Harley, the Grave Digger.

This tragedy would be much more followed, if some judicious curtailment was made respecting the last two acts; for to say the least of it, they are very heavy: the whole interest of the play ends with the third act. The madness of Ophelia excites some attention, but the coarse jokes of the Grave Digger are only calculated to amuse the lowest frequenters of the galleries. Mr. Twiss, in his Tour in Ireland, relates an anecdote, of the galleries pelting the Grave Digger off the stage, pronouncing him an unfeeling rascal for singing in such a place. This anecdote is told in ridicule of the Irish, but we think it evinced just feeling and discrimination.

Before we quit this tragedy, we cannot help noticing two points of Garrick, which would be stigmatized by the critics of the present day as vile trickery. In the play-scene, after the guilty King has fled, Garrick invariably walked about, twirling a white pocket handkerchief round his head; and in the chamber scene with his mother, he had a chair constructed with taper legs, for the purpose of more easily upsetting it at the appearance of the Ghost.

FRIDAY, October 2. — *Rob Roy*; Pococke.—*Ballet*. — *Illustrious Stranger*; Kenny. Rob Roy, Wallack; the Bailie, Liston; Diana Vernon, Miss Graddon.

Mr. Wallack's acting has undergone no change by his short absence, but his whiskers have grown considerably. The house was very indifferently filled.

SATURDAY, October 3.—*Love in a Village*; Bickerstaff.—*Deaf as a Post*.—*Comfortable Lodgings*.

Young Meadows was played by Mr. Incledon, whose life hitherto has been occupied in agricultural pursuits, but who has suddenly abandoned Ceres for Apollo, as Mr. Planché would say. His voice is pleasing, and resembles his father's in the lower notes, but is not sufficiently powerful for so large a theatre. He was well received by a very scanty audience, and was encored in two of his songs. His figure and whole appearance is coarse and ungentlemanly to a superlative degree. All the other characters were by no means creditably sustained, if we except Mr. Bland's Eustace, whose acting was very animated. Miss Betts's manner, and indeed her whole deportment, is not sufficiently polished for the romantic Rosetta. The lady did not shine through the guise of the chambermaid; she, however, gave the air "Go, Naughty Man," &c. with much appropriate archness. Mr. Browne's Justice served but to remind us of the absence of Downton. We know little of the mysteries of management or the

secrets of the Green Room ; but all admirers of the drama must unite with us in cursing the intrigue, caprice, selfishness, or avarice that causes the absence of one of the most chaste and natural comedians of the present day.

MONDAY, October 5.—*Hamlet.*—*Ducrow's Living Model of the Antiques.*—*Der Freischütz.*

TUESDAY, October 6.—*Love in a Village*; Bickerstaff.—*X Y Z*; Colman.—*Ballet.*—*Mr. Ducrow, &c.*

The Ballet is only worthy of notice on account of the very graceful dancing of Miss Angelica. The house was very empty.

WEDNESDAY, October 7.—*A Cure for the Heart Ache*; Moreton.—*Mr. Ducrow, &c.*—*The Haunted Inn.*

THURSDAY, Oct. 8.—*Rienzi*; Mitford.—*Mr. Ducrow, &c.*—*Thierna-na-Oge.*

FRIDAY, October 9.—*The Partizans*; Planché.—*Mr. Ducrow, &c.*—*The Lord of the Manor*; Gen. Burgoyne.

In the play, Miss Faucit took Miss E. Tree's character of the Duchess de Bourbon, but she wanted the elegance and vivacity of the former representative. Miss Graddon played Miss Love's character of Georgette, with much success. In the opera, Mr. Sinclair reappeared at this theatre, after an absence of five years. He was well received. Miss Betts ought not to have played Annette. Mrs. Malaprop says, "Comparisons are odorous;" but they will intrude themselves. The house was very full at half-price.

SATURDAY, October 10.—*Rienzi*; Mitford.—*Mr. Ducrow, &c.*—*Der Freischütz.*

MONDAY, October 12.—*Macbeth.*—*Ballet.*—*Don Giovanni.*

Volumes have been written on this sublime composition; yet such are its wonderful beauties, that it will ever afford food for the panegyrist. The character of Macbeth is one that, if it could have been sketched, could hardly have been sustained by any other hand than Shakspeare's. It is full of that strong contradiction to be found nowhere but in Shakspeare and in nature. Daring and irresolute, ambitious and submissive, treacherous and affectionate, superstitious and careless of the future, a murderer and a penitent; the powerful hold the character takes upon our feelings, from his first meeting with the Weird Sisters, to the final resolution of not yielding to his foe, is wonderful. As an unmingled, cold, and gloomy murderer—as the mere subordinate of an ambitious wife—or as a man of high qualities, urged to a ferocious act by an impulse above his nature, Macbeth would have lost his impression upon us; but as a compound of all, a perfect interest is excited, and he passes from the scene,

leaving a feeling, in which pity predominates over justice, and our natural abhorrence of his crimes is sunk in our admiration of the struggles of his virtue. Mr. Young's Macbeth, though it does not possess the even beauty of some of his other personations, is a most talented performance; the whole of his second act is awfully grand and sublime, while, at the same time, his conceptions are original and just. Instead of at once starting at the ideal dagger, as if he was fully convinced of its appearance, he kept his eye fixed on "the painting of his fear," till the brain-sick bewildered imagination made it real; shrinking from its belief, and returning to it with a struggling conviction, until it obtained full possession of him. His last scene was inimitably grand: to use an expression in the play, "Nothing became his life more than the leaving of it." The idea of the hero, after having been repeatedly wounded, having just sufficient strength to support himself on his sword, while his whole frame trembles with shame and indignation at being no longer able to cope with his adversary, was received with loud cheers by the audience.

Mrs. Bunn's Lady Macbeth is the best of the present day; but, alas! that is no praise. Her first soliloquy was too noisy. Mr. Cooper's Macduff wants the grand essential—sensibility; nothing could be more unnatural, discordant, disgusting, or unfeeling, than his mode of shouting out, "He has no children." Besides, he commits a great error, in applying the expression to Macbeth, for it is very clear that Macbeth had children. Serle very properly turned to Rosse, and pointing to Malcolm, spoke the words in a low tone of bitter sorrow. The other characters were indifferently sustained. Mr. Lee mouthed Malcolm, and Mr. Aitken looked more like a Scotch pedlar than a veteran warrior.

Tuesday, October 13.—*Guy Mannering*; Terry.—*Deaf as a Post*.—*Thierna-na-Oge*.

Wednesday, October 14.—*Epicharis* (1st time).—*Masaniello*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Nero, Mr. COOPER; Caius Piso, Mr. WALLACK; Fenius Rufus, Mr. AITKEN; Subrius Flavius, Mr. YOUNG; Sulpicius Asper, Mr. YOUNGE; Scevinus, Mr. LEE; Quinctianus, Mr. CATHIE; Volusius Proculus, Mr. J. VINING; Senecio, Mr. YARNOLD; Natalis, Mr. THOMPSON; Centurion, Mr. HOWELL; Demetrius, Mr. HONNER; Epicharis, Miss PHILLIPS.

The first scene is laid in the abode of Epicharis, a freed maid of Greek descent, who is the betrothed of Flavius, a tribune of the Pretorians. Flavius, in a dialogue with Epicharis, discloses to her a plot in which he has engaged with Caius Piso, and other Romans, to deliver his country from the yoke of the tyrant Nero, whose cruelties and excesses know no bounds, though, at the same time,

he expresses a distrust of his confederates; for, with the exception of himself, and Sulpicius Asper, they have engaged in the plot, not from motives of patriotism, but solely to forward their own interests.

SCENE II. *The House of Scevinus*, (the meeting-place of the conspirators.)—Caius Piso appears, a man of great note in the city, and remarkable for his powers of eloquence. In a soliloquy, he avows the ambitious views he had formed of placing himself on the throne of Nero. Natalis, Scevinus, Fenius Rufus, and other conspirators, enter, who are all willing to forward the interests of Piso. These are shortly followed by Flavius, and "his grim shadow, Asper," as Rufus terms him. Piso harangues the conspirators; observing that words could not inspire with valour men who were not alive to a sense of their wrongs, he enumerates the various atrocities of Nero, and concludes with urging the necessity of his destruction. The conspirators loudly applaud the resolution, and fix the feast of Ceres for the accomplishment of the deed. Flavius, in a very animated speech, advises an earlier period. The proposal is rejected, and he departs dissatisfied. Thus ends the first act.

ACT II. *The Abode of Epicharis*.—Epicharis, fearful that her lover's party is not sufficiently strong for their great design, thinks she might prevail on Volusius Proculus, (who holds a post of great importance,) her rejected admirer, to join them. After reminding him of the wrongs and injustice he has suffered from Nero, she discloses to him the general nature of the plot, for he seems eager to join it, concealing all but the names of the conspirators. Volusius at once suspects Epicharis's motives for soliciting his aid, and declares, that, unless she promises her hand, he will denounce her to Nero. He departs, leaving her two hours to decide. While terrified at the consequences of her rash disclosure, her lover Flavius enters; and, surprised at her strange hesitation and anxiety of manner, eagerly inquires the cause. She declares all is lost. Flavius charges her with betraying him to Proculus. Epicharis replies, "No, your love is not wronged, it is your life that is in peril." This assurance transports Flavius, who embraces her, saying, "Nay, then we'll smile again." The act concludes with Flavius bethinking on some plan to save his betrothed from her perilous situation.

ACT III. *The Court of Nero*.—The tyrant is reclining on a couch, surrounded by his guards, and issuing out various mandates of cruelty. Proculus appears, and denounces Epicharis, who is ordered to be produced. The Greek, in an ingenious speech, imputes his accusation to her rejection of his love. Proculus renews his charge, and asks her, if she can deny it. Epicharis advances to the throne, and kneeling down, exclaims, "Dread Emperor; deign to place your hand on your servant's; if it trembles, pronounce me guilty; if not, let me

depart free.”\* The trial is made, and she is allowed to depart. At this juncture, word is brought that a slave of Scevinus had accused his master of being engaged in a conspiracy. Nero orders Epicharis to be tortured, and the slave to be brought before him.

SCENE II. *The House of Scevinus.*—The various conspirators are assembled. They complain of Flavius not being zealous in their cause. He indignantly repels the imputation, and declares that he has just sacrificed all that made life dear to him for the cause; informs them of his having acquainted Epicharis with the plot, and the consequences; and, finally, his resolution of resigning her to Proculus. The conspirators are incensed, and declare he has betrayed them. Flavius, to appease them, solemnly vows, that if Epicharis reveals one of their names, his life shall pay the forfeit. They are scarcely satisfied, when Senecio enters in haste, to state, that all is discovered; that Nero's guards are in pursuit of them; and that Epicharis had disclosed the whole plot. Flavius stands transfixed with horror. The conspirators demand his forfeited life, and all depart, but Scevinus and Natalis, who are left to despatch him. Flavius escapes through the entrance of Nero's guards, who seize upon the two conspirators.

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A Street in Rome.*—Flavius is informed by Asper, that Epicharis has not betrayed them. Transported with joy at the tidings, he resolves to seek Piso, and urge him to a second enterprise

SCENE II. *The House of Piso.*—Piso, in the dread of being momentarily taken, swallows poison; Flavius arrives in time to see him expire. Rufus enters, and Flavius hears, for the first time, of the cruel tortures Epicharis has undergone. Rufus promises the almost heart-broken lover he shall have an interview that night with his betrothed in her dungeon, for he has the command of the guard. This act concludes with Rufus soliloquising on the hatred he bears to Flavius, and his determination of sacrificing him.

ACT V. *The Dungeon of Epicharis.*—Epicharis, pale and exhausted, is reclining on a pallet. Flavius rushes in, and, after a short dialogue, in which he ascertains she is to be brought before Nero that morning for the last time, gives her a paper, containing the names of the conspirators, entreating her to present it to Nero. On his declaring that it is for both their interests, she, with much reluctance, consents.

SCENE II. *Conspirators led to execution.*

SCENE III. *The Gardens of the Palace.*—Flavius, Asper and Rufus, enter, and afterwards Nero and his court. Epicharis is brought

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\* We only pretend to give the purport of her speech.

before him, and ordered to reveal the names of the conspirators. She maintains the same unshaken firmness of purpose, and is sentenced to swallow a cup of poison. She, with pleasure, is about to obey the mandate, when Flavius comes forward, and obtains permission to extort confession from her. Taking Epicharis aside, he entreats her to give him the paper, and ask the Emperor for "Flavius to deliver it." Leave is granted; he advances to the throne, and is in the act of drawing his dagger to stab Nero, when Rufus rushes forward, and wrests it from him; he, however, almost at the instant, is punished for his treachery, by a mortal wound from Asper. The denouement now takes place. Flavius is ordered to immediate execution, and Epicharis seizes the poisoned cup, drinks it, and dies!

As a well-written tragedy is by no means an every-day occurrence, we shall present our readers with a clear, though, we fear, a somewhat prolix analysis of the merits of Epicharis; and we feel more inclined to the task, on account of the frivolous (and, to the author, no doubt vexatious) objections which have been made to it by many of the newspaper critics. One has pronounced that the tragedy is deficient in action; another, that the death of Miss Phillips is far too sudden; a third, that Piso's address to the conspirators is a counterpart of Rolla's well-known address to the Peruvians. Leaving these remarks for an after-discussion, we will commence our analysis. The opening scene is deeply interesting, and well developes the disposition of the two principal characters, and the perilous situation in which they stand; (though some of Epicharis's high-strained eulogiums on her countrymen might be safely omitted,) the spectators are at once charmed with the noble patriotic zeal of Flavius, and the Grecian spirit and true feminine character of Epicharis, pleased at her lover's exertions in the cause of liberty, yet apprehensive of the consequences. The second scene is not so good. Piso's eloquent address to the conspirators, on their country's sufferings, is an error almost amounting to an absurdity; for we have been distinctly told, that the conspirators, with the exception of two, are the creatures of Piso, and men totally destitute of any patriotic feeling. The sarcastic reply of honest Asper, on Scevinus claiming the honour of despatching Nero, from being the possessor of a charmed sword, forms a spirited conclusion to the end of the first act.

The opening scene of the following act is highly effective, and was admirably acted. Vining recounted the sufferings of rejected love with great force and feeling; and the interview that follows between the lovers is deserving of the most unqualified praise. The change in Young's manner and countenance, on being told that his love was not wronged, was quite electrical, and was most vehemently applauded.

We now come to the third act. Nero is the mere tyrant of melodrama, such as Farley was wont to treat the gods with on an Easter

Monday. Every word he utters teems with cruelties; all his sentences are wound up with racks, tortures, flames, and dungeons. The first scene is decidedly effective. Epicharis's modest and delicate demeanour is finely contrasted with the harsh, licentious looks of Nero and his court. We must not omit noticing the unaffected and ingenious manner of Miss Phillips, when she confuted Proculus's accusation.

The concluding scene of this act is meager, and void of ingenuity or interest, and too closely resembles a scene in the third act of *Venice Preserved*. Flavius's behaviour to his co-partners in the conspiracy is by no means just: he first endangers their lives, and then bullies them for being offended at his rash disclosure. The saving of Flavius's life, by the arrival of Nero's guard, is one of the most clumsy expedients we ever met with.

We now come to the fourth act. If Flavius's conduct in the preceding scene was unjust, it is here totally inconsistent; for on being made acquainted with Epicharis's firmness, instead of inquiring whether she had escaped from the tyrant's palace, or wishing to see her after the dangerous trial she had undergone, as every human being would have done under the same circumstances, he resolves to seek Piso, the man who had coolly given him up to be slaughtered, when his word might have saved him.

The next scene is the most laboured and wearisome in the tragedy. Mr. Lister ought to know, that long dreary scenes are only endurable, when the character has excited a warm interest in the feelings of the audience; but such is not the case with Piso, who is represented throughout as unamiable in the extreme. By the description of him in the first scene, we had expected he would have divided the attraction with Flavius; but what has he to do? literally nothing—to deliver a misplaced harangue, and to die, though not before he has unburdened himself of some hundred lines, not one of them (with the exception of the speech we have quoted) to the purpose. By the way, Mr. Wallack's kneeling, in his address to the sun, is a most gross piece of stage trickery, and cannot be too highly censured.

Of the fifth act we have little to say. The prison scene is only remarkable for the agonizing reluctance with which Miss Phillips "promised" to follow Flavius's injunctions.

The concluding scene is highly dramatic, and excited the most soul-thrilling interest in the spectators.

The great fault of this tragedy, is the want of variety and interest in the characters. If the author had "rolled two single gentlemen into one," and made Rufus and Proculus one character, it would have been to the advantage of the tragedy; for there is something in the actions of these worthies highly offensive; both obtain a confidence only to betray, and both are actuated to this base conduct by their



hatred of Flavius. We have already said, the tragedy is well written; indeed the language, on the whole, is elevated above the ordinary standard. We have made some extracts in another portion of our Magazine, which will enable our readers to judge for themselves.

As to the acting, Miss Phillips looked, moved, and spoke the Grecian maid, resolved to brave all perils rather than betray her lover's cause. The character of Flavius is, in many respects, suited to the genius of Young, as he is a Pierre without his vices. His interviews with Epicharis were characterized by the most endearing tenderness. Cooper acted the tyrant with much dignity, and was appropriately dressed. Wallack had a very declamatory character to sustain, which is not suited to his style of acting. Mr. Aitken appeared to great advantage in the trifling part of Rufus; crafty villany is decidedly his forte.

The tragedy was much applauded on the first night of its representation, but we did not expect it would be very successful. It will, however, long be remembered, on account of the curious fact, of all the *Dramatis Personæ* dying violent deaths, but two. The list of killed and wounded is as follows:—nine executions, two suicides, one severely wounded, and afterwards killed.

THURSDAY, October 15. — *Epicharis*; Mr. Lister. — *Masaniello*; B. Livius.

In the opera, Mr. Sinclair appeared, for the second time, as the hero, and gave the songs very successfully.

FRIDAY, October 16. — *The Soldier's Daughter*; Cherry. — *The Waterman*; Dibdin. — *Midas*; O'Hara.

The comedy was performed for the purpose of introducing Miss Morduant to a London audience. This lady has been playing at Southampton, and other towns, with great success.\* She is the daughter of an officer, and of high family connexions. It may be as well to notice, that the name of Morduant is assumed. Her person is slight, but elegantly formed; her features are delicate, but decidedly pretty; her eyes are dark, and remarkably lustrous; and her manners are genteel. The character is certainly a most arduous one, as it demands an airy gaiety, a sprightliness, and a flow of humour and vivacity, rarely to be met with; at the same time, requiring the nicest discrimination, to prevent the widow's frankness becoming too free, or her candour coarseness. Though Miss Morduant's acting did not approximate to first-rate excellence, it was altogether a very creditable essay, and she certainly may be accounted a valuable addition to the Drury Lane corps. Mr. Jones bustled about with much vivacity as Heartall; and the warm-hearted Governor was

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\* See No. IV.

well sustained by Farren, though his countenance wanted the benevolent smile of Dowton.

The house was full, and the announcement of the comedy for repetition on Tuesday was received with loud applause.

SATURDAY, October 17.—*Epicharis*.—*Masaniello*.

MONDAY, October 19.—*Epicharis*.—*Masaniello*.

TUESDAY, October 20.—*The Soldier's Daughter*.—*Deaf as a Post*.—*Charles XII*.

WEDNESDAY, October 21.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—*Portrait of Cervantes*.—*Masaniello*.

THURSDAY, October 22.—*Epicharis*; Mr. Lister.—*The Greek Family* (1st time.)

*Dramatis Personæ*.—GREEKS.—Demetrio, a Chief, Mr. COOPER; Kastro, a Farmer, Mr. WEBSTER; Juba, a Slave, Mr. J. S. GRIMALDI, (his first appearance here); Kastro Anna, Mrs. KNIGHT; Paulitza, Miss FAUCIT.

PRINCIPAL DANCERS.—Miss Angelica, Miss Ryal, Miss Macdonald, &c.

TURKS.—Sheramet, the Basha, Mr. YOUNGE; Ali, Mr. BARNES; Kara, Mr. HOWELL; Osmin, Mr. C. JONES; Hassan, Mr. SALTER.

Demetrio, on his wedding-day, is carried off by a party of Turks, but, by the assistance of his faithful slave, Juba, contrives to make his escape from the enemy's fort. Sheramet then orders a heavy fine to be levied on Kastro, Demetrio's father-in-law, which he is unable to pay; however, just at the instant that the whole family are about to be put to the sword, a party of Greeks arrive, and overthrow their opponents.

This drama met with a most ungracious reception, which, in one respect, was not very creditable on the part of the audience, as it showed that they had no regard for old friends: for man, boy, woman, and girl, have, for many years, seen the *Greek Family*, with a slight difference, at Astley's, the Cobourg, the Surrey, and Sadler's Wells.

Of the veteran sentiments about Greek patriotism and hatred of tyranny, we cannot speak without considerable veneration. The action of this unfortunate production was arranged by Mr. Barrymore, the dialogue by Mr. Raymond.

FRIDAY, October 23.—*Masaniello*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Greek Family* (2d and last time).

SATURDAY, October 24.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—*X Y Z*.—*The Scape Goat*.

MONDAY, October 26.—*Julius Cæsar*.—*Masaniello*. Brutus, Mr. Young; Cassius, Mr. Cooper; Mark Anthony, Mr. Wallack; Julius Cæsar, Mr. H. Wallack.

## COVENT GARDEN.

MONDAY, October 5.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Miller and his Men*; Pococke.

The performances of this evening will ever hold a conspicuous place in dramatic annals, on account of the successful débüt of Miss Fanny Kemble. Seldom have we seen public expectation wound up to so high a pitch, and at the same time so highly gratified. The house literally overflowed in every part before the drawing up of the curtain; and such was the enthusiasm manifested by the audience on Miss Kemble's coming forward, that it was a considerable length of time before she was allowed to speak. Miss Kemble is eminently gifted by nature with the principal endowments requisite to constitute an actress of primary excellence. Her figure, though not above the middle standard, is elegant and well-proportioned; and, like Miss O'Neil's, is a happy mean between a form too sternly moulded for comedy, or too light and airy for tragedy. Her features strongly resemble her father's, at the same time without being too masculine. Her countenance is full of expression; and it received additional traits of intelligence from the eloquent markings of her eyes. Her voice is sufficiently powerful to express the most violent paroxysms of passion, while the lower tones are remarkably winning and delicate. The prepossession excited in favour of the youthful *débütante*, by the great name she bears, and the peculiar circumstances under which she appeared, was not disappointed. The tenderness, the delicacy, and, finally, the fearless ardour which arms Juliet with the resolution to dare any peril for the god of her idolatry, were separately defined with the most masterly discrimination.

There were many brilliant instances of acting exhibited by Miss Kemble this evening; but in none did she display more originality of manner, than when the Nurse advised her to marry Paris. Her reply was illustrated by the most appropriate and dignified action.

Mr. Abbott performed Romeo, whom we are glad to see restored to this theatre; for his acting is always gentlemanly, and frequently pleasing, though his Romeo was somewhat deficient in romantic ardour and enthusiasm. It was, in many scenes, deserving of applause.

Mr. C. Kemble took Mercutio for the first time, and imparted to it all the gallant bearing of his Falconbridge, with the vivacious action and humour of his Benedict. This gentleman's reception must have been highly gratifying to his feelings, for he was greeted, not with three, but nearly thirteen rounds of applause. The Friar was sustained by Mr. Warde, who chanted the dialogue in a monotonous croak, somewhat like a parish clerk giving out the first stave of the 100th

**Psalm.** Mrs. C. Kemble was the Lady Capulet for that night only. Mrs. Davenport was the Nurse; we need not say how it was played.

**TUESDAY, October 6.**—*The Provoked Husband*; Vanbrugh and Cibber.—*Thérèse*.

Lady Townley, Miss Ellen Tree (her first appearance at this theatre), who possesses many requisites for the personation of this lively votary of fashion. Her manners are lady-like, her deportment genteel, and her enunciation clear and pleasing; and, moreover, her dresses are always remarkably appropriate. But we think that her comic powers are hardly equal to that flow of vivacity and eloquent raillery which distinguishes the character. She expressed her penitence with much sensibility, and told the story of her heart in a manner that suitably impressed the audience. Mr. Kemble's Lord Townley is very correct. The polished ease and affability of his deportment conciliated us to a love of the dignity of his character, by rendering it pleasing and amiable, though it renders the conduct of Lady Townley doubly culpable. Miss Laurence, who, a few seasons ago, made her *débüt* as Juliet, at Drury Lane, performed Lady Grace. Since that period, she has been playing at Manchester, and other principal towns, and has greatly improved. Her acting was remarkably lady-like, and very graceful. In the after-piece, Miss Kelly commenced her nine nights' gratuitous performance in the part of Thérèse; she was received with three rounds of applause. Mr. Abbott played the Pastor, and Mr. Warde, Carwin.

**WEDNESDAY, October 7.**—*Romeo and Juliet*.—Charles II.; Payne. Lady Clara, Miss Laurence.

**THURSDAY, October 8.**—*The Clandestine Marriage*; Colman and Garrick.—*The Devil's Elixir*; Ball.

Lord Ogleby, Mr. Jones, from the Edinburgh Theatre; Brush, Mr. Power; Melville, Mr. Abbott. We were prevented attending the theatre this evening; but many of the papers, especially the *Examiner*, spoke very highly of Mr. Jones's acting. After the play, Mr. Drouet played Weber's air of the Huntsman's Chorus, with variations, on the flute; a gratuitous performance.

**FRIDAY, October 9.**—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Invincibles*. Victoire, Mrs. Keeley.

**SATURDAY, October 10.** *First of May* (1st time).—*Day after the Wedding*.—*Thérèse*.

**Dramatis Personæ.**—King Edward the Fourth; Mr. C. KEMBLE; Harry Woodville, brother to Elizabeth, Mr. WARDE; Roger Oldgrave, a Merchant, Mr. BLANCHARD; Jonas Chick, Horseboy to the King, Mr. KEELEY: Lady Elizabeth Grey, Miss E. TREE; Katharine

Travers, Ward to Oldgrave, Miss FORDE; Widow Jolly, her Aunt, Mrs. GIBBS.

King Edward the Fourth, in a hunting excursion, meets with the Lady Elizabeth Grey, and is so much charmed with the beauty of her mien and features, that he resolves to make her his queen. Harry Woodville arrives at his sister's castle, for there the scene is laid, and knowing the king's libertine principles, imagines that he intends playing false to Elizabeth; but is soon satisfied that his suspicions are most unjust. The king, however, in revenge for Woodville's bad opinion of him, resolves to play him some trick, and very opportunely meets with Kate Travers alone, who had that instant arrived at the castle, having just made her escape, in a boy's cloak and hat, from Oldgrave, who had tried to force her into a marriage with him. The king has the lady conveyed, by Jonas Chick, his faithful groom, to his private apartments. This affair, by some means, reaches the ears of Elizabeth, who resolves to view her supposed rival. This scene we have given; and as the plot ends here, it will be sufficient to observe, that all parties are made perfectly happy at the conclusion.

The comedy (as it is styled in the bills) is written by Miss Isabel Hill; and notwithstanding we are bound, by the laws of gallantry, to speak favourably of a lady's production, we must say, that it is one of the most worthless and soporific productions we ever recollect witnessing. It was well acted; that is to say, the actors were well dressed, and spoke the dialogue very sensibly, for they had literally nothing to do.

MONDAY, October 12.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Peter Wilkins*.

TUESDAY, October 13.—*First of May*; Miss Hill.—*Master's Rival*.—*The Devil's Elixir*.

WEDNESDAY, October 14.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Invincibles*.

THURSDAY, October 15.—*The First of May*.—*The Waterman*.—*Therèse*.

FRIDAY, October 16.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Devil's Elixir*.

SATURDAY, October 17.—*The First of May*.—*Gretna Green*.—*The Woodman's Hut*.

MONDAY, October 19.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Peter Wilkins*.

TUESDAY, October 20.—*The First of May*.—*The Weathercock*; Allingham.—*The Woodman's Hut*.

Mr. Balls, from the Dublin Theatre, played Tristram Fickle. He has the advantages of a genteel person and a good looking countenance, but his action is not sufficiently mercurial for so lively a character,

and his utterance is clogged with difficulties which we fear he cannot overcome, for his voice is harsh and inflexible. Miss Kelly played and sang Variella delightfully.

WEDNESDAY, October 21.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Invincibles*.

THURSDAY, October 22.—*The First of May*.—*The Robber's Bride* (1st time).—*The Waterman*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Mr. Briarly, Mr. FAWCETT; Mr. Penpuddle, Mr. BLANCHARD; Larry O'Gig, Mr. POWER; Mark Redland, alias Murdock, Mr. ABBOTT; Red Body, Mr. EVANS; Drosset, Mr. MEARS; Sawney Macfile, Mr. KEELEY; Smelter, Mr. COLLET; Clipp'em, Mr. J. COOPER; Mouser, Mr. TURNOUR; Tip, Mr. ADAMSON; Rose Redland, Miss E. TREE.

Mark Redland, a returned convict, is the landlord of an inn where travellers are robbed and murdered, according to the recipe of the most approved melo-dramatic writers; but as the murdering trade does not prove very profitable, he is in league with a large band of coiners. It may be as well to observe here, that Rose, Mark's wife, is the daughter of a Mr. Briarly, who had been obliged to leave the country, from the indifferent state of his finances, and that, during his absence, she had married Redland, a man to whom her father had always borne a great aversion. At the opening of the piece, Mr. Briarly, accompanied by his solicitor, arrives' at the village where Redland is following his murderous profession, and is compelled by the weather to take shelter at Redland's inn. He is marked out for assassination; but Rose, interested by his appearance, goes to his apartment, to endeavour to save him. By his *portmanteau*, she discovers him to be her father. (Quite an original idea, we must confess!) The recognition is not at first mutual, as she had been obliged to stain her face and hair, to elude the search made after her husband. Briarly at length also ascertains it, as well as the perilous situation in which he is placed. Just as he is on the point of falling a victim to Redland and his lawless band, a party of soldiers enter and secure him. Redland is shot, and the piece concludes with Briarly receiving his penitent and fainting daughter to his arms.

This drama is written by Mr. Pococke, and is founded on one of the tales of the *Munster Festivals*, and has been before dramatized by Mr. T. Dibdin, under the title of *Shuil Dhu*. Miss Tree's acting, as the wretched and penitent Rose, was fraught with deep and natural feeling, and reminded us very strongly, in one scene, of that beautiful simplicity and heart-felt emotion, which Miss M. Tree displayed in her inimitable performance of Clari. The scene we allude to is when the unfortunate daughter is anxious to discover herself to her father, and claim his forgiveness, yet is fearful that her errors are

irremissible, Mr. Fawcett, by his admirable acting, excited much interest in the part of Briarly. We wonder if Harley, who now sustains Fawcett's youthful characters, will ever raise our tears: for be it recollected, that the former was as much laughed at in his early days, when he attempted to be pathetic, as the latter would be now. Mr. Power obtained much applause by his easy and correct personation of Larry O'Gig, a warm-hearted Irishman, who has left Erin's green isle to take possession of his cousin Briarly's property, from his having supposed him to be dead. Keeley made the trifling part of Sawney Macfile very amusing, by his quaint and truly original acting.

FRIDAY, October 23.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Robber's Bride*.

SATURDAY, October 24.—*The First of May*.—*The Devil's Elixir*.—*The Weathercock*.

In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Tree, Miss Laurence had to sustain her character in the comedy. We cannot help noticing the strange mismanagement displayed here, in continuing to perform *The First of May*, when, to our certain knowledge, it has not drawn one tolerable house; on the contrary, it has been played every night to empty benches.

MONDAY, October 26.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Peter Wilkins*.

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## HAYMARKET.

MONDAY, September 28.—*The Goldsmith*.—*Speed the Plough*.—*Procrastination*.—*William Thompson*.

TUESDAY, September 29.—*The Way to Keep Him*.—*Procrastination*.—*William Thompson*.

WEDNESDAY, September 30.—*Procrastination*.—*Manœuvring*.—*The Happiest Day of my Life*.—*William Thompson*.

THURSDAY, October 1.—*Peter Smirke*.—*Procrastination*.—*Speed the Plough*.—*William Thompson*.—Ashfield, Mr. Rayner, who played the honest farmer with great propriety, and was much applauded. Charles, Mr. Rundall.

FRIDAY, October 2.—*The Clandestine Marriage*.—*Procrastination*.—*William Thompson*.

SATURDAY, October 3.—*Laugh when you can*.—*Batavia*.—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*.—*William Thompson*.

In *Batavia*, or, *Sancho turned Genoese*, Mr. Reeve appeared as Sancho. Among many other instances of discernment exhibited by the intelligent stage manager, we must notice the reviving of a farce,

which was justly condemned ten years ago for its coarseness and vulgarity.

MONDAY, October 5.—*The Foundling of the Forest.—Sweethearts and Wives.—John of Paris.*

TUESDAY, October 6.—*Town and Country; Morton.—Procrastination.—Love, Law, and Physic.*

Mr. Kean, jun. appeared for the first time here as Reuben Glenroy. His acting, in some scenes, was very powerful, and had it possessed one spark of originality, would have been deserving of high encomium; but he is so servile an imitator of his father, not in one, but in every respect, that he is to be considered little more than in the light of an automaton. Some persons declare Mr. Kean, jun. is a young man of high intellect; but to this we cannot agree, while he takes such pains to copy all his father's defects. Common sense should teach him to separate the chaff from the wheat. If he must imitate his father's style, "let him throw away the grosser part of it, and act the purer with the other half." He was well received by an excellent house.

WEDNESDAY, October 7.—*Romeo and Juliet.—Rencontre.—Animal Magnetism.—Romeo, Mr. Kean, jun.; Juliet, Miss H. F. Kelly; Mercutio, Mr. Vining; Nurse, Mrs. Glover; Friar Laurence, Mr. Andrews.*

If we judged of actors by their bulk, as the Chinese do of their kings, the latter gentleman and Mr. Weeks would be inimitable.

THURSDAY, October 8.—*Speed the Plough.—Procrastination.—William Thompson.*

FRIDAY, October 9.—*Speed the Plough.—Procrastination.—William Thompson.*

SATURDAY, October 10.—*Lover's Vows.—Paul Pry. Frederick, Mr. Kean, jun.*

MONDAY, October 12.—*Iron Chest; Colman.—William Thompson.*

TUESDAY, October 13.—*Belles' Stratagem.—Tribulation.—William Thompson.*

WEDNESDAY, October 14.—*The Clandestine Marriage.—Procrastination.—William Thompson.*

THURSDAY, October 15.—*The Iron Chest.—William Thompson.—Procrastination.* (The last night of the season.) Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Kean, jun.

The season has been prosperous, though few exertions have been made by the managers to deserve success. The company was less respectable, and the novelties more contemptible, than any season we



recollect. Of the former, it is sufficient to state the simple fact of Mr. Thompson having been placed as the representative of Sir Abel Handy, Mortimer, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

The novelties are as follow :—*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*; Poole.—*Manœuvring*; Planché.—*Happiest Day of my Life*; Buckston.—*Nothing Superfluous*; Thompson.—*Fatality*; Miss Bowden.—*William Thompson*; Miss Bowden.—*Procrastination*; H. Payne.

Out of the above, the first five are interludes, almost literally translated from the French. The farce of *Mr. Thompson* is merely an old friend with a new face, as all the incidents have been frequently before the public in several dramas we could point out, and the comedy stands in the same predicament. We shall take the trouble of proving the truth of these statements in our next.

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MONDAY, September 28.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Sister of Charity*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Vampire*.

TUESDAY, September 29.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Recruit*.—*The Quartette*.—*The Spring Lock*.

WEDNESDAY, September 30.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Sister of Charity*.—*The Middle Temple*.—*The Vampire*.

THURSDAY, October 1.—*The Spring Lock*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Cornish Miners*.

FRIDAY, October 2.—*The Spring Lock*.—*Sold for a Song*.—*The Bottle Imp*.

The customary address was delivered by Mr. Bartley, who boasted of all the novelties, except two, being true English from top to toe. This theatre has been uncommonly well attended, and we have been so frequently amused during the season, that we do not feel inclined either to quarrel with or contradict Mr. Bartley for his assertion. The novelties are as follow :—

*The Middle Temple*, an interlude; Peake.—*The Sister of Charity*.—*The Robber's Bride*, an opera, translated by Balls.—*The Spring Lock*, an operetta, by Peake.—*The Witness*, a melo-drama, by Bailly.—*Der Vampyre*, an opera, translated by Planché.—*Incog*, a farce (damned), by Lord W. Lennox.—*The Recruit*, a melo-drama.—*Sold for a Song*, an interlude, Bailey.

The run of *Der Vampyre* has been stopped by the severe indisposition of Mr. H. Phillips.

## SURREY THEATRE.

WEDNESDAY, October 7th.—*The Flying Dutchman* was announced for representation this evening, but in consequence of Mr. Elliston receiving a letter from Messrs. Mathews, Yates, and Cumberland, intimating, that an injunction had been granted against the performance, it was withdrawn; and at the conclusion of *Black-Eyed Susan*, Mr. Osbaldiston, the Stage Manager, came forward, in conformity to a promise made in the bills of the day, and delivered the following address:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—Notwithstanding that every care has been taken, by immediate announcement, to apprise the public of the change in one of the entertainments of this evening, the proprietor deemed it necessary that I should explain to you more in detail the circumstances that have led to the change in question.

“It will, in the first place, be necessary to read to you the order that was served upon Mr. Elliston this day.”

The order merely stated, that Mr. Elliston, his servants and agents, were prevented performing *The Flying Dutchman*.

“The injunction, which this order intimates will be issued, was, it seems, obtained from the Master of the Rolls yesterday, at Brighton, from an *ex parte* statement; and it was impossible, from the distance of that town from London, to lay before his Honour such counter-statements, as it is most probable would have stayed the injunction. Placed in such a situation, Mr. Elliston thought it more worthy the high character which your patronage has given to this Theatre, implicitly to obey the mandate, and leave the justice of the measure adopted by Messrs. Yates, Mathews and Cumberland, to the final hearing of the case.

“That he might not, however, neglect any course to insure you the representation of the pieces advertised for this evening, his legal adviser waited upon the solicitors of the plaintiffs, requesting, as a matter of courtesy, that *The Flying Dutchman* should be allowed to be performed this evening, (an accommodation which was readily admitted by Lord Chancellor Eldon, in the case of *Marino Faliero*, against the performance of which an injunction was at first obtained, and afterwards set aside.) The request was peremptorily denied, accompanied by an observation, to which I will not at present advert, deeming it too illiberal even for a rival establishment to have used.—(Name, name! from the Audience.)—I must obey your mandate; it was, then, that their orders were positive, and that their clerk had directions to attend at the Surrey this night, to ascertain whether the piece was performed, and in that case the Court would be immediately urged to put into effect the penalty of any contempt against its order, which penalty would have directed, that both the Proprietor and Mr. T. P. Cooke should be consigned to the Fleet Prison, until the merits of the case were decided. Now I have it to state, on the part of Mr. Elliston, he would have had no hesitation to have incurred this inconvenience; but when he understood that Mr. T. P. Cooke must be liable to the same inconvenience, he thought it best to adopt the plan which has been submitted to your observation.”

Mr. Osbaldiston concluded this address, by announcing, that on on Thursday, Oct. 15th a new *Flying Dutchman*, by the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*, would be produced.

## EXTRACTS FROM MR. LISTER'S NEW TRAGEDY OF EPICCHARIS.

*The following scene between Epicharis and Flavius, Act II., Scene 1, being the one most applauded in the representation, we think it best fitting for insertion :—*

*Flavius (entering.)* Sweet Epicharis!  
She turns not—pale! and trembling! my Epicharis!  
Speak—if you love me, speak.

*Epicharis.* Avoid me, Flavius,  
Or kill me—I deserve it.

*Fla.* Thou! just heaven!  
In pity tell me all—I can bear much,  
But not suspense.

*Epi.* Oh, you have much to bear—  
You left a faithful mistress: you now find  
A traitress.

*Fla.* Traitress! thou! no, no, impossible.  
Ha! I remember: whose dark form was that  
Which ere I entered seemed to quit thy threshold?  
'Twas distant, and my glance was short and hurried—  
I deem'd it Proculus.

*Epi.* It was—it was.  
Have mercy, Flavius—I have injured thee. (*Kneels.*)

*Fla.* Oh, my foreboding spirit! Rise, I pray thee—  
I will not curse thee. Oh, thou sweet deception!  
One look, false angel, ere I strive to blot thee  
From my remembrance. Now, thou art my rival's.

*Epi.* Thou hast no rival.

*Fla.* No?

*Epi.* No! heaven's my witness.  
What have I said? I know not—but believe me  
I have not wronged your love—your life's in peril.

*Fla.* Nay, then we'll smile again. My life in peril?  
Oh, 'tis some feverish phantom that affrights—  
I will not think real danger springs from thee.

*Epi.* 'Tis real—and I the cause. One moment, Flavius,  
And I will tell thee all. The air falls thick  
As though 'twould choke me. I will speak anon—  
My strength returns—listen. From that sad hour  
When you revealed your plot, a strange disquiet  
Came on me—fear arose—then mad presumption  
Fired my weak fancy, and I vainly thought  
My humble aid might prop your tottering cause.  
Some demon whispered 'Proculus.' He came—  
Thou know'st him—he is bold, and bears command—  
And were he true—Alas! I deem'd him so,  
And told—no, no, not all—no name escaped.  
But I revealed your purpose to a wretch  
Who heard me with a mask of sympathy:  
Then, like the foster'd viper, turn'd to breathe  
His venom o'er my guiltless confidence.

*Fla.* He knows our purpose?

*Epi.* Aye, and may prevent it;  
May raise such fierce distrust in Nero's mind;

*Extracts from Epicharis.*

May prompt such devilish subtlety to thwart you,  
That were you leagued with tenfold strength and truth,  
Your cause were desperate.

*Fla.* Oh, Epicharis!  
But I'll not add reproaches to the stings  
Of thy own bosom. Dark fatality  
Has ruled thy acts, not thou. I must still love thee,  
Though thou hast foiled an enterprise as bright  
As statues could reward.

*Epi.* Oh, spare me, spare me!—  
Breathe aught but love and pardon—heap revilings  
On this weak head, and I will bless thee for them,  
But curse me not with mercy. Cast me from thee  
As though my touch were poison.

*Fla.* No, meek trembler,  
This is thy haven still. Oh, whisper comfort.  
Is there no remedy? no means to check  
The meditated treachery? no safe course  
To bind the foe to silence?

*Epi.* Yes.

*Fla.* I live.  
But you are trembling?

*Epi.* Yes, there is a course.

*Fla.* Speak, if thou may'st.

*Epi.* The guilty cause of danger  
Must be the wretched pledge for your success.

*Fla.* What mean you?

*Epi.* 'Tis the claim of Proculus,  
That on condition of his secrecy  
And succour to our cause, I should renounce  
My plighted faith to thee.

*Fla.* Go on, I'll hear thee,  
Oh heavens and earth! wretch! wretch!—but I'll be calm—  
Speak, my betrothed, and fear not—what? he claims  
Thy hand? oh villain! Well—I will be calm—  
But say—if you reject his claim?

*Epi.* Alas!  
He threatens straightway to repair to Nero—  
He grants me a brief period—ere 'tis past  
I must prepare to answer, must resign  
My hand to this bold villain, or be dragg'd  
Beneath the withering eye of tyranny.

*Fla.* Never! thou borne to Nero's presence! Never—  
Thy life would be the forfeit. When did mercy,  
E'en when it pleaded for a form like thine,  
Awaken Nero's pity? Be the sacrifice  
How great soe'er, it must be made ere thou  
Confront the tyrant.

*Epi.* There is only one  
Great sacrifice that could avail me aught,  
And *that* shall ne'er be made.

*Fla.* Yes, if your safety  
Demands—yes, yes. Oh, rather shall you leave me  
Than suffer chains and torture—aye, and death,  
For these are Nero's gifts.

*Epi.* I cannot leave you :  
But I can die.

*Fla.* And does Epicharis think  
I had rather be her murderer than resign her ?

*Epi.* Resign me ? then 'tis come to this—I fear'd it—  
You will not find it painful to resign me :  
No, not too painful. A few sighs—perhaps  
A tear of pity for the poor weak traitress  
Whose foolish zeal brought peril. Yes, one tear—  
And then forget me.

*Fla.* Aye, when I forget  
Existence—ne'er till then. If I had loved thee  
With selfish fondness, I should strain thee here  
Till seized by death's foul heralds—glut my pride  
With thy last dying groan of constancy—  
And vaunt thy changeless truth. If this be love  
It is not mine. No, I would have thee live  
If not for me—Epicharis ! Oh, look up—  
One look. My heart is heavy—cheer it, fairest,  
For the last time—the last ! Pale ! mute ! and cold !  
I have not killed thee. No, there's breath—there's life—  
Epicharis ! she revives.

*Epi.* Flavius ! still near me !  
You will not leave me then.

*Fla.* Alas !

*Epi.* Aye, now  
It all returns. Would I had ne'er awaked  
From that brief trance.

*Fla.* This agony of parting  
Exhausts my courage.

*Epi.* No, we must not part  
For ever—no, though tyranny's worst terrors  
Close round me, I will brave them all for thee ;  
I will not even tremble. Nay, thou know'st not  
What I can bear.

*Fla.* And may I never know !

*Epi.* Yet, let me prove it.

*Fla.* No, it must not be.  
Yield, yield ; and I will spur our tardy band  
To instant action. If my words can move them,  
Nero shall fall ere sun-set come again,  
And I shall save thee.

*Epi.* Nay, beguile me not  
With prospects of relief. Thy hopes are faint.

*Fla.* 'Tis true, my hopes are faint ; despair must nerve me.  
There is one only course—Epicharis,  
Time speeds, and we must part. Oh, my best treasure,  
What a short glimpse of happiness was ours !  
Farewell ! it must be said. One last embrace—  
Farewell ! She hears me not ; I must untwine  
Those arms and leave her—there—now heaven protect thee !  
[ *He places her on a seat, and exit.*

## PISO'S REFLECTIONS AFTER HAVING SWALLOWED THE POISON.

'Tis done, and I am free ;  
 I need no longer shun the face of man.  
 Let them bring chains : they cannot chain my spirit  
 Within its fleshly prison. And this is comfort !  
 E'en so—I have none else. Renown, the beacon  
 Towards whose blaze my steps were ever bending,  
 Is quenched : and what remains ? a deep, dark void,  
 Which the proud light of our philosophy  
 Has vainly sought to penetrate. I would  
 I could believe the fable of our poets,  
 That in the realms of Pluto an Elysium  
 Is destined for the great ; but 'tis a fable.  
 Annihilation is the only lot  
 I may expect. I would I knew what hope  
 Buoyed up those Christians. I have heard they smiled  
 On death, and met its terrors with a courage  
 Philosophers might envy. They were poor,  
 Despised, and ignorant ; no hope of fame,  
 No pride, no light of learning gave them strength,  
 And yet they died like sages. It is strange :  
 I would I knew their creed. I never thought  
 To feel that wish, and now it is too late.

## EXTRACT FROM THE NEW COMEDY OF THE FIRST OF MAY.

THE fair authoress promises the *press*, that, if she lives, this comedy shall not be the last, nor the best, attempt which she will submit to their fiat.

The only scene in *The First of May* which at all raised the mirth of the audience is in the second act, where the Lady Elizabeth, in a fit of Jealousy, enters the king's chamber to discover the concealed lady.

JONAS CHICK *solus*, who is intrusted by the king with the care of  
 KATHARINE.

*Jonas.* She has left the hat and cloak she wore, the sight of 'em warms my soul ;—'tis marvellous chilly for the time of year—they may as well warm my body !—(*Puts them on.*) Well, this may be all passing pleasant for my dear royal master, but 'tis vastly dull work for *me*.—Poor master Harry ! Poor Lady Elizabeth ! they don't know as many of his Grace's tricks as I do, or they never would have trusted him so far.—(*A tap at the side door.*) Who's there ?—Your Grace ?

*Elizabeth.* (*Without.*) Yes—No—Let me in.

*Jonas.* Yes—No—let me in ? but *who's me* ?—the Widow ?

*Eliz.* Aye. (*JONAS opens the door.—Enter ELIZABETH. He bows awkwardly, and stares at her.*)

*Eliz.* (*Aside.*) She's no *beauty*, however. I thought he had better taste. (*To him.*) Be not dismayed, I come as a friend.

*Jonas.* (*Aside.*) Oh, mercy ! my lord will murder me for letting her in ; nobody was to enter but himself and — (*Bolting the door again.*)

*Eliz.* Fear nothing, child, *you* may not be to blame. I am here to serve you. (*JONAS makes a grotesque sign of dismay.*)

*Eliz.* (*Aside.*) A vulgar creature, too ! Hear me, to-day, as a woman who would fain be your mistress, I make my offer ; to-morrow, as your *Queen*, I may command you ! (*A tap at the door.*)

*Jonas.* What's that? Oh, Madam, you will be discovered—we are both undone!

*Edw. (Without.)* Katharine! Kate Travers!

*Eliz.* The king's voice! he will, indeed, be offended with me.

*Jonas.* And well he may, I think. Where shall I hide you?

*Edw. (Without.)* Chick! Chick!

*Eliz.* Chick! so fond, so familiar, a forward chick, truly!

*Edw. (Without.)* Jonas! why, Jonas, I say!

*Eliz.* He calls the hussey Jonas! He calls you Jonas too, does he, Madam?

*Jonas.* To be sure, what *else* should he call me? What's to become of us?

*Edw. (Without.)* Jonas Chick! will neither you nor your pretty prisoner unbolt the door to me?

*Jonas.* There, my lady! he little thinks that I've *two* pretty prisoners instead of one here. What can I do?

*Eliz.* Why who and what are *you* then?

*Jonas. (Throwing off the hat and cloak.)* Jonas Chick, his Highness's horse-boy.

*Eliz.* Where then is *she*? I care not for his anger—I must see her.

*Edw. (Beating violently at the door.)* Are ye both asleep?

*Eliz.* Let me retire within here! (*Going towards the chamber.*)

*Jonas.* No, not there, for mercy sake!

*Re-enter KATHARINE.*

*Kath.* I've heard all, madam; and entreat you to take my place, where you will receive full conviction of the king's honour and my own.

*Edw. (Without.)* What's all that whispering within there? Open, I say.

*Kath.* Patience, Sir! I'll come anon. I've no time for words, Madam.—In, in!

*Eliz.* I must perforce; but I shall listen closely.

[*Exit into the chamber.* JONAS unbolts the outer door.

*Enter EDWARD.*

*Edw.* Why, thou lazy, irreverent hound, how durst thou ———

*Kath.* Pardon, my lord! 'twas *my* fault. I detained him. We did not want *you* then, and surely we don't want *him* now!

*Eliz. (Peeping and listening.)* Before my face! What means *she*?

*Edw.* We are to be private, then? So much the better. Go, Jonas; and let not even the Widow enter now.

*Jonas.* No, your Grace. (*Aside.*) What between master and mistress, the saints preserve my modesty! [*Exit JONAS.*

*Kath.* What has procured me the honour of a visit from your Grace? In my aunt Jolly's absence, I could have been *content* with *yours*.

*Eliz. (Aside.)* Her aunt Jolly! the widow?

*Edw.* I came from her; thy guardian is here in search of thee. Shall I give thee up to him, child?

*Kath.* No, my lord; wait till Harry Woodville comes home. I am content to abide by *his* decision.

*Eliz. (Aside.)* My brother's love!

*Edw.* He will be in a rare fright when he finds that thou hast fallen into *my* hands; but we have a pleasant surprise in store for him, and for his sweet sister too—have we not?

*Kath.* A *miracle*, my lord, I fear I must call it.

*Edw.* What? that I kept my word to *one* good girl by treating another with honesty? Elizabeth was bent on playing her brother some trick, to be revenged on his opposition to our marriage; so we took the liberty of including her in the scheme, to see how a little jealousy may become her.

*Eliz. (Rushing to him.)* That you will *never* see, my own beloved Edward!

*Edw.* Ha, how came *you* here?

*Kath.* Her ladyship had as good right in your chamber as *I* had, methinks, Sir.

*Eliz.* Young gentlewoman, you shall find in me a sister; and now have with you to join with Goody Jolly in any harmless plot, that may for a while torment our young man, and permanently outwit the old one.

*Kath.* Sweet lady! you deserve to be the sister of my Harry!

*Edw.* Come, my best girls!

*Eliz.* We must array for our May-day sports. Katharine, I will so furnish thee forth, that thine own lover shall not know thee. Away. [Exeunt.]

## REVIEW.

### CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH THEATRE.

THIS is the most compact, elegant, and at the same time, cheapest edition of plays ever offered to the public. The stage directions and description of the costume must be of infinite service to provincial actors and amateurs. The criticisms prefixed to each drama, are generally of a very superior description, and are evidently the work of one who thoroughly understands his subject;—they are written in a lively and spirited manner. *Tom Thumb*, the last play published, is embellished with a very neat engraving of that amusing droll, J. Reeve.

In the preface we met with the following anecdote, and think it well worthy of insertion:—

"Liston's first season at the Haymarket was any thing but promising—the burletta of *Tom Thumb* had been revived for the purpose of showing up Mathews (who was then the popular actor) in the character of Grizzle; but Mathews failing to make a *hit*, the part was transferred to Liston for the remainder of the season, who, like his predecessor, made little of it. The following season it was repeated, and with nearly the same success—when one day—

"Sure such a day, so renowned, so victorious—

Such a day as this was never yet seen!"

Liston and Winston dining at the house of Dr. Batty—the former having indulged in potations sufficiently liberal to make him *independent*, refused peremptorily to leave the table, except in the company of his companion, who, as he was not to play that night, evinced no desire to quit the festivities so soon. *Tom Thumb* happened to stand *second* on the multifarious list of the evening's entertainments; the glass continued to circulate, the time glided away, and the actor was immovable! Winston, to save the benches and chandeliers, was obliged to comply with Liston's humour, and they both, somewhat in dudgeon, repaired to the theatre. The prompter's bell had rung—the overture to the Tragedy of Tragedies had struck up—all was bustle and anxiety behind the scenes—all was noise and impatience before. Behold Liston fairly before the lamps, with his suit of antique cut, flowing wig—in all the paraphernalia of Monmouth Street royalty—when, lo! the generous wine brought forth his latent powers of humour; the audience laughed as they had never laughed before—the actor took heart, and redoubled his drollery, crowning the night's triumph with singing the air, 'In hurry post-haste for a license,' in a manner so irresistibly comic, accompanying it for the *first time* with grotesque dancing, that he was compelled to go through the ceremony *threc times*, and from that night became famous in the character. *Bombastes Furioso* (written expressly for him) immediately followed, and, with Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, stamped Liston as a first-rate droll."



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## No. III.

MR. EDITOR,—From my boyish days up to the date of this letter, I have been an admirer and a frequenter of theatrical amusements, and, like many of my friends, who think it too much trouble to judge for themselves, I have been induced to regulate my opinion by that of the best critics, the newspapers; but I must say that I am often extremely puzzled by the indefinite terms made use of by the above-mentioned judges; for it appears to me next to nothing, when they say, such a performer was excellent; another respectable; another superior to all his former efforts; and a fourth, inimitably fine. Such phrases, being so many degrees of comparison, convey no information, because they are comparisons with something in the author's head which he does not state in plain terms.

Complaining the other day of these difficulties to my worthy friend, Jonathan Lloyds, Esq. of the Stock Exchange, he put me upon a scheme, which I think worth communicating to you; and I hope soon to see it adopted, as the only infallible way to render dramatic criticism explicit and intelligible. I shall give it as nearly as possible in the words of my friend, who is one of the most precise men in the world:—

“Your complaint, my dear Dangle, is strictly just; but so it ever will be, unless critics, and speakers in general on all subjects, will consent to adopt the term of the consolidated funds. *At our house*, no man is at a loss to comprehend another. Were one of us to say, that omnium had risen *considerably* in the course of the day, he would be laughed at as an incorrigible blockhead, and nobody would understand him; but when he says, it left off at  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , it is plain how it stands. Now, my friend, let these critics only adopt our scale, and you will find the merits of a play or player will be placed on the most distinct and intelligible ground. For example, instead of representing the progress of a performer by the vulgar degrees of comparison—good, better, best,—say at once, that Farren began at  $58\frac{1}{2}$ , and left off at  $65\frac{1}{2}$ ; that the critics did Cooper, for the opening, at 61, but that he rose, before the curtain dropped, to  $67\frac{1}{2}$ ; that another performer, by favourable reports from the country, had been raised to 70, but that he fell in one day no less than 8 per cent.; that a comedy had began at  $62\frac{1}{2}$ , fluctuated very much in the course of the evening, and left off at 50. You see, my dear Dangle, how plain all this is. You might, likewise, consider a manager who announces, by extravagant puffing, a new piece, as a bear who pretends to sell what he is not possessed of, and is obliged frequently to waddle out at a great loss; his delightful comedy at 70, being often reduced as low as a farce of 49. The numerous dramas we receive from the French, *as we have nothing to give them in return*, may be deemed a species of Imperial Loan, and done accordingly. Viewing matters in this light, I flatter myself that I have a more correct idea of dramatic merit than the most enlightened of our critics, and am often enabled to detect false accounts. I have frequently been told of a performer rising wonderfully, when, to my certain knowledge, he never got beyond  $52\frac{1}{2}$ , and

very few clappers at that. There are some very *venturesome* fellows among them, who affect to have large *concerns*, and yet, egad! are seldom able to pay the first *instalment*. Dramatic dealers in nominal stock are not quite so lucky as with us. But let that pass. This is my way of judging plays and players; and I know no other so correct. Were it once introduced, we should understand one another better. It is nonsense to talk of rising and falling—there is no rising and falling, but as the Stock Exchange, that can be clearly understood. When I am told, that Young rose two per cent. in the third act of *Hamlet*, I know directly what is meant, as he left off at 79½ in *To be or not to be*. But some actors, I am sorry to say it, manage their stock so badly, that in the course of the season they don't vary an eighth per cent., and generally leave off just where they began. I have only to add, that this ratio would be of great service, at the end of a season, to the holders of tickets, which I have often seen hawked about the Garden at a loss of ten or twelve per cent."

My friend Jonathan having explained his scheme so particularly, I do not think it necessary to add any comments of my own, but submit it to the better judgment of yourself and readers, and am,

Sir, yours, sincerely,

DANGLE.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### MACKLIN AND FOOTE.

MACKLIN, in one of his orations, undertook to show the cause of duelling in Ireland, and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and after getting as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding, when Foote spoke to order.—"Well, Sir, what have you to say upon this subject?"—"Only to crave a little attention, Sir," said Foote, with much seeming modesty, "when I think I can settle this point in a few words."—"Well, Sir, go on."—"Why then, Sir," says Foote, "to begin, what o'clock is it?"—"O'clock!" says Macklin; "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?"—"Pray, Sir," says Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin, on this, pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half-past ten. "Very well," says Foote; "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling; and so there's an end of the chapter." This abridgment fully satisfied the company.

## GARRICK.

It is said, that this great actor's excellence resulted from incessant observation, as well as from the powerful workings of his own genius. He knew, and nobody can know better, that as acting is an imitative art, the professors of it cannot be too well acquainted with human nature, in all its various classes. Hence nothing escaped his attention, and every thing was treasured in his memory.

Mr. Murphy gives us an interesting relation of the manner in which Garrick acquired his wonderful skill in portraying *madness*, as observable in his performance of *Lear*; but this great actor was not contented with imitating nature, merely as she presented herself; for he often resorted to whimsical expedients in order to set the passions into action. An odd incident of this kind, arising from original humour, though it may have been related before, is worthy of notice. Having occasion to go into the city with his friends, Mr. Windham, the father of Mr. Windham, late member for Norfolk, and Dr. Monsey, a well-known character of that time, Garrick suddenly separated from his companions, as they were returning through St. Paul's Church-yard, and, walking into the middle of the road, to a place where there was no danger of interruption from carriages, he directed his views towards the sky, and remained fixed in a musing posture, uttering, at times, "I never saw two before." This strange appearance naturally induced people to approach him, and to inquire what was the object of his attention. More, of course, followed, until a large crowd was collected. Garrick continued to repeat the same words, but made no answer to any questions. Various were the conjectures of the people, but no satisfactory solution occurred. At length, a man observed, that the gentleman was certainly looking at two *storks*, as it was an extraordinary circumstance for more than one bird of that species to be seen at a time. This explanation was well received, until somebody asked, who, but the gentleman himself, saw even a single stork. The multitude was at last so great, that Dr. Monsey and Mr. Windham, apprehending they might be taken for confederates in a plot to make fools, thought proper to retreat from the scene of action. Garrick did not practise this whimsical trick for the mere purpose of wanton merriment, as he contrived, in the midst of his apparent abstraction, to turn his quick and penetrating eyes in all directions; and, in the multitude that surrounded him, saw a variety of attitudes and expressions of character, which he treasured in his pregnant mind, in order to render them subservient to his art. The great difficulty was to retire from this crowd, without exciting suspicion, and being exposed to the danger of resentment; but he conducted himself with so much skill and address, that he left them under the full impression of that curiosity, surprise and consternation which he originally intended to excite.

On another occasion, he rushed among a number of boys, who had just been released from school, and were in the height of their play. Pretending to believe that one of them was ill-treated by the rest, he took the part of the supposed victim of oppression, and severely rebuked his companions. The boy declared that nobody had offended him, and Garrick made this innocent disavowal an additional ground of censure against them, for having injured a boy of so kind a dispo-

sition, who with such amiable solicitude endeavoured to save them from reproach. It may be thought that this was an action unworthy of such a man as Garrick; but he well knew that "men are but children of a larger growth," and from the unaffected expressions of this infantile group, was able to collect many striking features of character, and genuine traces of nature.

Another time, as he was going down the Strand, near Somerset-House, with his friend Monsey, a porter was tripping along, and whistling, with every indication of careless good spirit. Garrick told his friend that he would draw a crowd round the man before he reached Temple Bar. For this purpose he went forward, and contrived to attract the notice of the lively porter, and gave him such a marked look with his expressive features, that the man's disposition was changed in a moment. He followed Garrick with eyes attentively fixed. Garrick found means to stop till the man came near him, when he looked at him again with a new expression, and proceeded in this manner, hastily departing every time the man approached. At length the poor fellow twisted and turned himself in all directions, in order to see if there was any thing attached to his dress that excited attention, pulling off his wig with the same view, and asking all persons near him, if any thing was the matter with him, that induced the gentleman before him to notice him in so extraordinary a manner, till, at length, Garrick had fully effected his purpose, in seeing a crowd about the man. Many other ludicrous circumstances of the same kind might be related, but, perhaps, they would be deemed trifling, if they were not the effect of an incessant attention to his art, as well as the overflowings of a disposition strongly prone to frolic and humour.

Garrick maintained, that though exquisite sensibility was necessary in an actor, yet that, in order to imitate the passions in such a manner as to impress an audience, it was equally necessary that he should obtain the entire command of his feelings, lest they should obstruct the operation of his talents. Hence he could control his affections upon occasions of the most distressing or the most ludicrous kind, and either devise the best expedient for turning aside the current of grief, or restraining his mirth till he could give way to it without offence.

We shall conclude with the following anecdote, as a testimony in favour of his skill as an actor, from one not very ready to treat him with admiration, respect, or even common decency.

The celebrated Mrs. Clive was an actress of considerable repute in London, long before Garrick appeared upon the stage. When his genius broke forth in the metropolis, every other performer sunk at once into the shade, and Mrs. Clive, as well as the rest, with all her original merit, fell into comparative insignificance. Her temper was violent, and her manners coarse. She always vented her spleen, without restraint, upon Garrick, and even affected to deny his merit as an actor. One night, while he was performing *Lear*, she stood behind the scenes, attending to his performance. Unable, with all her masculine roughness of character, to resist the pathetic touches of his skill, she remained fixed on the spot, sobbing, and abusing him at the same moment; at length, after repeated alternations of tears and

curses, wholly overcome by the affecting powers of the great actor before her, she hastily rushed from the place, with the following strange, but expressive, tribute to the universality of his skill—  
 “D——n him, I believe he could *act a gridiron*.”

#### GARRICK'S ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER JUNIUS.

DURING the zenith of Junius's fame, and when all the world were in full cry to identify the author, Mr. Garrick conceived an idea that he had discovered the person, and in consequence wrote to Mr. Ramus, the King's Page, to call on him at his house at the Adelphi. When Mr. Ramus came, they had a private interview, and Mr. Garrick told him, with profound caution, the essential information he should convey to the king, relative to the discovery. On the ensuing day Mr. Garrick received the following note :

“Sir,—I admit your perspicuity in managing the affairs of the drama, but your attempts to discover me are vain and nugatory. I shall take leave of you now, by assuring you, that when I have done with real monarchs I shall begin with mock potentates, of which you shall form the head. Till then, adieu. *Junius*.”

Mr. Garrick was accustomed to relate this anecdote with marks of astonishment and apprehension.

#### MAN OF THE WORLD.

THE title of this excellent comedy was originally *The true born Scotchman*. The MS. had lain in the Lord Chamberlain's office near ten years, and Macklin despaired of getting it returned to him ; when one day dining with Sir Fletcher Norton and Mr. Dunning, he begged their opinions, as to what a man should do to recover property, when he knew by whose hands it was withheld from him. They advised an action of *trover*. “Well,” said Macklin, “the case is my own, will you two undertake my cause ?” They agreed, and Macklin explained his particular wrong. The lawyers smiled at the whim of the poet. The MS. was restored, but with a refusal to license it under its then title, as a national reflection. Macklin, in consequence, named it *The Man of the World*.

#### THE COUNTRY GIRL.—GARRICK AND BARTHELEMON,

IN the year 1766, Mr. Barthelemon composed his first Italian serious opera, intitled *Pelopidu*, which he gave to the King's Theatre, Haymarket, and which was received with uncommon success and applause ; Garrick hearing of it, one morning paid a visit to Barthelemon, and asked him if he could set English words to music ; he answered, that he thought he could. Garrick asked for paper and ink, and wrote the words of a song, to be introduced in *The Country Girl*, and to be sung by Dodd (who acted Sparkish in that play). While Garrick was writing the words, Barthelemon, looking over his shoulder, set the song ! Garrick, giving him the words, said, “There, my friend, there is my song.” Barthelemon replied, “Then, Sir, there is the music for it.” Garrick, surprised, and quite pleased with this quick composition, invited him to dine with him that day

with Dr. Johnson. The song was given to Dodd, who was encored in it every night *The Country Girl* was performed.

#### CONSOLATION TO MESSRS. PRICE AND KEMBLE.

ONE night, during the winter before Garrick went to Italy, the cash-receipt of Drury Lane Theatre (though he and Mrs. Cibber performed in the same play,) amounted to only *three pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence!*

#### HISSING DESIRABLE.

MR. MURRAY, one night during the O. P. rebellion, had to play a part, of which he thought it unnecessary to learn a syllable, as nothing would be heard; but when he came on the stage, they were perfectly silent. He bowed, and stammered, and stared, but to do *him* justice they soon began to hiss again, and perhaps that was the first time that ever an actor was *so comforted*.

#### MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

A VERY elegant gold bracelet, manufactured by Mr. Hamlet, was, on Wednesday evening, presented to Miss Fanny Kemble, by the performers of Covent Garden Theatre, with the following inscription: "From the Performers of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, to Miss Fanny Kemble, in sincere admiration of her distinguished talents, and a deep sense of the great advantage accruing to them from her exertions. Oct. 20, 1829."

This present was accompanied with a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

*"Theatre Royal Covent Garden, 21st Oct. 1829.*

"The performers of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, in sincere admiration of the distinguished talent evinced by Miss Fanny Kemble, in her exquisite delineation of Juliet, and with a deep sense of the great advantages accruing from her exertions to the establishment generally, and to themselves collectively and individually, beg to offer the accompanying trifle for her acceptance, which, however inadequate in itself to convey their sentiments, it is still hoped, may be received as a heart-felt testimony of respect and esteem."

To which letter, the following answer has been returned:—

"It is with a deep feeling of gratitude and delight that I now thank you for the kind and highly flattering compliment you have paid me.

"That my exertions have been successful, I most thankfully rejoice, at the same time that I acknowledge how much I have been encouraged by the kindness and good wishes of all around me; and I am anxious to assure you, that the first idea of ever essaying my powers was suggested to me by your adherence to my father, when absent, and in most distressing perplexities.

"Believe me, the testimony I last night received from you is a source of some pride, and of much heart-felt satisfaction to me, and I shall preserve both the gift and the letter to the end of my life, as memorials of one of its happiest moments.

"FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

*"Thursday Morning, Oct. 22, 1829."*

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## BRIGHTON.

Oct. 22.—Two stars and two new pieces have been the novelties produced since our last publication. Of these by far the greater treat, although, as the appearance of the house testified, the least attractive to the public was the performance of Mrs. Glover, on Saturday, in *The Rivals*; her Mrs. Malaprop is one of the finest specimens of fine acting to be met with on the English stage, as she is herself unquestionably the first comic actress now living. Inefficiently as two or three of the characters were represented, this admirable comedy afforded, notwithstanding, high gratification; the two Misses Glover, & Messrs. Russell and Strickland playing so well as to make amends for the faults of others.

On Monday Mr. Liston played his eternal Paul Pry, and Neddy Bray; excellently of course, but we still wish that stars would condescend, when they appear in the country, to treat us with something that we have not seen a hundred times before. On the audience, however, the stale maxim of "*toujours perdrix*," seemed to have little weight; for they crowded the house and applauded every look and gesture of the actor in the ordinary way.

The new pieces are *Master's Rival* and *William Thompson*; the former by Peake, and a production more utterly worthless (always supposing the actors delivered their parts as set down for them) it has seldom been our lot to see;—a plot, too absurd even for farce; incidents, constrained and extravagant; characters at once ridiculous and unnatural; with a dialogue unredeemed by one witty sentence or the shadow of a tolerable jest, form a whole that leaves no cause for wonder at the damnation it experienced on the boards of Drury Lane; how it was suffered to revive at Covent Garden is one of the mysteries that pass comprehension. The other farce is a light bustling one, full of pleasant equivocal, and went off with much spirit.

Mrs. Hill, of the Haymarket Theatre, has joined the company, and made her first appearance on Monday, in the character of Phoebe; she is a good actress, and will prove a valuable acquisition. On Tuesday the performances were patronized by Colonel Thackwell, and the officers of the 15th Hussars, when the attendance was again extremely full and fashionable.

We hear that Miss Corri is engaged. Mr. and Mrs. Bland go to Dublin.

## BIRMINGHAM.

Oct. 3.—This week has chiefly been occupied by the benefits. Misses Jarman and Lacy, and Messrs. Harley & Warde. *Hamlet* was performed on Tuesday; Mr. Warde as Hamlet. Even with our recollections of Young in this character, we were delighted with Mr. Warde. Miss Jarman, on Tuesday, sustained the difficult part of Letitia Hardy, in *The Belles' Stratagem*, with great effect. The new melo-drama of *Black-Eyed Susan* has been produced and received with much applause. Mr. Montague, as William, was quite superior to any thing of the kind we have seen for many years; his acting was chaste, natural, and was much and deservedly applauded—in the trial scene he was inimitable.

Oct. 17.—We are glad to find that there is a play-going spirit in Birmingham; it augurs well for the dissolution of puritanism. On Saturday night (at augmented prices) the house was so full that seats were obliged to be placed on the stage; and many went away who could not obtain even standing places. Misses Paton, Ayton and Coveney; Messrs. Braham and Thorne; the four Bohemian Brothers, and the usual strength of the Company, formed an irresistible attraction. The theatre contained an audience most profitable to the lessee. Miss Ayton, Mr. Thorne, and the Bohemian Brothers, have drawn large houses this week. Mr. Bellamy has exerted himself to the full extent of his powers, and therefore was excellent in every character he supported. Mr. Montague, the Crichton of provincial performers, has shewn "what stuff he's made of;" and our old friend, Dobbs, has proved himself an acquisition to the company; indeed his talents, in their own peculiar way, are very high, and we should be negligent of our duty if we failed to express our very high opinion of them. Than Mr. Stuart's *Gambia*, in *The Slave*, we have seldom witnessed a richer treat; and while Misses Ayton and Coveney have delighted all listeners by their bewitching melody, Miss Taylor has displayed such rich and natural acting, as to delight not only the ear but gratify the watchful eye also. We trust that this is the overture to a very prosperous theatrical season.

In order to preserve the interest beginning to be excited in theatricals among us, Mr. Macready has been engaged for a week, and appeared on Monday the 19th, as Macbeth, and was ably supported by Mrs. W. Clifford (of

the Haymarket) as Lady Macbeth. His other characters were Virginius, Othello, William Tell, and Coriolanus, and Petrucio for his benefit.

#### MANCHESTER.

Oct. 3.—Since our last, Mr. Braham has appeared in the operas of *The Slave*, *Devil's Bridge*, *Duenna*, and *The Waterman*.

Wednesday was the last regular night of the Company's performing this season, but no thanks were returned for patronage conferred, simply, we suppose, because nothing of the kind has been awarded. Mr. Beverly has indeed met with poor encouragement—the most eminent talent has been unable to draw one good house, with the single exception in favour of Madame Vestris.

#### LIVERPOOL.

Oct. 19.—The celebrated Mr. Macready has been playing here during the past week with success. Saturday, his benefit night, was well attended; the performance was *Cymbeline*; Posthumus, Mr. Macready; Iachimo, Mr. Vandenhoff; Imogen, Miss Pelham, a lady very highly spoken of by the Liverpool critics.

#### NEWCASTLE.

Oct. 17.—Last night, Mr. Kean concluded his performances at this theatre with a repetition of *Othello*, by desire. Though it is thought his powers of acting are not much decayed, his faculty of attraction is not so strong as his former visits here. With one exception the house has not been much crowded.

Madam Vestris commenced an engagement here, on Monday the 19th, as Justine, and Apollo.

#### EDINBURGH.

After the departure of Mr. Kean, we have had Madame Vestris and her sister, Miss Bartolozzi, performing here. The success they have met with has been just as great as they could have expected. Madame Vestris has excited hostility and ill-feeling—Miss Bartolozzi contempt and ridicule.

The first of living vocalists, Braham, entered upon an engagement last night. He played the part of Count Bellino, in *The Devil's Bridge*. We had not the pleasure of hearing him perform any of

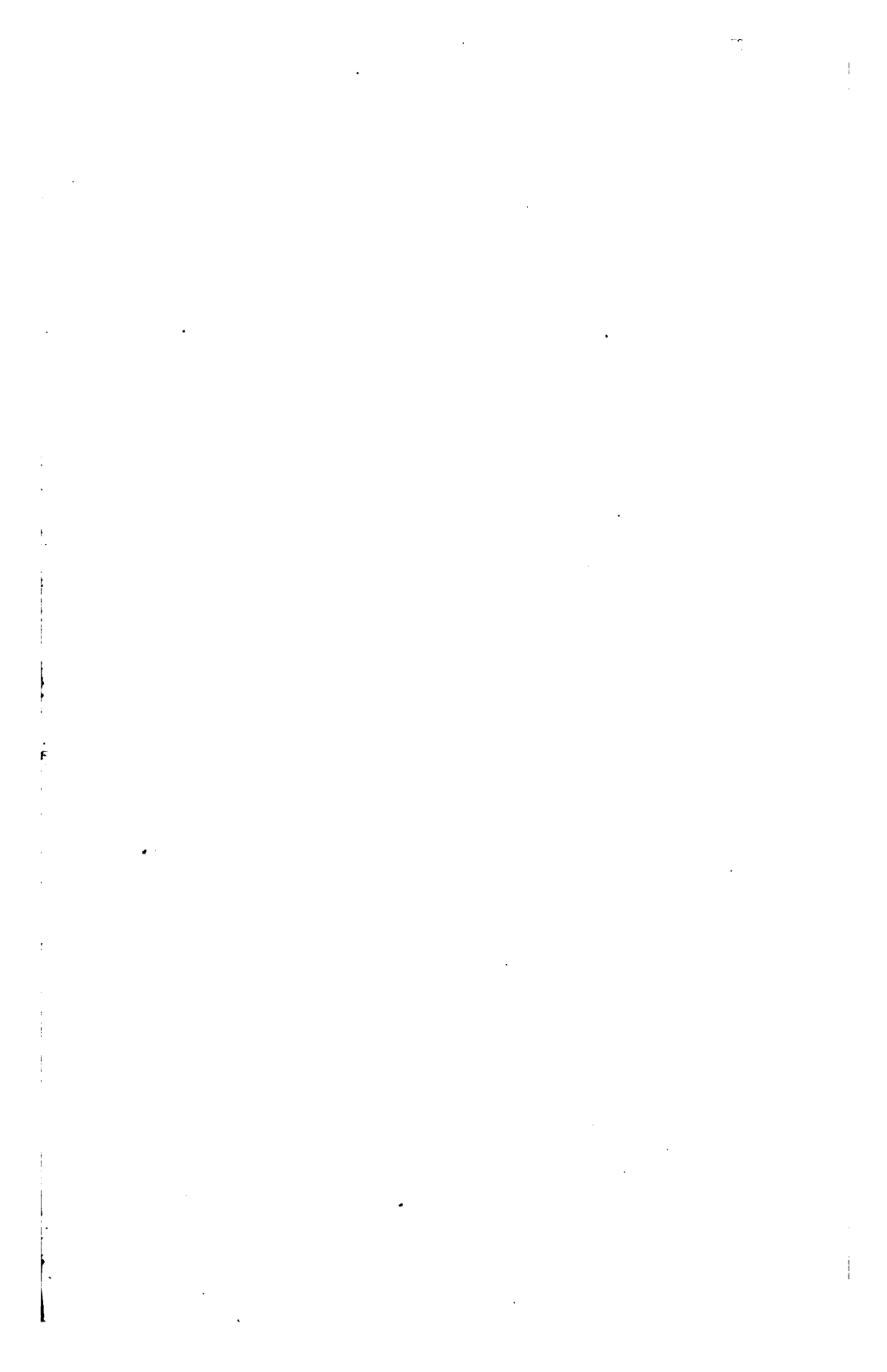
our simple or national songs, in which he has earned most of his celebrity; but what we did hear of his singing, convinced us that his powers are still unimpaired; and that, though he is now no youth, there is every likelihood that he will yet be long preserved to grace our stage. We do not believe that he was ever in better voice than last night. He sang the airs allotted him in a style the most magnificent; and, in almost every tone, more especially in the higher notes, he reminded us of the astonishing Catalani. We have but little doubt that in Edinburgh he will sustain unbroken that high reputation which he has so long and so deservedly maintained; and we trust that the public will not be slow in giving him their warmest suffrages. We speak thus, because the house, on his first appearance, was so poor that we could not help blushing for the apparent apathy of an Edinburgh audience.

Miss Phillips made her first appearance at this theatre in the Countess; she was so deeply agitated by her situation, that we cannot but think it would be unfair to criticise either her acting or her singing. Of the one we hope favourably—of the other we entertain a high opinion. Her voice does not possess great power or compass, though it is certainly sweet and pleasing. We trust we shall be better able, when we see more of her, to do her abilities every justice which they may demand. In the mean time she ought to show a little more confidence, else it will be difficult for her to do justice to herself.

#### RICHMOND.

The theatrical season here, if we may judge from appearances, has been a successful one. Miss Foote's last performance drew a house of eighty pounds, which is as much as has been taken on any occasion since the never-to-be-forgotten Mrs. Jordan was here, when it usually held ninety. A few evenings since we witnessed the debut of a fair aspirant to histrionic fame, in the person of a Miss Page, of Kew, who selected the very arduous part of Lady Townly for the occasion, and taking into consideration, that she never had any professional tuition (which we understand is the case), the essay may be pronounced a successful one. To a pleasing face and good figure, are added some essential requisites for the stage; and when study and experience have matured her exertions, she bids fair to become an excellent actress.







*Robt Cruikshank Del.*

*T.L. Busby, Sculp.*

MISS NELSON,  
*as Rose, in the Recruiting Office.*

*London, Published Dec<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1829, by Whittaker, Treacher & Arnot, Ave Maria Lane,  
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THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER 1, 1829.

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THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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DRURY LANE.

**TUESDAY**, October 27.—*Paul Pry*; Poole.—*Happiest Day of my Life*.—*Midas*.

Mrs. Glover reappeared at this theatre, after a long absence, as Mrs. Subtle. Miss Graddon played Phœbe with archness and appropriate vivacity.

**WEDNESDAY**, October 28.—*Soldier's Daughter*.—*Masaniello*.

**THURSDAY**, October 29.—*The Stranger*.—*No*, (first time at this theatre).—*Thierna-na-Oge*.

If ever the proud epithet of perfection might be applied to human effort, Mr. Young's personation of the Stranger is deserving of it. In this character every look, every inflection of feature, every movement, constitutes an illustration of the author. Miss Phillips's acting, as the penitent wife, was highly impressive, but it is to be regretted that her countenance is unable to portray more visible marks of the corroding anguish of inward care which preys alike upon the body as well as the mind of Mrs. Haller; in the scene where she discloses her secret to the Countess, her look and attitude of humbled guilt and overwhelming remorse was truly beautiful. Mr. H. Wallack made his second appearance at this theatre, as Count Wintersen. He is an elder brother of the Stage Manager, and much resembles him in form and features. All the other characters were sustained in so admirable a manner, as to defy the most rigid critic to discover a fault.

**FRIDAY**, October 30.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—*No*.—*Happiest Day of my Life*.

**SATURDAY**, October 31.—*Paul Pry*.—*No*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

**MONDAY**, November 2.—*Julius Cæsar*.—*Masaniello*.

TUESDAY, November 3.—*Snakes in the Grass* (first time).—*Ballet*.  
—*Lord of the Manor*.

*Dramatis Personæ*. — Mr. Janus, Mr. LISTON; Captain Agitate, Mr. JONES; Mr. Skinner, Mr. W. BENNETT; Mr. Walton, Mr. BROWNE; Dick, Mr. YARNOLD; Frank Skinner, Mr. J. VINING; John Thomas, Mr. WEBSTER; Fact, Mr. HARLEY; Mrs. Bloomley, Miss MORDAUNT; Mrs. Janus, Mrs. GLOVER; Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. ORGER; Mrs. Walton, Mrs. C. JONES; Cecilia, Miss FAUCIT; Twill, Mrs. NEWCOMBE.

This comedy, for such it is styled in the bills, though it is hardly deserving of that epithet, principally turns on the *amiable* propensities of Mr. and Mrs. Janus, whose sole pleasure consists in raising dissensions among their acquaintance. In the opening scene, we find Frank Skinner on the point of being married to Cecilia Walton; their parents have been long at variance, on account of a protracted lawsuit, and this union is intended as the vehicle of reconciliation; the snakes, however, on their arrival, after having ingratiated themselves with the Waltons and the Skinners, contrive, the one by misrepresentations to the lover, and the other to his intended, to break off the match. A Mrs. Bloomley and a Captain Agitate constitute the other portion of the piece; their marriage has also been prevented by the machinations of the Januses; the denouement is brought about by Captain Agitate overhearing a conversation between Mr. Janus and Mrs. Bloomley, in which the former makes a most dishonourable proposal. All parties are of course made perfectly happy, according to the old rule, that comedies should end in a church while tragedies are condemned to the church-yard. The dialogue of this comedy, without being highly polished, is spirited and lively; the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Janus are well drawn and were admirably sustained. The remaining portion of the *dramatis personæ*, notwithstanding the talented names which are crowded on the list, have very few opportunities of distinguishing themselves. The scene where Mrs. Janus pretended to explain to Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Skinner the cause of the quarrel between their children, while artfully working upon their maternal feelings so as to make each think her child is ill used, was incomparably well played by Mrs. C. Jones, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Glover. The house was well filled, and the comedy was announced for repetition with applause mingled with a few hisses.

WEDNESDAY, November 4.—*Snakes in the Grass*; Buckstone.—*Happiest Day of my Life*; Buckstone.—*Der Freischütz*.

THURSDAY, November 5.—*Venice Preserved*; Otway.—*Ballet*.—*Snakes in the Grass*.

The only material change in the tragedy was the substitution of

Mr. Wallack's Jaffier for Mr. Cooper's. The change is decidedly for the better, as the former's manner and action were not so boisterous and overcharged, while his voice is far more calculated to give the intended effect to the lover-like and enthusiastic expressions of fondness which form the prominent feature in the character of Jaffier. In the parting interviews with Belvidera, Wallack was very inferior to C. Kemble in depicting the agonizing struggles and heart-rending sorrows of his situation, who in the final parting with his wife, touched the very climax of grief, and raised a correspondent sensibility in every feeling breast. Miss Phillips's fair complexion, soft melodious tones, and mild unassuming cast of features are preeminently adapted for the affectionate Belvidera, but her powers are totally incapable of fulfilling the author's intention in the latter portion of the play, especially where frenzy has usurped the throne of reason; and in the early scenes her declamation often appeared to us cold and unimpassioned. Mr. Young's Pierre requires no encomium, for it is faultless.

FRIDAY, November 6.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—*Snakes in the Grass*.—*Amoroso*.

SATURDAY, November 7.—*A Bold Stroke for a Husband*.—*Snakes in the Grass*.

Miss Mordaunt sustained the difficult part of Olivia with much ability, and in the scenes where she disgusts her various suitors she displayed much varied talent. Harley was irresistibly ludicrous as Vicentio, the enthusiastic admirer of music; and Farren played the eccentric old gentleman, Don Cæsar, with more than his usual comic excellence. Wallack's Don Carlos, in the drunken scene, was much applauded.

MONDAY, November 9.—*Pizarro*; Kotzebue and Sheridan.—*Masaniello*.

Mr. Wallack, invariably on his return from his trans-atlantic trips, endeavours to foist himself upon the town as a first-rate actor; hence we have been occasionally indulged with his Coriolanus, Brutus, Richard the Third, &c. &c. Mr. Wallack's Rolla is a fine showy performance, but very different from the Rolla of Kemble and Young, or the noble-minded hero Kotzebue has drawn;—it is deficient in passion and depth of feeling, and chiefly calculated to please the gods on an Easter Monday.

Mrs. Faucit played Elvira (the soldier's trull, as the late John Kemble styled her) with great spirit. Mr. H. Wallack proved a very efficient representative of Pizarro; but he has an abominable habit of strongly accenting unimportant words, which is highly offensive to the ear.

TUESDAY, November 10.—*Venice Preserved*.—Ballet.—*Snakes in the Grass*.

WEDNESDAY, November 11.—*A Bold Stroke for a Husband*; Cowley.—Ballet.—*Snakes in the Grass*.

THURSDAY, November 12.—*Paul Pry*.—Ballet.—*Snakes in the Grass*.

FRIDAY, November 13.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—Ballet.—*Snakes in the Grass*.

SATURDAY, November 14.—*Wild Oats*; O'Keefe.—*Love, Law, and Physic*; Kenny.

The comedy was strongly but not well cast. Jones exhibited the unthinking generosity and ardent ungovernable nature of the hero with great warmth of expression; but his acting was not sufficiently varied, and altogether far inferior to Elliston's, in depicting the wild and extravagant whimsicality of Rover—the abrupt changes from the mock heroics of his flights to the real sensibility of his character. Indeed the consummate ease with which Elliston ran from one passion to another in Rover cannot be too highly lauded; he was careless, volatile, impetuous, feeling one person with Tim, another with Lady Amaranth, a third with Sir George, and a fourth with Amelia.

Harley's Tim was laughable, but very incorrect; and by his faults forcibly brought to the recollection of many of his auditors the excellence of poor Knight, who enacted the rustic simplicity and kindly nature of the farmer's son with a fidelity which we fear never again to see realized. Farren, as the passionate but brave Admiral, was inferior to Dowton or Bartley. This clever performer, in his own line, is inimitable, but rarely appears to advantage as the representative of hale old men;—a touch of Ogleby rheumatism will show itself. Wallack's John Dory was sturdy and bluff. Liston, as the hypocritical Smooth, wanted the conventicle twang of Munden and Fawcett; it was, however, extremely ludicrous. Miss Mordaunt's deportment as Lady Amaranth was quiet and unaffected, and she did full justice to the frank simplicity and admirable qualities of the character. Mrs. Orger was extremely pleasing and natural as the representative of Jane.

The house was well filled, and Mr. Jones, at the conclusion, was honoured with three rounds of applause.

MONDAY, November 16.—*Venice Preserved*.—*Masaniello*.

TUESDAY, November 17.—*Rob Roy*; Pocock.—Ballet.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

WEDNESDAY, November 18.—*Ups and Downs*.—*Brigand Chief* (1st time).—X Y Z.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Prince Bianchi, (Governor of Rome,) Mr. W. FARREN; Albert, Mr. H. WALLACK; Theodore, Mr. J. VINING, (Students of the French Academy of Painting); Nicolo, Mr. WEBSTER; Fabio, Mr. HUGHES; Count Caraffa, Mr. C. JONES; Cardinal-Secretary, Mr. FENTON; Alessandro Massaroni, (the Brigand Chief,) Mr. WALLACK; Rubaldo, (his Lieutenant,) Mr. BEDFORD; Spoletto, Mr. BLAND; Carlotti, Mr. YARNOLD; Ottavia, (Prince Bianchi's Niece,) Miss FAUCIT; Maria Grazie, (the Brigand's Wife,) Mrs. W. BARRYMORE.

Massaroni, the hero, is at the head of a large party of Brigands, the terror of the neighbouring country; but notwithstanding the nature of his profession, he possesses many amiable qualities, for he not only saves Albert and Theodore from being murdered by his band, but permits them to depart on their journey to Rome unmolested, merely exacting a promise that they should meet him at the villa with the sum of 6000 scudi. The other incident of consequence in the first act is the robbery of Nicolo, the Steward of the Convent of St. Arnold, by a very amazing and ingenious contrivance.

In the second act, a grand gala is given at the villa of the Prince Bianchi; Massaroni appears among the guests, disguised as an Italian nobleman and even plays at ombre with the Prince. By some accident he is discovered;—the guests quit the saloon with great velocity, and the brigand is left alone. He unveils a portrait, thinking that it conceals a door which might aid his escape. By a miniature that he carries with him, he discovers it to be the portrait of his mother (for he is an illegitimate and deserted child of the Prince Bianchi). Theodore then enters and endeavours to effect the brigand's escape, but he is shot in the attempt; he rushes in mortally wounded, and dies proclaiming his origin.

The drama was eminently successful. It is translated from the French by Mr. Planché, and abounds with romantic incidents, effective situations, and excellent acting. Mr. Wallack, as the Brigand Chief, gave a splendid specimen of melo-dramatic acting; his attitudes were very striking and picturesque; he sung a national air with a considerable degree of taste. All the performers exerted themselves with great zeal and success.

THURSDAY, November 19.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Brigand Chief*; Planché.

FRIDAY, November 20.—*Wild Oats*.—*The Brigand Chief*.

SATURDAY, November 21.—*She Stoops to Conquer*.—*The Brigand Chief*.

MONDAY, November 23.—*Othello*.—*The Brigand Chief*.

The merits of Mr. Young's Othello we have already descanted upon in a preceding number; his acting this evening excited the profoundest attention mingled with the deepest sympathy, which was only interrupted by enthusiastic bursts of approbation. The gradual rise of the subtlest of all human passion, the hydra of calamities, with all the ebb and flow of the tempestuous agitation of the soul to the gradual completion of its measureless revenge, were displayed with terrible force and verity; and if the electric flashes of Kean's genius were occasionally missing, the performance, as a whole, was infinitely more pleasing, for there was nothing in it to offend either the eye or the ear.

Mr. Wallack's Iago was "poor indeed." Henderson has been accounted by many learned critics to have had too much disguise in some of his scenes, and Cooke too little. Mr. Wallack has taken quite a new idea of the character, and entirely divested him of all signs of villany; he is in this actor's hand quite a good-humoured rosy cheeked gentleman, so much so that some of the audience must have been quite surprised to hear him utter such diabolical intentions, for his voice and looks constantly belied his words. To Othello, Cassio, and the rest, he is to be honest, honest Iago, but to the audience his villany should be apparent. Iago is a hypocrite only before those on whom his poison is to work; when alone, the demi-devil cannot be too explicitly declared. This is the great excellence of Young in this part. In the soliloquies, where the soul of Iago should shine forth in the most glaring colours, as he has a deep plot to lay, imagined injuries to revenge, and serious risks to run, his deliberations (as was the case with Mr. Wallack) should not come from him as if they were a mere chain of philosophical deductions. The suggestions of his brain, if there be any design in character or use in soliloquy, operate forcibly upon his mind, and of course on his countenance; and the different passions and shades of passion will be boldly and ardently expressed. Mr. Wallack was equally indifferent in the great scenes with Othello, where his by-play should indicate the strong interest he takes in the progress of his operations, and considerably destroyed the effect of Young's acting.

Mr. Cooper's Cassio was very well played, but he should have changed characters with Mr. Wallack. Miss Phillips has all those soft and endearing allurements of voice and manner which the actress who represents the gentle Desdemona should possess. Her acting was much applauded. The house was well filled.

TUESDAY, November 24.—*The Partizans*; Planché.—*The Brigand Chief*; Planché.—*Deaf as a Post*.

WEDNESDAY, November 25.—*Wild Oats*.—*The Brigand Chief*.

THURSDAY, November 26.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Brigand Chief*.



## COVENT GARDEN.

TUESDAY, October 27.—*The First of May*; Hill.—*Invincibles*.—*Woodman's Hut*.

WEDNESDAY, October 28.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

THURSDAY, October 29.—*Shakspeare's Early Days* (1st time).—*First of May*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

The following is a brief outline of the plot and incidents :—

SCENE I. *The outside of Shakspeare's house in Henly-street.* The piece opens with John Shakspeare complaining to his wife of the wild and irregular conduct of their son William.

SCENE II. *Distant view of Stratford across the river Avon.* Shakspeare is discovered sleeping on a bank by the side of the Avon. Oberon and Titania appear, and give the bard a presage of his future fame, bidding scenes from five of his most favourite plays to pass before him; viz. Falstaff, Hamlet and the Ghost, Romeo and Juliet, Prospero and Miranda, Macbeth and the Witches. Shakspeare, shortly after awaking from this vision, is apprehended by Slyboots to answer a charge of killing one of Sir Thomas Lucy's fat bucks.

SCENE III. *An apartment in Sir Thomas Lucy's house.* Shakspeare enters into a defence of poaching, and declares he shot the buck to save a family from dying of starvation; he is however compelled by Sir Thomas to pay a fine of fifty crowns. This his father defrays.

In the next scene Slyboots calls at William Shakspeare's residence to request him to draw up a proclamation against deer-stealing; for Sir Thomas Lucy is disgusted with his present clerk, Drawl, and promised his place to Slyboots on condition that he draws up a "thundering" proclamation against that offence. Slyboots, like Sir Thomas, can neither read nor write; so Shakspeare pens for him the well-known ballad against Sir Thomas Lucy.

In the last scene of the act, the people of Stratford are summoned by sound of bell to hear the reading of this thundering proclamation against deer killing. The astonishment and rage of Sir Thomas Lucy may be well imagined when Drawl, by his master's orders, reads the severe lampoon of Shakspeare. The assembled multitude commence laughing, upon which Sir Thomas drives them away with his stick.

The Second Act is laid in London.

SCENE I. *The outside of the Falcon Tavern, with the Globe, Hope, and Swan Theatres in the distance.* Burbage and Tarleton come from

the tavern. We learn from them that Queen Elizabeth has proposed a prize of her own picture in diamonds for the best poem in praise of Tragedy or Comedy, and that Dr. Orthodox (Master of the Revels) is engaged on such a composition.

SCENE II. *The outside of the Globe Theatre.* Shakspeare arrives just as Lord Southampton is about to enter the Globe, and saves him from being plunged into the river by an unruly horse.

SCENE IV. *The house of Dr. Orthodox,* where Shakspeare calls in order to obtain the warrant for his performance of Hamlet, such being the law, (according to Mr. Somerset.) The Master of the Revels is staunch for the three unities, which Shakspeare opposes by precept and example; and being reproached with his ignorance of Aristotle, and asked who had taught him, he replies that he had learnt all he knew from his country school-mistress, Dame Nature. Shakspeare only procures the licence to act his Hamlet by showing a signet ring given him by his patron, Lord Southampton, in the previous scene.

The last scene is, *The Audience Chamber in the palace of Elizabeth.* The Queen is seated in state, surrounded by her nobility. Her dress is peculiarly splendid, and is copied with exactness from the celebrated print by Pass. After news has been brought of the defeat of the Armada, the prize poems on Tragedy and Comedy are called for, and Elizabeth decides at once in favour of Shakspeare, because the epic of Dr. Orthodox was "too long even for a lawyer's bill." A further trial of skill in extempore verse is afterwards proposed, in which Tarleton, Burbage, Dr. Orthodox, and Shakspeare contend, to the advantage of the latter, who repeats four of his own verses, and the piece ends with the placing of the portrait of the Queen round the neck of Shakspeare by the hands of Elizabeth herself.

The trifling merits of this drama have been considerably over-rated by many of the newspaper critics, for it literally has no plot; and the incidents and dialogue by no means compensate for this deficiency; and, moreover, the drama abounds with disgusting incongruities; for we have a rustic, who can neither read nor write, perfectly acquainted with heathen mythology, and talking as familiarly of Jupiter and Juno as he should of carts and horses; and we have actors placed on a par with the first noblemen in the land. Now though Tarleton was allowed to enter the audience chamber of the Queen on account of his being a jester, Burbage never was. We could point out many more inconsistencies, but it is not worth the trouble, as the public have judged for themselves, and the drama will shortly be consigned to oblivion.

The author, a Mr. Somerset, in a letter to the Editor of the Times, endeavoured to account for the total want of plot by stating, that it was originally intended to have been produced in five acts, but at the advice of Charles Kemble he reduced it to its present humble state. Mr. Somerset adds, that he is now engaged in preparing a drama for representation, to be called *Shakspeare's Latter Days*.

Of the acting and characters we have but little to say. Charles Kemble looked wonderfully young as the hero, and wore a remarkably studious and poetical look. Mr. Bartley was boisterous, and by his appearance did not give the lie to the constant phrase "by the rotundity of our person." Keeley, in the absence of jokes, cracked nuts. Blanchard, as the pedant and warm admirer of the three unities, acted with great humour; his scene with Kemble was admirably well sustained. Meadows made the drawling clerk one of the most amusing personages in the drama. The scenery was very correct and beautiful, especially the view of Stratford across the river Avon.

FRIDAY, October 30.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

SATURDAY, October 31.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*; Somerset.—*The Waterman*; Dibdin.—*The Robber's Wife*; Pococke.

MONDAY, November 2.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

TUESDAY, November 3.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The First of May*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

WEDNESDAY, November 4.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Three and the Deuce*.—The Three Singles, by Mr. Balls, who was much applauded.

THURSDAY, November 5.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The First of May*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

FRIDAY, November 6.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Home, Sweet Home*; Pococke. Madame Germain, Miss Forde.

We cannot congratulate this actress on her performance; she wants that apparent lightness of heart and vivacity of manner which Madame Vestris displayed. Mr. Diddier is the most awkward representative of a lover we ever met.

SATURDAY, November 7.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

MONDAY, November 9.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Woodman's Hut*.

TUESDAY, November 10.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The Robber's Wife*.—*Three and the Deuce*.

WEDNESDAY, November 11.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Husbands and Wives*; Pococke.

THURSDAY, November 12.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*Katherine and Petruchio*.—*The Robber's Wife*.—Katherine, Mrs. Chatterly.

FRIDAY, November 13.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Home, Sweet Home*.

SATURDAY, November 14.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*The Waterman*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

MONDAY, November 16.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Woodman's Hut*.

THURSDAY, November 17.—*The Night before the Wedding, and the Wedding Night*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

*Dramatis Personæ*.—Sir Lionel Lorimer (Colonel of Infantry), Mr. WOOD; Valentine Acton (a young Captain), Mr. DEAN (his first appearance on any stage); Cleveland, Mr. IRWIN; Neville, Mr. HENRY; Alton, Mr. FULLER; Woodstock, Mr. PURDAY; Villars, Mr. RANSFORD; Mowbray, Mr. MEARS; Wilton, Mr. C. TETT; Rugby, Mr. SHEGOG; Justice Rigid, Mr. G. STANSBURY; Torpid (Valet to the Colonel), Mr. MEADOWS; Hector (Valet to the Captain), Mr. J. RUSSELL; Jocelyn (a Peasant), Mr. DURUSET; Portlock, Mr. EVANS; Malvina, Miss HUGHES; Rose (a Peasant Girl), Miss H. CAWSE.

The opera opens with the midnight revels of Sir Lionel and his friends. After a stunning chorus in praise of Bacchus, Sir Lionel informs his party that he is to be married the following night, and shows them the portrait of the lady. Valentine recognises it to be that of his beloved Malvina, between whom a reciprocal affection had once existed, which had been broken off through the supposed infidelity of Valentine. Hector, on knowing that his master wishes to be reinstated in the lady's affection, instantly undertakes that Sir Lionel shall be supplanted. This is the entire business of the first act.

The scenes of the second act are laid at an abbey, where Malvina is residing in a state of great privacy, according to the directions left in her uncle's will. Hector and Valentine arrive at the abbey, disguised as minstrels; but Sir Lionel, who, through an intercepted letter, had become acquainted with their intentions, orders them to be thrown into separate dungeons; but Jocelyn, having duplicate keys, releases them. Sir Lionel's invited guests arrive, and the supposed bride enters veiled. Sir Lionel takes her hand, and advances towards the chapel, when, to the astonishment of all parties, they are met by Valentine and Malvina, already married, for Rose had ingeniously personated the supposed bride.

The opera is literally translated by Mr. Fitzbates, and its ill success may be attributed to the slovenly and contemptible manner in which it is written. The overture is a very pleasing composition, and more remarkable for its sweetness than novelty. The general character of the music is not so good as we expected, for the choruses are more loud than harmonious; but some of the airs are extremely melodious, particularly the one allotted to Mr. Wood, in the first act, which was given by that talented singer with a purity and feeling that captivated all portions of the audience. Mr. Wood also acted his part with much sprightliness.

Mr. Dean was very kindly received. His voice is powerful and melodious, but his singing betrays a total absence of expression or interest in the words of his songs. If, however, he had been gifted with a voice whose powers had equalled the fabled syrens, it could not have atoned for his clownish gait and awkward deportment; indeed, Mr. Kemble's Leon does not afford a more consummate picture of partial idiotism than Mr. Dean presented this evening. We are aware that Mr. Sinclair and Mr. T. Cook are no disciples of Chesterfield, yet their actions and appearance are even graceful and gentlemanly compared to Mr. Dean.

Miss Hughes had but a trifling character to sustain; her first song was given with much sweetness. Miss H. Cawse looked very arch and lively, and sung and acted with great applause. Mr. J. Russell played an intriguing valet very cleverly, and gave some very intricate compositions with great musical precision. Mr. Duruset, in the part of a half-witted peasant, acted with far more humour and discretion than we should have given him credit for possessing. He was much applauded, and not more so than he deserved.

The opera was not well received; a circumstance by no means surprising, when we consider that the plot is vilely constructed, and almost barren of incident; and that there were three long duets, besides other pieces of music, which did not possess one agreeable note. The house was very full.

WEDNESDAY, November 18.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Husbands and Wives*.

THURSDAY, November 19.—*The Night before the Wedding*, and the *Wedding Night*.—*The Irish Tutor*.—*Master's Rival*.

The opera was considerably curtailed, and went off better than the first night. The house was miserably empty.

FRIDAY, November 20.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Home, Sweet Home*.

SATURDAY, November 21.—*Shakspeare's Early Days*.—*Ballet*.—*The Wedding Day*.

The interlude of *The Poor Soldier* was transformed into the Ballet, and went off very well.

MONDAY, November 23.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*The Woodman's Hut*.

TUESDAY, November 24.—*The Night before the Wedding, and the Wedding Night*.—*Ballet*.—*The Robber's Wife*.

WEDNESDAY, November 25. — *Romeo and Juliet* — *Ballet*. — *The Poachers*.

THURSDAY, November 26.—*The Royal Fugitive*; Kemble.—*Ballet*. — *Home, Sweet Home*.

Though styled in the bills a new drama, *The Royal Fugitive* is merely *The Wanderer*, under another title. An interesting account of this play will be found among our Miscellanies. The present Lord Chamberlain is not so scrupulous as the preceding ones; for the scene this evening was allowed to be laid in Scotland, as originally written. The characters were cast to-night as follows :—

Prince Charles, Mr. WARDE; Duke of Athol, Mr. DIDDEAR; Colonel Cope, Mr. BLANCHARD; General Campbell, Mr. WOOD; Sandy, Mr. J. RUSSELL; Duchess of Athol, Miss ELLEN TREE; Flora Macdonald, Miss CAWSE.

While the original cast was,

Prince Sigismund, Mr. C. KEMBLE; Count Valdestein, Mr. POPE; Count Sparre, Mr. BRUNTON; Colonel Baner, Mr. BLANCHARD; Gustavus Adolphus, Mr. CLAREMONT; Ramsay, Mr. Fawcett; Countess Valdenstein, Miss SMITH; Christina, Miss NORTON.

Charles, after the unfortunate issue of the last battle, is obliged to take shelter in the house of the Duke of Athol, one of his bitterest enemies. The Duke is from home, but the Duchess discovers him, and resolves to conceal him till an opportunity offers of escape. The dilemmas into which this resolution brings her, and the artifice to which she is obliged to resort, in order to maintain *the rights of hospitality*, constitute the business and interest of the piece. After numerous impediments, she is successful. Prince Charles escapes, and her offence is pardoned.

Charles Kemble's personation of the unfortunate prince was much admired; and it is to be regretted, that the character was assigned to other hands this evening. Warde's acting was saturnine and heavy, and his tones, as usual, betrayed a most unhappy modulation of voice. Miss E. Tree displayed great talent in the part of the Duchess; in the scene where it is necessary to pass the prince off for her husband, and that where the Duke magnanimously calls himself an impostor, to save the prince's life, her acting approached to a point of excellence. The original music was composed by Davy.

but this evening was omitted for some very pretty Scotch airs, composed by Mr. J. Stansbury, which were given, with great effect, by Mr. Wood and Miss Cawse.

The drama was announced for repetition with applause.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS theatre opened on the 29th of September. The company has undergone a few alterations since last season. Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Sinclair, and Miss Graddon have left, and Mr. O. Smith, Mr. J. Reeve, and Mrs. Fitzwilliams (the *Vestris* of the minor theatres,) appeared in their places. A variety of novelties have been produced in rapid succession; the most successful of these is a burletta in two acts, called *Love laughs at Bailiffs*, (in which Mathews plays a follower of the law, infected with the mania of constantly singing snatches of old songs with infinite humour,) and a broad burlesque, entitled *Billy Taylor*, which demands a larger notice than what we generally assign to such productions. The burlesque is stated in the bills to be founded on the old ballad of that name, "Billy Taylor." J. Reeve, who is described as a cannibal, as he lives upon his father, is of course attached to Mary Wagstaff, (Mrs. Fitzwilliams,) whose charms have made a deep impression on Carolus Lanterino, (O. Smith,) one of the late misnamed guardians of the night; who, determined to supplant his rival, raises the devil, *a la Caspar*, and throws in the charmed caldron the knee-buckle of a black-leg, one of the balls of a pawnbroker's sign, the conscience of a Marshalsea attorney, and a lady's complexion lost in a ball room.

The devil makes his appearance in the person of a chancery barrister; the usual forms are gone through respecting the arrangement of Carolus' soul, and the devil promises, that under the likeness of a beautiful female, he will contrive that William shall prove false to Mary, and be pressed on board a ship. The devil keeps his word; and Carolus now becomes one of the new police, and endeavours to win the heart of Mary in that guise; but she spurns his addresses, terming him "an unboiled lobster," and resolves to "follow her true love," according to the story of the ballad. Carolus grows desperate, and enlists in the service of the enemy. After an excellent scene of madness and repentance, he is carried off by the afore-mentioned chancery barrister, and the lovers are made happy.

The audience were kept in a constant roar of laughter. Though indeed Reeve and O. Smith's acting is, of its kind, the most amusing we ever witnessed, the almost overwhelming drollery and Listonian

graces of Reeve, are admirably contrasted with the dry, stiff humour of O. Smith. A combat is introduced between these worthies. Though it is not equal to the fencing scene between the latter and Keely in the *Spring Lock*, one of Peake's most happy conceits, it is very ridiculous. Several of the scenes in *Romeo and Juliet* are very happily produced, as well as the ballad of, "I have plucked the fairest flower," (sung by Reeve). Mrs. Fitzwilliams looked the love-stricken damsel just escaped from a boarding-school to the very life, and sung several airs with much sweetness.

Mr. Buckstone is the author, and we cannot help complimenting him for the rich vein of comic satire he has displayed.

On Monday, November the 16th, a new melo-drama, entitled *The Sisters, or the Brigands of Albano*. The main incident is similar to that in the *Sister of Charity*, namely, a female being condemned to death for attempting to convey food to her lover, one of the brigands; but the denouement differs materially, inasmuch as the *Sister of Charity* is really Nannette's sister, and does effect her escape, and when about to suffer for the offence, a party of brigands, headed by the lover of Nannette, rush upon the soldiers and kill them, while the brigand's pardon is obtained by an officer from his having saved his life.

This drama was received with considerable disapprobation, and indeed is altogether a most worthless production. Yates plays a generous fag with much ability, and O. Smith looked quite majestic and elegant in his robber's garb.

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## COBURG THEATRE.

MONDAY, November 9.—*The Jew of Canada*, (styled in the bills, a new Burletta, in five Acts, "by a Gentleman of literary eminence.")

THE gentleman of literary eminence is rather addicted to plagiarism, for many of the incidents and characters are taken, with very little variation, from Cumberland's comedy of *The Jew*. It was very powerfully cast; Dowton (and we feel grieved at having to record his appearance at this theatre, for the shilling orders have not been refused) played the Jew; and, as we have so largely commented on his merits in another part of this number, it will be sufficient to say that, though he may have represented the character to a more polished audience, he never did to a more delighted one, for the applause in some parts was absolutely deafening. Gattie played a



warm-hearted sailor with more than his wonted spirit. Miss Booth, as a distressed and persecuted damsel, excited much sympathy. Mr. Burroughs was a very gay lively gentleman, and Mr. Davidge a very peppery one. Mr. Gomersal was a villain, and Mrs. Davidge, as the thoughtless extravagant young wife of the Jew, excited much laughter. All the other characters were well supported by Cobham, Conquest, Sloman, Mortimer, and Miss Watson.

The burletta of *The Young Widow* followed, in which Miss Booth displayed much versatility of talent as the heroine, though we cannot say she looked like a young widow. The whole concluded with Dibdin's laughable farce of *What next?*

November 23d, a new petite piece, by H. Milner, called *Woman's Wit, or Who's to have Him?* The interest of this drama lies in the strange stratagem of a young lady, who to secure her lover, disguises herself in the garb of her brother, to whom she bears a strong resemblance, and thus appears to her lover in double characters, and finally, effects the conquest of his heart and hand. The acting chiefly devolves upon Miss S. Booth, who acquitted herself very creditably. Mr. W. Burroughs as the enviable object of Miss Booth's love, was very spirited and correct. This gentleman, in light comedy, is equal to many of the actors on the boards of our winter theatres.

Another novelty followed, entitled *Dead Men's Shoes*, also from the pen of Mr. H. Milner. The incidents are farcical in the extreme, and excited the most uproarious tokens of approbation.

Dowton represents a hypochondriacal gentleman, who imagines himself to be infected with every disease to which the human frame is subjected. Mr. Burroughs plays the part of his nephew, as rakish and extravagant a young man as is to be found in any of Morton's or Reynolds's comedies. He is, moreover, in love with an apothecary's niece (Gattie), who vainly endeavours to persuade Dowton that he is well. Miss S. Booth plays the part of a romping girl, sister to Burroughs, who is always full of fun and mischief. One of her freaks is to announce the death of her uncle (Dowton) in the London newspapers. The nephew comes down in a great hurry, with a number of his fashionable acquaintance, and a hearse, drawn by eight horses, to bury his uncle, who being let in the secret by his niece, pretends death, and by that means discovers his nephew's extravagant qualities.

All these characters were remarkably well sustained. Sloman also, as a stupid sort of servant to Gattie, contributed his share to the general amusement. There was an underplot, in which Mrs. Davidge and Mr. Conquest were the principal performers.

## SURREY THEATRE.

The only novelty at this theatre, during the past month, of any importance, was the performance of Walter Scott's drama of the *House of Aspen*, which appeared in one of the annuals. It was, though well cast, only played three nights.

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## WEST LONDON THEATRE.

November 23.—This theatre was re-opened under an entire new management. During the two or three weeks it remained closed, it has undergone sundry alterations, both of a convenient and ornamental nature; a rather splendid chandelier has also been introduced. The performances commenced with the *Marriage of Figaro*. The Count, Mr. VINING; Antonio, Mr. WILLIAMS; Fernando, Mr. MELROSE; Figaro, Mr. A. LEE. The Countess, Miss A. TREE; Susannah, Mrs. WAYLETT; Page, Miss G. ABSOLEM.

A very amusing ballet, composed by M. Simon, of the King's Theatre, followed, entitled, *L'Amour a-la-Mode*; or, *The Dandy in Distress*, which elicited great laughter.

A new piece, by Mr. Lunn, entitled, *False and Constant*, and written expressly for this theatre, concluded the evening's entertainment; it was perfectly successful. The house was very full.

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## OLYMPIC.

November 23.—This theatre opened this evening, under the direction of Mr. M'Wild, the late manager of the West London. The performances commenced with *The Pilot*. The shilling order system is pursued here.

## MISCELLANIES.

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### JULIUS CÆSAR.

VOLTAIRE, noticing this play, observes, "The English have a tragedy of the death of Cæsar, written by the Duke of Buckingham. There is one in Italian, by the Abbé Conti, a Venetian nobleman. These performances agree but in this particular, that there is no love in either of them." Neither of these authors debased this grand subject with an intrigue of gallantry; but about five and thirty years ago, one of the greatest wits of France\* having joined with Miss Barbier to compose a Julius Cæsar, he took care to represent Cæsar and Brutus as lovers, and as jealous of each other.

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### THE SPANISH FRIAR AND QUEEN MARY.

The following anecdote is, we think, one of the most interesting that has yet appeared in our collection;—

This play being upon the stock-list when King William ascended the throne, the Queen unwittingly ordered it for representation at the time the King was in Ireland and she was left regent. But the confusion arising from so many supposed allusions to her new situation, which occurred in the representation of it, was such as, perhaps, never occurred from theatrical accident before. The facts are so curious, that we shall lay before our readers the following extract of a letter, written by Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, to a person of fashion, name unknown, announcing the particulars, a copy of which letter was in the possession of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, some years ago.

"The only day Her Majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, happened to be the *Spanish Friar*, the only play forbidden by the late King. Some unhappy expressions, amongst which those that follow, put her into the greatest disorder, and frequently forced her to hold up her fan, and often look behind, and call for her palatine and hood, or any thing she could think of; whilst those who were in the pit before her, constantly turned their heads over their shoulders, to see how she bore the application of what was said. In one place, where the Queen of Arragon is going to church in procession, it is said, by a spectator,

'Very good! she usurps the throne,  
Keeps the old King in prison, and, at the same time,  
Is praying for a blessing on the army.'

Again:

'Who is it that can flatter a court like this?  
Can I soothe tyranny? seem pleas'd to see my  
Royal master murder'd, his crown usurp'd,  
A distaff on the throne?'

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\* Fontenelle.

Again :

'What title has this Queen but lawless force? and force  
Must pull her down.'

"Twenty more things were said in the play, which faction applied to the Queen; and though it never could be originally intended, it furnished the town with talk, till something else happened," &c.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—AN old cousin of mine, a great naturalist, and moreover an enthusiastic admirer of the drama and its adherents, has lately died, and directed in his will that the following articles in his museum should be given to certain members of the Thespian corps, whose names are hereunder specified. I trust you will give the list a place in your magazine, that the different persons mentioned may call, and claim their bequests.

A whale and a porpoise, to . . .	Mr. Weekes and Mr. Andrews.
A magpie . . . . .	Mr. Harley.
A pigeon . . . . .	Mr. Price.
Two sheep dogs (rare barkers) .	Messrs. Cooper and Warde.
Several Boars* . . . . .	Mr. Horrebow, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Diddear.
A tomtit . . . . .	Mr. Keeley.
A redpole . . . . .	Mrs. Orger.
A bear . . . . .	Mr. Fawcett.
A gander . . . . .	Mrs. Geesin.
A screech owl . . . . .	Mrs. H. Corri.
A bat . . . . .	Mr. Thompson.
Apes and chameleons . . . . .	Mathews and Yates.
A water-wagtail . . . . .	Madame Vestris.
A nightingale . . . . .	Lady W. Lennox.
An ourang-outang . . . . .	Mr. Gouffe.
Ninnyhammers . . . . .	Mr. Sapio and Mr. Dean.
A swan . . . . .	Miss Chester.
A fine stag . . . . .	Mr. Bunn.
A butterfly . . . . .	Mr. Green.
A dormouse . . . . .	Mr. Egerton.
Guinea fowls . . . . .	Mr. Broadhurst, and the other din- ner singers.
Turtle doves . . . . .	Mr. Farren and Mrs. Faucit.
A peacock . . . . .	Mr. Serle.

#### SIR GILES OVERREACH.

THIS detestable character, it appears from the following, was not the creation of Massinger:—

"Sir Giles Mompesson had fortune enough in the country to make him happy, if that sphere could have contained him; but the vulgar and universal error of satiety with present enjoyments, made

\* Sometimes spelt—Bores.

him too big for a rustical condition, and when he came to court he was too little for that, so that some novelty must be taken up to set him in equilibrio to the place he was in ; no matter what it was, let it be never so pestilent and mischievous to others, he cared not, so he found benefit by it. To him Michel is made compartner ; a poor sneaking justice, that lived among the brothels near Clarton-wel, whose clerk and he picked a livelihood out of those corners, giving warrants for what they did, besides anniversary stipends (the frequent revenue of some justices of those times) for conniving. This thing was a poisonous plant in its own nature, and the fitter to be an ingredient to such a composition, whereby he took liberty to be more ravenous upon poor people, to the grating of the bones, and sucking out the very marrow of their substance."—*Wilson's Life of James I.* fol. 1652.

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WALPOLE, ON TRAGEDY.

THE excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal to that of the great men we have produced in other walks :—

"Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakspeare ; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular, and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden ; revived in Otway ; maintained a kind of placid pleasing in Rowe, and even shone in his *Jane Shore*. In Southern, it appeared a genuine ray of nature and of Shakspeare, but, falling on an age still more hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneless nonsense in *The Mourning Bride* ; grew stark mad in Lee ; whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young ; yet in both was still a *poet's* cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton ; who were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid but amiable hand : and then it languished."

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ROMEO AND JULIET.—A DISTRESSING SITUATION.

IN *Romeo and Juliet*, as written by Shakspeare, the heroine, when she wakes, made use of a dagger which belonged to Romeo. In Garrick's alteration, Juliet leaves the dagger on the table, to prevent being forced to marry Paris, should the draught not take effect ; consequently she has no other resource than the dagger in Romeo's girdle. This practice continued (and without accident) for several seasons after Garrick's first revival of the piece : but in Cibber's last season at Covent Garden, when playing Juliet with Barry, she fumbled and fumbled,—no dagger was to be found ; at last, evidently much distressed, she held up her delicate fist (which was really so) and ideally plunged the weapon to her heart. The audience did not laugh, but applauded, from respect to her talents ; but the instant the curtain dropped, laughter prevailed throughout the theatre ; and from that night Juliet has ever trusted to her own care that necessary plaything the dagger.

## LETTERS OF ADVICE.

WE have received several contradictory letters respecting the management of our Magazine, some of which we proceed to lay before our readers :—

## “ TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

“ As your well-wisher, I am grieved to find that you have introduced a poem, entitled the ‘ Dramatic Gallery,’ as it occupies a space which would be much better filled with extracts from the new plays, or an account of the intrigues and sayings of the principal actresses of the day; such as, Miss Fanny Kemble asked her mamma how she liked her Canova; that fascinating favourite, Vestris, has discarded handsome Jack, and turned to her old flame, the ———; or, Miss C——e has left the protection of Lord F——e. Any little anecdote of this description you will find greatly to increase the sale of the Magazine, and will much oblige your obedient servant,

“ W. B.’

The Editor begs to assure W. B. that the “ Dramatic Gallery” will be discontinued for the future, and he will be indefatigable in his exertions to procure the earliest green-room intelligence, and will not only have spies placed in the theatre, and in *certain* streets of the metropolis, but that he will arrange with several of the newspaper paragraph-writers for that purpose.

## “ TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

“ I am delighted with your Magazine, and especially with your poem of the ‘ Dramatic Gallery,’ which I boldly affirm to be one of the most just and well-written pieces of dramatic satire which have appeared for some time, and am, therefore, surprised that you omitted it in your last number, for extracts from two plays, which the waves of oblivion have already rolled over. I commend your good sense in not paying any attention to the nauseous stuff which appears in the papers about our actresses.

“ Your admirer,

“ C. L.”

C. L. is informed that the poem of the “ Dramatic Gallery” will be continued in every number.

## “ TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

“ I am one of a party of four who take in your Magazine, and am commissioned by them to write to you, and state, that we have been much amused with reading the stories of the new plays, but that you ought to say a great deal more about them; therefore, you should visit all the theatres in London, especially the West London and Sadler’s Wells, instead of giving a parcel of strange anecdotes of Garrick, Macklin, &c., who, I am sure, nobody cares about.

“ ELIZABETH I——R.”

The Editor presents his compliments to Miss Elizabeth I. and her three friends, and begs most respectfully to say, that all the miscellaneous articles for the future shall be omitted, and the theatrical journal considerably enlarged.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

" As a subscriber to your work from the commencement, I think myself entitled to give you a few words of advice. That your miscellanies contain a greater fund of theatrical information than I have ever met with, is a fact I readily admit; indeed, it is proved by most of the articles having been copied into almost every paper in the kingdom. My object in writing this letter, is to complain of the extensive length of your journal;—why will you persist in giving a minute detail of the plot of every new drama, the accounts of which are as tedious to read as they are to witness? Trusting that you will see the necessity of attending to my wishes, I am yours, &c.

" W.W.T."

The Editor begs to inform W.W.T. that the journal shall be considerably curtailed, and the miscellaneous articles increased.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

" You are a very naughty man, and I can't abide you, for you have broken the promise made to your subscribers in the prospectus, for there you promised that all the new songs should be given: now, I have in vain searched among your pages for 'Susan had Lovers;' 'Look from the Topmast's Tower;' 'I cannot be a Nun, Sir;'—and how could you omit all the enchanting productions of the sublime author of 'Fly away pretty Moth,' and 'I'd be a Butterfly?'  
MARY ———."

The Editor fears he must plead guilty to Miss Mary's accusation; but he begs most respectfully to state, that all the new songs in future shall be inserted.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

" I am surprised that a work, which displays so much critical accuracy and knowledge as yours, should sully your pages with all the trash of the song-writers of the day; if the authors have the temerity to publish the songs in their stolen productions, why should you be so cruel as to inflict them upon your readers? I pri'thee avoid it for the future.

" Your friend and admirer, J. B."

The Editor will be careful to cultivate the good opinion of J. B.; and therefore declares, that not any of the new songs shall be inserted for the future.

We have selected a few of the letters of our numerous correspondents, and find that in our anxious endeavours not to displease anybody, like the man and the ass, we have pleased nobody. We therefore think we may boldly venture to declare, that the Magazine will be continued in future on the same plan as heretofore, saving a trifling alteration in the size of the type, in order to obtain more room. An address of thanks to those, who have so greatly forwarded the success of this Magazine by their friendly contributions, as well as to the subscribers in general, will appear in the ensuing number, with the 'Title-page and Index.

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## DOWTON.

AT the commencement of every winter season, we constantly hear the question asked, "Why is Dowton not engaged? I am sure he ought to be;" and every time that we see his characters assigned to other hands, the same question is repeated, with strong marks of surprise and regret. To the "why?" we cannot give an answer; the "ought" does not require one; for Dowton is, without any exception, the most chaste and natural comedian of the present day. As his merits seem to be strangely overlooked by the managers, we cannot occupy a few pages with a more interesting or appropriate subject.

The great charm of Dowton's acting consists in his observance of Shakspeare's precept; he never "o'ersteps the modesty of nature." He does not seek to provoke laughter by grimace, or any grotesque contortions of body; his humour is like the humour of Molière or Congreve; it flows from the character, and is not incongruously superinduced upon it. In reading the dramas of those writers, we are delighted with their wit, because it is mostly bestowed upon such persons only as may be supposed to employ it; they devised the character, and then gave it language and sentiment which were suitable, instead of ostentatiously pouring forth their stores, without any regard to nature, or the semblance of reality. Of a similar description is the humour of Dowton. We find in actors, as in dramatic writers, men who make you laugh, not because they observe, but because they violate nature. A performance may be eminently ludicrous, from the number of incongruities blended in it; but it may be as eminently a deviation from nature, and then it is not acting, but buffoonery. If Liston were to play Hamlet, if Mathews Macbeth, or Harley, Romeo, few probably could witness the performance without immoderate laughter; but who would venture to say that those characters were correctly delineated? To create a laugh, therefore, is not the infallible criterion of comic genius, in the proper acceptation of the term; even in characters that are essentially comic, the laughter excited by their representation is often produced by the actor, who mistakes his part, and substitutes his own power of ridiculous personation for that which ought to be elicited by the scope and meaning of the author. This radical misconception, or wilful exaggeration, of a character, is often regarded as the evidence of great comic talent; but, however amusing it may be, and however irresistible in its appeal to our risible faculties, it is only a proof that the actor is capable of becoming a merry buffoon, and utterly incapable of transfusing himself into his part. It is the same in tragedy as in comedy. Attitudes, starts, and cadences may be very fine, abstractedly considered; but if they are introduced where they ought not—if they be blended with characters and situations, where they are obviously unnatural, they must be regarded as blemishes, and condemned upon every principle of sound taste.

No actor that ever trod the stage within our remembrance, with the exception of Bannister, excelled Dowton, in his studious abstinence from all such faults; hence the reason why Dowton appears



to so much more advantage in what is termed legitimate comedy, than in the patch-work and unnatural productions of the present day.

Nor is it only in characters of genuine comedy that he excels; in those which demand pathos and sensibility, he is equally excellent. He excites the sympathy of his auditors by a different process from that of the tragedian; for his appeal is not strengthened by those lugubrious adjuncts, which give efficacy to the representations of tragedy—the pall, the dagger, the cup, the solemn look, the stately march, and the measured tone of declamation are omitted, and yet he touches the heart as effectually as ever did a *Siddons* or *O'Neil*. Whoever has seen him in *Sheva* and *Captain Storm*, to mention no other characters, must acknowledge this. This power over the feelings is secured by a sort of manly, honest, and benevolent tenderness, which the familiar scenes of life so frequently present. Heroes and kings mourn and weep for objects which cannot often come within the contemplation of ordinary men, and our affections are less easily roused for their sufferings; but when we see the humanity and generosity of *Sheva* aiding virtue, or the valour of *Storm* defending innocence, we feel that if we were placed in a similar situation, we should act just the same. Mr. Dowton has also appeared in the highest walks of tragedy with success, for his performance of *Shylock*, at the wish of Lord Byron, was highly creditable to his understanding, some portions of which we proceed to lay before our readers. The manner in which he received the proposal of Antonio, to lend three thousand ducats, by reminding him of the indignities he had heretofore heaped upon him, was finely expressive of malignant sarcasm, and presented a sort of prophetic glimpse of that fierce hatred which rankled in his heart, and only wanted the occasion to wreak its direst schemes of vengeance. As a counterpart to this, we would select the way in which he communicated the conditions which the bond should contain; as if conscious that he had already roused the suspicions of Antonio, he affected a careless, jocular manner, when proposing that the penalty or forfeiture should be a pound of flesh, thus disarming the vigilance of his meditated victim, and giving to the transaction that character of “merry sport,” which he wished it to assume. These were proofs of Mr. Dowton’s judgment, which deserved applause. On the trial also, he exhibited another instance of accurate discernment:—baffled in his project of sacrificing Antonio, denied his money, and stripped of all his worldly fortune, he manifested that anguish which such a defeat and such calamity might be supposed to produce; but when he hears that he must turn Christian, all his fortitude forsakes him, and he falls into the arms of the attendants. This was a happy touch of nature; for, to a character like *Shylock*, who abhors the very name of Christian, what fate could be so disastrous, as the necessity of becoming one to save his life. How much more just was this action of Dowton’s, to the far-famed look of scorn *Kean* bestows on *Gratiano*, at his final exit.

(To be Continued.)

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Supposing your very entertaining periodical is intended to embrace every thing that is connected, either directly or indirectly, with the drama, I am induced to submit to you a few remarks on certain injurious consequences which I have found to result from attendance on some theatres. Having lately met with several fatal cases of apoplexy, which occurred in the large theatres, and some a few hours after having left them, I have been induced to investigate the cause, and, I think, with some success. I find that all the patients were, either from make or temperament, predisposed to the disease, and that all had previously complained of experiencing giddiness or head-ache after having been about two hours in a theatre lighted with gas : it appears to me, that the strong vivid light, evolved from the numerous gas-lamps on the stage, so powerfully stimulates the brain, through the medium of the optic nerves, as to occasion a preternatural determination of blood to the head, capable of producing head-ache or giddiness ; and if the subject should at the time laugh heartily, the additional influx of blood which takes place may rupture a vessel, the consequence of which will be, from the effusion of blood within the substance of the brain, or on its surface, fatal apoplexy. All the cases of apoplexy which have occurred in the theatres confirm this supposition ; for it appears, that, when attacked, the patients were laughing heartily. I have also observed, that nervous people, who are not predisposed to apoplexy, are very subject to head-ache the day after visiting the theatre, which I attribute to the stimulating effects of the brilliant gas-lights on the optic nerves, and ultimately on the brain. From the numerous inquiries I have made among my brethren, who have been many years in practice in this metropolis, it appears to me, that the votaries of the drama were by no means so subject to apoplexy or nervous head-ache before the adoption of gas-lights. Some of my medical friends are of opinion, that the air of a theatre is very considerably deteriorated by the combustion of gas, and that the consumption of oxygen, and the new products, and the escape of hydrogen, occasion congestion of the vessels of the head ; and I think it probable, that the deterioration of the air may act in conjunction with the vivid light, in producing either apoplexy or nervous head-ache. I find that the actors are also subject not only to head-ache, but weakness of sight, from the action of the powerfully vivid light evolved from the combustion of gas, and that they often experience attacks of giddiness, although the stage is much better ventilated than the body of the theatre. It is also worthy of notice, that the pupils of the eyes of all actors or actresses, who have been two or three years on the stage, are much dilated. The paint, which some of them use, may have an injurious effect on the organs of vision, particularly the common red, which contains either the red oxide of lead, or the sulphuret of mercury (vermillion), and the white paint, carbonate of lead (pure white lead, commonly called flake white), all of which are capable of acting injuriously on the optic nerves. The red paint, I suspect, is likewise hurtful, by increasing the glare of light on the eyes. The

article, sold under the name of pearl powder, which is a composition of the subnitrate of bismuth and carbonate of lead, is also capable of weakening the organs of vision, and of paralyzing the muscles of the face, particularly of the upper eye-lids.

If you should think this communication worthy a place in your very interesting and widely circulated publication, I will send for insertion in an early number, directions for making cosmetics, of different colours, which are incapable of acting injuriously either on the optic nerves, the nerves of the face, or on the skin.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHIRO-MEDICUS.

Bolton Row,

Nov. 2, 1829.

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#### GRAND AQUATIC DRAMA.

BOTH the winter theatres are busily engaged in the preparation of an aquatic drama, founded on entirely new principles, and which is expected to prove as advantageous to the treasury as the celebrated aquatic afterpiece of the *Caravan*. The plot is founded on the following strange story, which has appeared in most of the newspapers.

"Some time ago a man was hanged at Calcutta, who was a very good swimmer, and could remain a long while under water. Availing himself of his ability to slide into the place, inclosed with palisadoes, where the Indian ladies go to bathe, he used to seize one, without being seen by the others, and drown her, and then rob her of the jewels which these ladies never lay aside, even when they are bathing. The other ladies, seeing one of their friends disappear suddenly, believed she was carried away by some crocodile. At last it happened that a young lady, who was attacked by this robber, succeeded in escaping from his horrible attempt, and to the great surprise of every body, she told them that she had been attacked, not by a crocodile, but by a man. A search was made for the ruffian; and on being taken, he avowed that he had followed that trade for seven years past."

Report has assigned the murdering swimmer, at one house, to Mr. Cooper, in consequence of the great hit he made in the stabbing Goldsmith; and a severe contest has already arisen amongst those actresses, notoriously fond of appearing in male apparel, who shall personate the bathing ladies, as the actresses who are so fortunate as to be selected for those characters, will have the advantage of displaying the fine symmetry of their forms, in an *almost* unprecedented degree. Madame Vestris, Miss Graddon, Miss Love, Miss Forde, and Miss Bartolozzi, will probably obtain this enviable distinction.

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#### DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF MACKLIN.

DR. JOHNSON observed, with humour and truth, that the conversation of Macklin, the comedian, "was an eternal renovation of hope, with an everlasting disappointment: that nature had done something for the fellow, but education had made him a head."

THE REVIVED DRAMA OF THE WANDERER, AT COVENT  
GARDEN.

THIS drama was altered from the German of Von Kotzebue by Charles Kemble, and produced at Covent Garden on the 12th of January, 1808. Though translated immediately from the German, the original author of the piece was Duval, the French dramatist. So great an effect was produced on the first representation of this drama in Paris, that on the second, the theatre was incapable of containing the vast numbers who flocked from every quarter of the town to witness it; and they who did gain admittance, by applying every incident in the piece to the unhappy situation of their lawful king (at that time a wanderer,) created so alarming a ferment, that Buonaparte, out of his great love and kindness towards his good city of Paris, wisely ordered the play to be withdrawn, and immediately sent the author his gracious permission to travel! Shortly after, Kotzebue obtained Duval's leave to render his manuscript into German; and from Kotzebue's translation was the present drama taken, and adapted to the English theatre; it was then presented to, and accepted by Mr. Colman, for the Haymarket; where it would have been acted, had not the Lord Chancellor, from motives of delicacy, pronounced his *veto*.

The scene of action was now to be altered: fortunately the history of Sweden furnished him with a hero under circumstances similar to those of the Pretender; and although aware that a considerable portion of the interest would be lost, by converting Charles Edward Stuart into a Swedish prince, still it was thought sufficiently rich, in that important quality, to excite the sympathy and rivet the attention of an English audience. The *Wanderer*, therefore, was attired in a Swedish garb.

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*Lines spoken extempore immediately after Woodward finished his Farewell  
Address in the character of Marplot.*

THOUGH Marplots are the growth of every age,  
There is but one that thrives upon the stage:  
Each tender sapling only proves, that tries,  
The oak growth is not of modern size:  
When Woodward's trunk decays—then Marplot dies.

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THE ACTOR'S PRAYER, ADDRESSED TO MERCURY, THE GOD  
OF ELOQUENCE.

O MERCURY! who presidest over oratory, accept the prayer of your humble petitioner, who, in great humility of heart, prostrates himself before thee; accept his humble supplication, and grant that he may have ability as well as inclination to improve those talents which Lucina and Nature have given him. With a pleasing person give him a graceful action, in order the better to set off and adorn that exterior form; inculcate in him the most proper and adroit attitudes, so as to similarize his gesture, his mien, his features, and every

motion, to the sentiments which his tongue uttereth. Let not his eye be languid, when his sentiment and expression are brisk, vivid, and lively. Let him not stand like a statue when he should move like a hero, a demi-god; and when he should assume the personage of a senator, let him not descend to the manners of a clown. Oh! grant me that happy heart of Proteus, to quit myself, and be in an instant another person, as it were to abdicate my own existence, and, by transmigration, to fly into another character. Let me apply more to the hearts of the audience than to the prompter, and never let my looks be vacant, when they should be fully occupied. Stiffness in carriage, austerity in lineaments, superciliousness to the inferior actors, harshness in temper, barbarity and savageness to the women in the first business, O let me avoid. Banish the first incitements to all such brutal passion: give me to be affable, social, not buoyed up with vanity and self-conceit of my abilities or conduct, my behaviour and execution, theatrical or not; in the business or out of it; behind the curtain, or on the stage; these rude extremes, oh! let me avoid to a degree of niceness, delicacy, and elegance. If the form which Lucina hath been pleased to imprint on me be not quite so pleasing as that of my brothers, yet grant me an address suitable to exert and put forth the better part of it, by concealing the worst: but above all, grant me, not to mistake my talents; but let me know the strength of my shoulders, before I take upon me that great and respectable burden of an actor; speak to thy brother Deity, Apollo, to harmonize my face; to Orpheus, the minor god, my voice; to Comus, my temper; but let Vulcan and Momus be far from me; let Thespis and Roscius visit my nightly dreams; and do thou, with thy caduceus, inspire my dreams, till thou hast wafted me to those happy shades where Shakspeare and Johnson entertain the ancients and moderns in Elysium, for ever and ever. Amen.

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MR. KEAN

Has been engaged at Drury-lane Theatre, and will make his appearance there next week. His engagement took place under the following circumstances:—

He came to town on Sunday the 22d ult, for the purpose of playing three nights for the benefit of Covent Garden, and intimated his intention of performing Richard, Sir Giles Overreach, and Shylock, on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, in the following week. This offer was, however, declined, as Miss F. Kemble appeared on those evenings; and Mr. Kean was informed that he might play on the other three nights. He peremptorily refused to act on any other nights but those on which he had been accustomed to appear, and immediately closed with the offer of the lessee of Drury Lane, having given up engagements at Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, that he might fulfil his promise to Covent Garden.

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The forthcoming Drama at the Adelphi Theatre, to introduce the celebrated Elephant from Paris, is the production of Mr. Beazly. The principal performer is the "Illustrious Female Stranger." Her principal biped assistants are Reeve, Buckstone, and Mrs. Fitzwilliams.

The French Plays at the Theatre Royal English Opera House will commence in the middle of January. Laporte has become a proprietor. This enterprising person has been some time in France, collecting a company of a superior order. Portier is engaged; and the season will begin with his performances. Jenny Colon is also retained.

The beautiful little theatre erected by Laporte in the Grand Concert Room at the Italian Opera House, will be opened in December for the performance of Italian Dramas by the pupils from the Royal Academy of Music, and will probably continue until the middle of January, when the King's Theatre will commence its regular season, aided by a vast accession of talent, engaged by Laporte himself, in France, Germany, and Italy.

Madame Malibran Garcia will return to London in April, when, it is said, she will perform a certain number of nights at Drury Lane Theatre.

The Bridgewater folks were last week hoaxed by a man and his wife, under the *nom de guerre* of *Maitland*, who were to give dramatic representations. The first night they issued tickets gratis. The next night, having previously borrowed some clothes for the alleged purpose of performance—incurred some debts—and received money for the tickets they had issued for that night's display of their histrionic talents, they suddenly retreated from that place, and are supposed to have proceeded for the west.

Braham and Miss Betts have been singing in the provinces, with success.

#### THEATRICALS AT THE HAGUE.

AN unusually respectable and talented company of English comedians have made their first appearance at the royal theatre, which has been granted to them, free of expense, for every Saturday evening during the winter. The tragedy of *Douglas*, and *Raising the Wind*, were acted with great ability. The performances were honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of the Netherlands, Prince Albert of Russia, and a numerous suite. Mr. Kean, Jun. and Mrs. Bailly displayed much feeling and judgment as Young Norval and Lady Randolph.

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## DUBLIN.

THIS Theatre was opened with the following Address, spoken by Mr. Calcraft:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having been in the constant habit of 'paying my addresses' to you for a period of more than five years, it may be reasonably supposed I have drawn on your patience and on my own eloquence, till both the one and the other are fairly exhausted. If it were also true, as it has been often said, that 'practice makes perfect,' surely I ought to be the very essence of perfection; but alas! the contrary is the lamentable fact, and never did I feel myself more at a loss than now, when I present myself before you to announce the opening of our Theatrical Session. You *will* say, and justly, 'Sir, this is all *humbug*; your speech has been announced in the bill; you have had time to prepare it; so let us have something worth listening to, or take care of the consequences.' Ladies and Gentlemen, how am I to act? Ever since this unhappy speech has been announced, I have suffered agonies which I shall not detain you by attempting to describe. I foresaw, from the beginning, that the pressure of business inevitably consequent on the opening of the theatre, would prevent me from preparing myself in it. I thought of it; I dreamed of it—I lost my appetite—my rest—my recollection. In my extremity I relied on a friend, and that friend deserted me. In despair, then, I present myself before you, with no preparation beyond zeal in your service, and with no pretensions beyond sincerity, to assure you in plain and humble prose, that we are truly delighted to see you once more within our walls, and to solicit your indulgence for this the *first* of our failures. During the period of my theatrical ministry, it may be fresh in your recollection, that the dramatic sceptre has been wielded by three successive sovereigns—the two first, as you well know, have abdicated; the third is still at his post, and (between ourselves) is not at all disposed to go, as long as you are disposed to keep him. I hardly know to what to compare the manager of a theatre; the simile of a general and his army is trite and exhausted; so taking into consideration the assistance derived from others, I think myself most like a Dublin carman, who, though he conducts the vehicle himself, is always obliged to have a *number* by his side. In our treaties with the different London performers, of leading eminence, we labour under very peculiar and local diffi-

culties; the sea which divides us from the sister island, is a barrier so terrific, that nothing but the vision of an El-Dorado beyond, will ever induce them to cross it. They always plead (in mitigation of damages) a boisterous passage, and a contrary wind; but, however the wind may blow when they leave England, yet, through your liberality, when they leave Ireland, they invariably contrive to 'raise the wind,' and to very good purpose. From your late patronage of the Italian operas, I had some idea of delivering this my royal oration in the *Italian* language; but I recollected in time, that to render it palatable in that shape, it should be sung, and I am sorry to say that at present my singing is not at a premium. I shall, therefore, without further delay, proceed to acquit myself, like a true and loyal minister, of the official part of my deputyship.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I have it in command from his Theatrical Majesty, the Lessee, to acquaint you, that he continues to receive the most friendly assurances from his Allies in London and elsewhere, the greater part of whom, in the course of the present Season, will have the honour of appearing before you.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—(To the Gallery)—The estimates for the several branches of our expenses have been prepared, by which it will be seen that a very considerable expenditure must be necessarily *incurred*, and under these circumstances, while every other Monarch is at peace, his Theatrical Majesty is obliged to appeal to his people to enable him to 'carry on the war.' The great advantage of our Government, however, lies in this, that all taxes are voluntary, and the payment thereof entirely dependent on the free will of the subject. Writs have been issued for several new members, who will forthwith take their seats; but in a Senate constructed like ours, we shall not require them to take any 'oaths.' His Theatrical Majesty desires me further to say, that he is not particularly anxious which side of the house you take, so long as you come into the house at all; though (to be sure) he would rather the 'Treasury Benches' were full, and the 'Opposition Benches' quite empty.

"Having now stated to you the particulars of our Commission, I move the order of the day (or rather of the night) for the opening of the house, and the despatch of business; but situated as I am, my difficulties are not yet over—for

I stand in a minority of *one*, and am obliged to second my *own* motion, leaving you to decide whether the ayes or the noes are to carry the question."

Loud applause and cries of aye, aye, followed the delivery of this address.

#### EDINBURGH.

We do not remember to have witnessed a theatrical performance produce a more powerful, irresistible, and un-mixed sensation, than that in which Mr. Braham took farewell of the Edinburgh public on the present occasion. The house was crowded to overflowing, and the full influence of this circumstance was felt in all its well-known power, both on the performers and on the audience. The songs with which we were favoured, were, from their variety, well adapted to display this wonderful singer's great versatility of talent; and in all, or very nearly all of them, the feeling produced was electric and overwhelming.

Mr. Braham's genius is universal. His performance of the homely part of Tom Tug, in the *Waterman*, was inimitable. It is a personification of low life without its vulgarities; the character of an honest, right-hearted fellow, just fresh from the hand of nature. Here, with admirable judgment, no embellishments were resorted to, and from beginning to end no *cadence* was heard, save the natural and necessary cadence of the melody. The song, "And have you not heard of a jolly young waterman," was given in the most characteristic and happy style; and the other, "Now farewell my trim-built wherry," with a simple, yet manly pathos, that was truly exquisite. During the whole performance, there was a constant tendency to encores his songs, which was only kept in check by a wish not to tax the performer's powers or good nature. But there was one song at which the torrents of applause were altogether irresistible; and such was the extraordinary excellence of the style in which it was sung, that, if we had never heard Braham in any thing else, he would have lived in our memories for ever. This was the fine national composition, "The Bay of Biscay;" and hacknied as it is, upon this occasion it was presented to us ennobled from all familiar associations. Three times did Braham sing this song, and always with increased effect.

When the curtain fell, he was called for, and gracefully acknowledged the demonstrations of enthusiasm with which he had been received. If an artist's talent is to be estimated by the effect

which it produces, Braham may surely be proud of such an occasion. The applause which he here received was not the ordinary tribute of admiration at the brilliancy of his voice and execution, but arose from his having reached the highest point of art.

At the conclusion of the season, the following Address was delivered by Mr. Murray:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The conclusion of our season demands the annual tribute of our thanks, and yet how to vary the words of my address, so as to avoid the dulness of eternal repetition, I know not. There are many ways of saying the same thing, certainly, but you will not wonder at my present hesitation, when you recollect that I have been *paying my addresses* to you for upwards of sixteen years. On a former occasion, I assumed the dignity of a Lord Commissioner, and ventured to dissolve this our Theatrical House of Lords and Commons; but fatal experience convinced me of my error, and I now present myself before you in the more humble capacity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; respectfully moving, that you resolve yourselves into a committee of the whole house, while I make a few allusions to the past, and then briefly, open my budget of ways and means for the future. The present season commenced most prosperously, and, for a time, promised to repair all previous disasters; but many weeks had not elapsed when events of a very painful nature clouded the public mind, and we, in common with other places of amusement, suffered considerable depression—a depression which, magnified by Madame Rumour with her hundred tongues, deprived us of much of that aid from London on which we had calculated. Indeed, during my late visit to that metropolis, many of my friends expressed their regret that we should have been so often obliged to dismiss our audiences for want of a sufficient attendance. No, no, ladies and gentlemen, however limited the attendance, we knew the difficulty of getting you in too well to let you out again, when once we had you. Alarmed by these reports, 'my stars shone darkly over me,' and, driven to extremities, I decked myself in that irresistible charm, a scarlet jacket, and, in the character of Sergeant Kite, ventured an appeal to the ladies of Edinburgh. It succeeded, and it is, in a great measure, owing to their kindness on that occasion, that our losses are now so much less than we at one time anticipated. That we have suffered, in common with every winter theatre of any



rank in the kingdom, must be ascribed to the general depression of that period; that we have suffered less is owing to your liberality, and we with pleasure acknowledge our obligations. Indeed, last season, public attention was so engrossed by political feelings, that the drama seemed forgotten, even by those who had been its firmest friends; and I have more than once been asked, by residents in Edinburgh, if the theatre was open, when some London performer of eminence was acting here. But that this indifference was not confined to Edinburgh, I can prove by two anecdotes, given me by my friends, Young and Mathews, which, with your permission, I will repeat.

"Young once met a friend in London, who thus addressed him:—'My dear Young, how delighted I am to meet you—quite well, I see, and prepared for your labours—you'll be sorry to hear how the theatres are going down—you know I'm a theatrical man, and regret it deeply. But when do you appear? I'm waiting for you—watching anxiously for the legitimate drama—when do you come out?' This was about the middle of the season, and Young had been playing at Drury-lane from the very commencement, at least three nights a week.

"The next instance was related to me by Mr. Mathews, with all that point and character which so eminently distinguish that celebrated comedian. Walking down the Strand, he was encountered by a respectable old gentleman, who began upon that heart-rending topic, theatrical distress, saying, 'It was not so in my young days, Mr. Mathews; theatres prospered then, for you know I have been a theatrical man all my life; but though I regret the state of the patent theatres, I rejoice at your success—I have kept my eye on you—full houses at the English Opera House every night I see—glad of it on your account.' At this time Mathews had been five months in partnership with Yates at the Adelphi. Then, ladies and gentlemen, with this indifference on the part even of 'theatrical people,' can we wonder that theatrical receipts have somewhat diminished?

"But to resume my official language, I am happy to say, that the revenue of the last quarter presents a favourable increase, leaving us no reason to apprehend any diminution in your national resources. I fear I have trespassed too long upon your patience, so will at once open my budget.—To meet the expenses of the approaching season, I propose a tax—don't start, ladies and gentlemen,

I do not touch the necessaries of life. No, like a prudent financier, I lay all my impositions upon luxuries—tragedy, comedy, opera, play, farce, melo-drama, and pantomime; and I propose collecting the usual duties upon those articles, by the aid of Messrs. Young, Macready, Vandenhoff, Cooke, Mathews, Liston, Miss Paton, Miss Jarman, Miss Foote, and that fair and bright luminary, Miss Fanny Kemble. I therefore move, that it may be lawful for us to levy the customary prices of admittance to this theatre, in sums not exceeding five shillings nor less than sixpence; the surplus produce of such sums, should any surplus produce arise above the expense of collecting the said duties, to be paid into the private exchequer of Mrs. Henry Siddons, to be applied to the purposes of her civil list, secret service money, and so forth. Standing in so singular a minority on this side the house, I beg leave to second my own motion, and trust your hands will carry it *nem. con.*"

This address was received with three hearty cheers.

#### TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

On Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Miss Bland, *Don Giovanni* and *Tom and Jerry*. Friday, for the benefit of Mrs. Heymen, the *Dramatist* and the *Idiot Witness*. This being the last night of the company's performing, and Mr. W. Downton having notified, in the bills of the day, that it would be his *last* appearance at Tunbridge Wells, (in consequence of his being about to let his theatre for a term of years), the house was most respectably filled at an early hour. Among those present were many to whom Mr. D. had been known from early childhood, consequently, by him, were looked upon as very old friends; by them, it was anticipated, that, at the close of the evening, he would have taken his farewell, but in that, we believe, one and all were disappointed; yet knowing Mr. D. as we have done, for many years, we could readily excuse "a farewell address," reverting, as he must have done, to the many marks of kindness experienced from the public at large, since his first appearance on these boards, and particularly during his having the management of the theatre, as it would have been an effort his physical powers could not have encountered: however, his respectful bow to the different parts of the house on the dropping of the curtain, conveyed to us his silent, but grateful feeling, which was acknowledged by rounds of applause.

## DUMFRIES.

MISS SMITHSON.—The celebrated Miss Smithson, whose appearance at Paris excited such an extraordinary sensation, that she has ever since been styled "the Parisian Idol," has been performing here since Tuesday. Since we lost Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil, we have had no one so fully adequate to occupy their walks in tragedy as this talented and popular actress. Miss Smithson possesses the finest and most commanding figure on the stage, with a beautiful, sublime, and captivating countenance, sufficient to kindle up a glow of admiration in the coldest heart. It is really no wonder that the Monsieurs and their Dutch neighbours make such a noise about this engaging actress. We have witnessed her *Belvidera*, *Juliet*, *Imogene*, and *Jane Shore*, in all which she has rivetted the attention of an overflowing house, and called forth enthusiastic and repeated bursts of applause from every corner. Her acting of these four characters, if rightly analysed and accurately appreciated, will be found to be four of the most perfect personifications on the stage. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, we find the following observations.—"Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madame Clarian, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French stage, by his representation of the father, struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms. Perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding—amidst the gradations

of idiocy—of the various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility, which lie there unknown, genius in some gifted moment may discover." This conquest Miss Smithson has achieved—this triumph she has won; and the writer of these observations, if he has ever witnessed Miss Smithson in the mad scene of *Belvidera*, must have had her in his eye when preparing them; or if he has not yet seen her, he will be the first to acknowledge her surpassing genius in this respect when he does. She has not only discovered, but embodied, with the most vivid reality and truth, "the various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility," which lie amid the gradations of insanity. Her pantomime is minute, magnificent, natural, and totally devoid of extravagance; it has those refined points, those little niceties, those exquisite minutiae, those lights and shades of character, which tragic acting ought to possess—to this in a great measure her success on the French stage may be attributed.

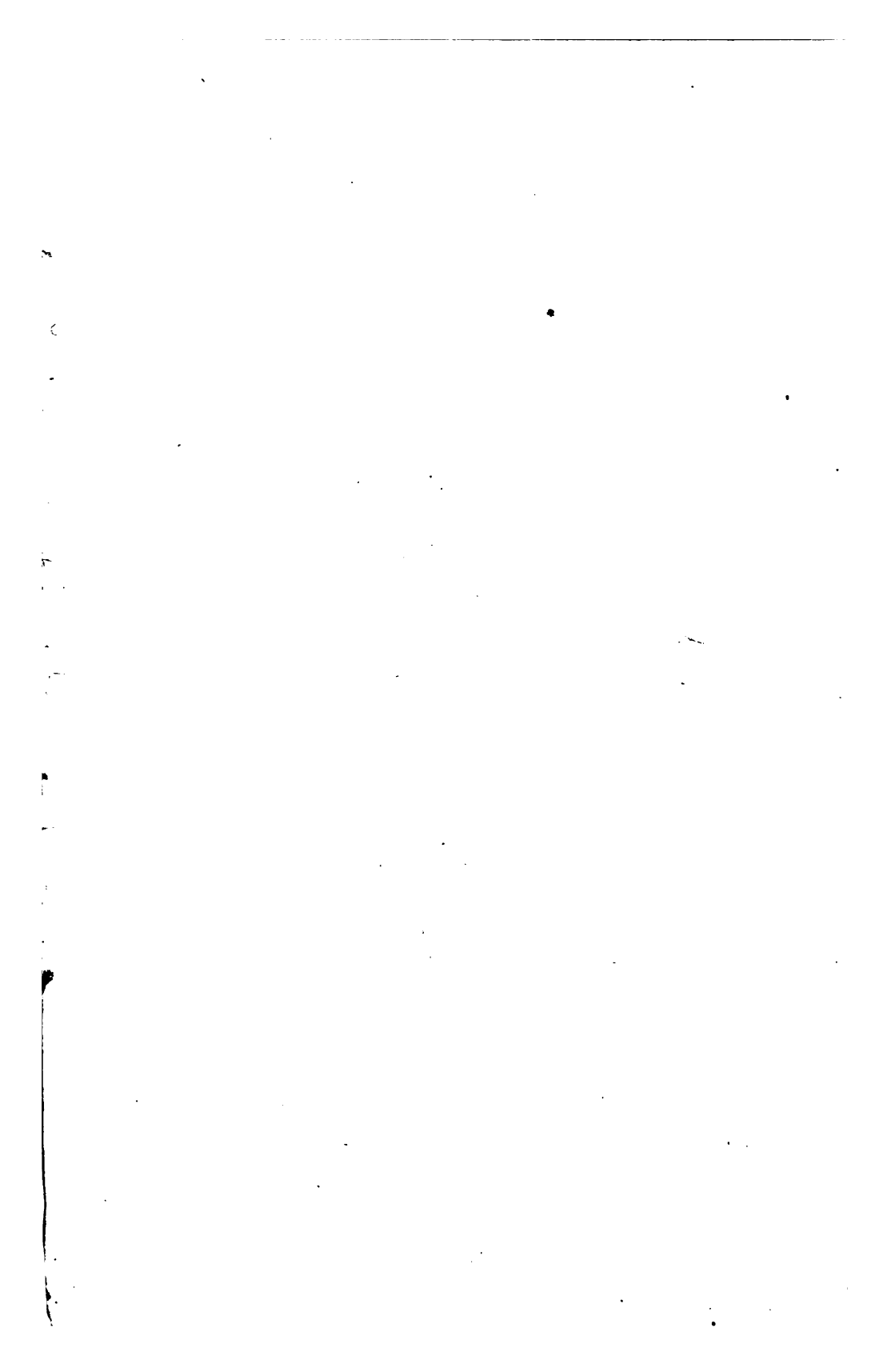
"Dear Erin, the Emerald Isle," we understand, has had the honour of giving birth to this splendid creature, no less deserving of encomium for her private worth than her public merits.—*Dumfries and Galloway Courier*.

## BIRMINGHAM.

Friday, Nov. 13.—Our brief theatrical season terminated last night. It has been more successful than the last, though by no means advantageous to the manager. In *The Claudine Marriage*, Lord Ogleby was personated by Colonel Berkeley, for the benefit of Miss Taylor. *The Happiest Day of my Life* followed.

## PROSE ON HORSEBACK.—(Dryden.)

We must speak of Miss Smithson's *Imogene* in *Bertram* in terms of the most unqualified approbation. The whole details were brought out by her with the utmost verisimilitude and power; and her perception of pathos was more apparent than in any other character of her's we have yet witnessed. There was a harmony, a freshness, a freedom, and a dignity about it, which our hearts recognised at once, and our feelings would have uttered, were they as eloquent as her own. In this beautiful and arduous character, her genius shone forth in all its free, untrammelled excellence: it awakened the most attractive sympathies of our nature, and excited the most pleasurable emotions of our being. In the union of strong fancy and refined feeling, discoverable in her personation of *Imogene*, consisted one of the greatest beauties of the part, which left us absorbed in admiration, and lost in a dream of intellectual enjoyment. It was after the murder of St. Aldobrand, however, that her peculiar powers were seen to the greatest advantage. Her madness—her flight—her suffering—the embracing of her child—the putting her away from her as a thing loathed—her re-embracing her, when the full sway of maternal fondness rising o'er the madness of the mind and of the memory, bursts forth with an impulse that would not be controlled, were given in her finest manner, and with the most magnificent effect.—*Glasgow Courier*.





**MR. WALLACK,**  
*as Alessandro Mafaroni in*  
*the Brigands.*

*London Published Jan<sup>y</sup> 1. 1830. by Whitaker Treacher, & Co. Ave Maria Lane.*  
*and at the Artists Repository, and Public Library, 37, Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place.*

THE  
DRAMATIC MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1, 1830.

ILLUSTRATED MEMOIRS OF OUR EARLY ACTORS.\*



WILLIAM KEMPE.

THE above curious portrait was taken from a wooden cut of the actor, prefixed to his drama of "*Nine Daies Wonder*, performed in a dance from London to Norwich: containing the pleasure, paines, and kind entertainment of William Kempe, between London and that city, in his late morrices; wherein is somewhat set down worth note, to reprove the slanders spread of him; many things mery, nothing hurtful; written by himself, to satisfie his friends, B. L., 1600:" with a wooden cut of Kempe as a morrice dancer, preceded by a fellow with a pipe and drum; whom (in the books) he calls Thomas Sly, taberer. It is dedicated to "the true, ennobled, and most bountifull Mistress, Anne Fitton, Mayde of honour to the most sacred Mayde Royall, Queene Elizabeth."

The accounts which have been handed down to us of this actor, are very trifling; he was, however, one of the disciples and suc-

\* It has long been a source of regret to the admirers of Dramatic Literature, that the accounts which have been handed down to us of our early actors, are so extremely scanty and diffused, while our knowledge of their persons or dresses is so confined, that the few portraits of them which are extant, are deemed valuable curiosities. The Editor has been for some time past busily employed in obtaining the materials for presenting his readers with illustrated memoirs of them.

cessors of the famous Tarleton, (who was buried on the 3d of September, 1588,) as well "in the favour of her Majesty, as in the good thoughts of the general audience." He was one of the original actors in Shakspeare's plays; and appears, from the quarto editions, to have been the first performer of Peter, in *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1595; and of Dogberry, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in 1600. He was also the original Shallow. He was remarkable for that extemporal wit which Shakspeare reproves in *Hamlet's* well known address to the players. Kempe was a dancer, as well as actor. He is not mentioned in the license of 1603, by King James, as one of his servants; nor recognized by Augustus Phillips, 1605, as one of his fellows. He obtained some note by his writings, if we may judge from the following expression in the drama of the *Return from Parnassus*:—"Indeed, master Kempe, you are very famous; but that is as well for your *works in print*, as your part in case." His pieces are as follows:

1. *The Kitchen-Stuff Woman*; Jigge, 1595. (In those days, the word jigge, signified a farce as well as a dance.)
2. *Men of Gotham*; a Merriment.—Not published.
3. *Nine Dais Wonder*.

Kempe is supposed to have died of the plague, in 1603.

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#### ROBERT ARMJN

Was an author as well as actor; and appears to have occasionally performed the part of Clown, or Fool, in Shakspeare's plays. Some verses were addressed to him, by John Davis, of Hereford, on that subject. He belonged to the Globe, Blackfriars, and was living in 1611.

In Tarleton's Jest, it is said that he was an apprentice at first to a goldsmith in Lombard-street; and, that going to a tavern in Gracechurch-street, to dun the keeper thereof, who was a debtor to his master, Tarleton, who had been the owner of it, and was now only a lodger, saw some verses written by Armin on the wainscot, upon his master's said debtor, whose name was Charles Tarleton; and he liked them so well, that he wrote others under them, prophesying, that as he was, so Armin should be; therefore he called him his adopted son, to wear the Clown's suit after him. And so it fell out, for the boy was so pleased with what Tarleton had written of him, so respected his person, so frequented his plays, and so learned his humour and manners, that, from his private practice, he came to public playing his parts, and was in great repute for the same all the former part of King James's reign.

Besides the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, he wrote a book, called "A Nest of Ninnies, simply of themselves, with compounds," 1608; and, at Stationers'-hall was entered, in the same year, "a book called

Phantasm, the Italian Taylor and his Boy; made by Mr. Armin, servant to his Majesty, and a true Discourse of the practices of Elizabeth Caldwell, Ma. Jeffrey Bownd, Isabell Hull, Widdow, and George Fernely, on the parson of Ma. Thomas Caldwell, in the county of Chesser, to have murdered and poysoned him with divers others." The following curious dedication appears at the end of the copy, which presents a *pithy* instance of epistolary cleverness.

*"To the right honourable, and his singular good lady, the lady Mary Chandois, R. A. wisheth health and everlasting happiness.*

"My honourable and very good lady, considering my dutie to your kind ladiship, and remembering the vertues of your prepared minde, I could doe no lesse but dedicate this strange worke to your view, being both matter of moment and truth. And to the whole world it may seeme strange, that a gentlewoman so well brought up in gods feare, so well married, so virtuous ever, so suddinly wrought to this act of murder; that when your ladiship doth read as well the letter as the book, of her own indighting, you will the more wonder that her vertues coulde so aptly tast the follies of vice and villanie. But so it was, and for the better prooffe that it was so, I have placed my kinsman's name to it, who was present at all her troubles, at her comming to prison, her beeing in prison, and her going out of prison to execution. That those gentlemen to whom he dedicates his worke witnessed, may also be pertakers in that kind, for the prooffe thereof, that your ladiship and the world so satisfied, may admire the deede, and hold it as strange as it is true.

"We have many giddie pated poets, that could have published this report with more eloquence, but truth in plaine attire is the easier knowne: let fixion maske in Kendall greene. It is my qualitie, to adde to the truth, truth, and not leasings to lyes. Your good honor knowes *Pincks*, poore hart, who in all my services to your late deceased kind lord, never savoured of flattiree, or fixion; and therefore am now the bolder to present to your vertues, the vlew of this late truth, desiring you to so thinke of it, that you may be an honourable mourner at these obsequies, and you shall no more doe, than manie more have doone. So with my tendered dutie, my true ensuing storie, and my ever wishing well, I do humbly commit your ladiship to the prison of heaven, wherein is perfect freedome.

"Your ladiship's ever, in duty and service,

"ROBERT ARMIN."

There was published in the year 1604, a pamphlet, entitled "A Discourse of Elizabeth Armin," who with some other accomplices attempted to poison her husband. Whether this anecdote has any reference to our author, we cannot pretend to affirm; but think it by no means improbable, from the correspondence of the date with the times in which he flourished.

T H E  
History of the two Maids of More-clacke,

VVith the life and simple maner of IOHN  
*in the Hospitall.*

Played by the Children of the Kings  
Maiesties Reuels.

VVritten by ROBERT ARMIN, seruant to the Kings  
*most excellent Maiestie.*



L O N D O N,  
Printed by N.O. for *Thomas Archer*, and is to be sold at his  
shop in Popes head Pallace, 1609.



## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

## DRURY LANE.

**FRIDAY, November 27.**—*The Lord of the Manor.*—*The Brigand.*—*Comfortable Lodgings.*

**SATURDAY, November 28.**—*Follies of Fashion*, (1st time).—*The Brigand.*

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Lord Splashton, Mr. WALLACK; Sir Harry Lureall, Mr. JONES; Counter, Mr. W. FARREN; Sir Simon Foster, Mr. W. BENNETT; George Foster, Mr. COOPER; Major O'Simper, Mr. H. WALLACK; Lady Splashton, Miss MORDUANT; Emily, Mrs. NEWCOMBE; Jenny, Mrs. ORGER; Mrs. Counter, Mrs. GLOVER; Lady Mary Fretful, Miss FAUCIT; Flimsy, Mrs. WEBSTER.

We shall not now present a detailed analysis of the plot of the new comedy, as we wish to reserve ourselves for a long review when it is published—a slight sketch of the characters will suffice. Lord Splashton, an extravagant nobleman, who has dissipated, not only the whole of his own fortune, but nearly that of his lady's, is in love with Lady Fretful; though at the same time he inwardly entertains a strong regard for his wife, which, however, he does not let her know, as he always treats her with the greatest indifference. Sir Harry Lureall, a profligate and an impertinent rascal, who lives by levying loans on his acquaintance; and moreover, the most intimate friend of Lord Splashton, is deputed by Lady Fretful (who is passionately enamoured of his lordship) to win the affections of his lady, in order that a divorce may be obtained, and Lady Fretful, consequently, in the end become Lord Splashton's wife.

Lady Splashton is an amiable woman, but irritated at her husband's behaviour, and jealous of his attentions to Lady Fretful, begins to regard, with a more attentive ear than she ought, the insidious addresses of Sir Harry Lureall. These characters form the main plot. The machinations of Sir Harry Lureall are attended with tolerable success during the first four acts. In the fifth, a grand masquerade is given at Lord Splashton's house. Sir Harry, in a private interview with Lady Splashton, warmly plies his suit, when he is interrupted by the distant approach of some persons, and is obliged to retire with the lady, each behind a separate window-curtain. The intruders prove to be Lord Splashton and Lady Fretful, who declares that his Lordship's wife had that night eloped with Sir Harry Lureall. This

sudden intelligence had quite a contrary effect to what was expected, for it revives all Lord Splashton's dormant love for his lady, and he deploras her absence with the most heartfelt sorrow. At this juncture, Sir Simon Foster (Lady Splashton's uncle) enters, and asks the disconcerted pair, whether they are sure that they have not been overheard—the curtains are withdrawn, and the concealed party discovered. Sir Harry comes forward, and for once commits an act of justice, by informing his lordship of [his and Lady Fretful's intentions. The penitent husband embraces his now happy wife, resolving to depart to Sir Simon's estate, and live secluded till their difficulties are over. The persons engaged in the under plot, are Counter, a retired stock-broker, and his lady, a vulgar woman who abhors every thing east of Temple-bar. This worthy pair are anxious to marry their daughter Emily to a lord, but the young lady has already given her heart to George Foster, who ingeniously contrives to pass himself upon her parents as Lord George Drummond, the nobleman they had intended for Emily's husband. Emily has another suitor; an Irish major, who, by a paltry artifice, unworthy of the author's talents, is married to Jenny, Mrs. Counter's lady's-maid.

This Comedy is the production of Lord Glengall, who has also written the lively farce of the *Irish Tutor*. It is altogether the most successful attempt at that now almost forgotten species of dramatic writing, genteel comedy, which has been made for many years. The dialogue is uncommonly spirited, witty, and abounds with the most poignant strokes of satire; the plot is cleverly constructed and well developed, and the incidents are numerous and varied, and highly amusing; the characters have been exhibited in several fashionable nobles,—but that is not surprising; for there are hundreds of extravagant noblemen in the world, and an equal number of Sir Harry Lurealls and Lady Fretfuls. We think that the title is a misnomer, for the nefarious actions of some of the *Dramatis Personæ*, may be more justly termed *vices* than *follies*.

We now come to the acting. Mr. Jones, by his pert vivacity and air of impudent familiarity, and graceful assurance, almost exclusively his own, rendered the part of Sir Harry highly entertaining.

Mr. Wallack exerted himself to the utmost and with some success; but the character is quite out of the scope of his abilities. We cannot help noticing the vile dress he wore; it was exactly in what Lord Splashton's groom should have appeared—a bright lemon-coloured pair of inexpressibles and waistcoat, with a coat lined of the same colour.

Farren displayed a rich vein of comic humour, as the ci-devant stock-broker, and his lady was admirably sustained by Mrs. Glover.

Miss Morduant looked remarkably graceful and lady-like; and in one or two instances, displayed much feeling. This lady's intonation,

though not sufficiently varied, is very soft and pleasing. Though her acting was not a highly-finished portrait of a lady of haut-ton, she merited and obtained much applause. Mr. H. Wallack was respectable, but his utterance is thick and disagreeable. All the other characters were well sustained, though we could wish that Mr. W. Bennett would harmonize his voice *a little*, for his present delivery is about as grateful to the ear, as the abrupt declension of a poker and tongs.

This Comedy has met with a success by no means commensurate with its merits; and we feel much sorrow in stating the circumstance, for it proves more than volumes of the most subtle arguments, that the taste of the public for legitimate comedy is completely on the wane. Crowds have nightly thronged the theatres to see such stuff as *Procrastination*, *Spring Lock*, and many others, the names of which would be as tedious as useless to recapitulate—dramas as barren in plot, wit, humour, or delineation of character, as the present excels in each particular. Who shall ever again dare say that the degrading state of the modern drama is owing to the managers? The public love darkness better than the light; the managers, knowing, that the “drama’s laws the drama’s patrons give,” must resort to their old *entertainments*, (forgive the misnomer) which are neither cognizable by the rules of critics nor the laws of nature, or shut up their theatres.

MONDAY, November 30.—*Pizarro*.—*The Brigand*.

Mr. Kean was advertised to play *Richard*, but in consequence of the Lord Chancellor’s injunction, applied for by Mr. C. Kemble, he was unable to appear.

TUESDAY, December 1.—*Follies of Fashion*.—*Ballet*.—*The Brigand*.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—*Richard the Third*.—*The Brigand*.—Duke of Gloster, Mr. Kean, who was received with tremendous shouts of applause, mingled with a few hisses. This is one of the very few characters which this popular actor plays in a manner which leaves the critic but little to wish; yet even in this, we could point out numerous instances where he makes frivolous attempts to elicit applause at the expense of our judgment. It is to be regretted, that this great actor is so fond of mysterious looks and long pauses, which have as much meaning in them as Lord Burleigh’s sagacious shake of the head. While we make these reflections, however, we cannot help observing, that the whole of his *Richard* is a masterly performance. Arduous as the character is, for the hero is scarcely ever absent from the stage, his activity never relaxes, his energy never subsides; every look, every gesture, evinces that he is solely and entirely filled with the part. He appeared to be in a much better state of health than we

have seen him for some time. At the conclusion, he was loudly called for. The play was well cast.

Mr. Wallack played Richmond ; Cooper, Buckingham ; Vining, Tyrrel ; Aitkin, King Henry ; Mrs. Faucit, the Queen ; and Miss Faucit, Lady Anne.

THURSDAY, December 3.—*Follies of Fashion—The Brigand.*

FRIDAY, December 4.—*Othello.—The Brigand.*

So much has been written on Mr. Kean's *Othello*, that it may be deemed impertinent to say aught here on the subject. That the scenes in which the actor, as the Moor, is wounded almost to madness by the stings of the sevenfold serpent, are inimitably fine, will not admit of a doubt ; but the other portions of the play are as little suited to Mr. Kean's abilities as the character of Romeo ; for setting aside the disadvantages of figure, his declamation, action, and manners, are utterly at variance with those of the nation from which the illustrious Othello drew his origin.

Mr. Young should consider Iago as one of his proudest professional achievements, as it is the triumphant result of the most intense study. Twelve years ago he was deemed by many of the critics to be totally unfit for the part ; yet, now he is pronounced to be, not only the best representative of this arduous character of the present day, but equal to any of his predecessors. We have noticed his acting when we reviewed Mr. Wallack's. There is a point, however, in the fourth act, which is one of the most splendid illustrations of the author's text we ever met with. It is, when Emelia mentions to her husband the circumstance of Desdemona having lost her handkerchief : the fiendlike whisper of joy with which Young utters the interrogatory "Hast stolen it?" is almost appalling.—The house was crowded to excess. At the conclusion, Mr. Kean was called for : after he had made his bow and retired, the same honour was conferred upon Mr. Young.

SATURDAY, December 5.—*The Follies of Fashion.—Giovanni in London.—Don Giovanni, Madame Vestris.*

MONDAY, December 7.—*Richard the Third.—The Brigand.*

TUESDAY, December 8.—*The Follies of Fashion.—The Brigand.*

WEDNESDAY, December 9.—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts.—Portrait of Cervantes.—X Y Z.*

Sir Giles Overreach is decidedly Mr. Kean's most perfect performance ; for in this character, (to make use of an Irishism) his very faults are beauties ; for his occasional coarseness and vulgarity of deportment, which have afforded so much room for censure, are

exactly suited to this low-born villain; and renders it altogether one of the most masterly exhibitions the scenic art is capable of achieving. Mr. W. Farren's Marrall was a most amusing and clever piece of acting: the ludicrous gradations of surprise his visage underwent when he observed the gracious reception Wellborn meets from Lady Allworth's servants, beggars description—the whole house was in a roar. Mr. Cooper's Wellborn was manly and feeling, but not equal to Charles Kemble, in conveying the idea of a gentleman suffering under the pressure of poverty and the world's contempt. Mr. Webster deserves honourable notice for his performance of the Justice.

THURSDAY, December 10.—*The Follies of Fashion.*—*The Happiest Day of my Life*; Buckstone.—*Comfortable Lodgings*; Peake.

FRIDAY, December 11.—*Othello.*—*Masaniello.*

SATURDAY, December 12.—*The Follies of Fashion.*—*The Brigand.*

MONDAY, December 14.—*Richard the Third.*—*Masaniello.*

TUESDAY, December 15.—*She Stoops to Conquer*; Goldsmith.—*The Portrait of Cervantes.*—*The Brigand.*

WEDNESDAY, December 16.—*Othello.*—*The Brigand.*

THURSDAY, December 17.—*The Follies of Fashion.*—*Deaf as a Post.*—*Love, Law, and Physic.*

FRIDAY, December 18.—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts.*—*Ups and Downs.*

SATURDAY, December 19.—*The Witch-Finder* (1st time).—*The Brigand.*—*Masaniello.*

*Dramatis Personæ.*—Mathew Hopkins, Mr. W. FARREN; Jet, Mr. HARLEY; Justice Beril, Mr. BROWNE; Doctor Lizzard, Mr. W. BENNETT; Ambercoat, Mr. COOPER; Malt, Mr. SALTER; Evelyn, Mr. SINCLAIR; John Sterne, Mr. THOMPSON; Judith, Miss FAUCIT; Joan, Mrs. OGER; Maria de Gornez, Mrs. KNIGHT.

The *Witch-Finder* is partly taken from the interesting novel of that name. It met with a most uncourteous reception; for great part of the second act was merely dumb show, therefore our notice of it shall be very trifling.

Judith, a young maiden residing under the guardianship of John Sterne, is wooed by Justice Beril, who, finding that his suit does not proceed so prosperously as he could wish, employs Mathew Hopkins, the *Witch-Finder*, to plead his cause. Mathew, however, has had an eye to the maiden himself, and takes this opportunity of disclosing his passion. Judith rejects his love with indignation and horror (for

her heart is already bestowed on Evelyn). Hopkins, in revenge, denounces her for a witch; and when she is on the point of being torn to pieces by the ignorant mob, her lover rushes in and rescues her.

The public having so summarily pronounced their verdict on Mr. Jerrold's drama, we think it would be useless to say aught on its merits or defects. We, however, cannot help remarking, that the managers acted wrong in producing a melo-drama of this description, as a first piece.—The house was well attended.

MONDAY, December 21.—*Richard the Third.*—*Masaniello.*

TUESDAY, December 22.—*The Hypocrite*; Bickerstaff.—*The Portrait of Cervantes.*—*The Brigand.*

In the comedy Miss Mordaunt played Charlotte, the most agreeable coquette ever introduced upon the stage; with all that vivacity, animation, and playful gaiety of manner which the character requires.—The house was miserably attended.

WEDNESDAY, December 23.—*Othello.*—*My Wife! What Wife*; Poole.

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## COVENT GARDEN.

FRIDAY, November 27.—*Romeo and Juliet.*—*John of Paris.*

SATURDAY, November 28.—*The Royal Fugitive*; Kemble.—*The Poachers*; Pococke.—*The Waterman.*

MONDAY, November 30.—*Romeo and Juliet.*—*Black-Eyed Susan.*

Mr. T. P. Cooke commenced his gratuitous performance of six nights, this evening. He was most rapturously applauded throughout the piece. Miss Ellen Tree played the heroine. Mr. Wood sang the ballad of "Black-Eyed Susan," with much delicacy and proper feeling.

TUESDAY, December 1.—*The Royal Fugitive.*—*Ballet.*—*Black-Eyed Susan*; Jerrold.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—*Romeo and Juliet.*—*Black-Eyed Susan.*

THURSDAY, December 3.—*The Royal Fugitive.*—*Ballet.*—*Black-Eyed Susan.*

FRIDAY, December 4.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

SATURDAY, December 5.—*The Royal Fugitive*.—*Ballet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

MONDAY, December 7.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

TUESDAY, December 8.—*The Belle's Stratagem*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

Letitia Hardy, Miss Foote, who has kindly offered her gratuitous services for ten nights. She appeared in excellent health and spirits.

WEDNESDAY, December 9.—*Venice Preserved*.—*The Poachers*; Pococke.

Miss Kemble appeared this evening in *Belvidera*, and with the most complete success, for it was a performance as beautiful as it was affecting. The character, however, is one of those in which the poet has done so much for the actress, that the actress has but little scope for illustrating the poet. The language, the sentiments, and the conduct of the heroine, are all marked by such strong and distinct colouring, that even in the closet, unaided by scenic illusion and by theatrical recitation, no one can peruse them without emotion. There were many brilliant touches of nature in Miss Kemble's performance. We have seldom seen any thing more felicitous than the eloquent look of surprise and reproach with which she regarded her husband when he delivered her as a hostage to Renault. She also admirably succeeded in the celebrated admonition—"Remember twelve." It had all that mingled tone of love, distress, and hope with which Mrs. Siddons used to utter the words. In the trying scene with Jaffier, when he threatens to kill her, she met with tremendous applause. In the latter part of the play, when the reason of the unhappy *Belvidera* totters under the magnitude of her sufferings, Miss Kemble's acting was very powerful and affecting, without at all approaching to rant or exaggeration. The applause throughout was loud and genuine. The other characters were indifferently cast. Mr. Warde has not sufficient sensibility for the inconsistent, yet tenderly attached, husband. We cannot imagine why all actors dress Jaffier in black. Is it likely that a man, who is so severely censured by Priuli for the extravagant style in which he lives, would walk about as if he had just come from attending his father's funeral? C. Kemble wears an air of levity in the early scenes of *Pierre*, utterly inconsistent with the character of one who is planning the most deadly schemes of vengeance. The dresses and scenery were new and extremely beautiful.

THURSDAY, December 10.—*John Bull*; Colman.—*Peter Wilkins*.—  
For the benefit of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum.

FRIDAY, December 11.—*Venice Preserved*.—*A Rowland for an Oliver*.—Maria Darlington, Miss Foote.

SATURDAY, December 12.—*Clari*; Payne.—*Ballet*.—*Personation*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

Miss Foote's *Clari* is a deeply affecting piece of acting, and no way inferior to the original representative.

MONDAY, December 14.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

TUESDAY, December 15.—*Much Ado about Nothing*; Shakspeare.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

The merits of Mr. C. Kemble's spirited and vivacious performance of Benedict are well known and justly appreciated. Miss Foote's manners are almost too delicate and refined for fully displaying the masculine gaiety of Beatrice.

WEDNESDAY, December 16.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

THURSDAY, December 17.—*Which is the Man*; Mrs. Cowley.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

The lively and entertaining comedy was altogether well cast; Miss Foote has all that fascination and pleasing vivacity of deportment and manners, that the representative of the gay widow, Lady Bell Bloomer, should possess. Warde was correctly sarcastic as Fitzherbert. Abbott very gentlemanly as Beauchamp. Wrench, impudent and familiar as Lord Sparkle, though vulgar in the extreme; and Keeley laughable, as the self-opiniated and ignorant booby Bobby Pendragon. His lively sister was very cleverly sustained by Miss Nelson.

The house was poorly attended, as, surprising to relate, has been the case every night of Miss Foote's performance.

FRIDAY, December 18.—*Venice Preserved*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

SATURDAY, December 19.—*The Wonder*; Centlivre.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

Mr. C. Kemble imparted to the jealous Felix all that fiery impatience, that suspicious vigilance, and that enthusiasm in love which the pages of romance have ascribed to the inhabitants of Portugal. Miss Foote looked the character of Violante admirably well, and played it with much judgment. Fawcett's Lissardo and Mrs. Gibbs's Flora, were as lively and amusing as ever.

MONDAY, December 21.—*Romeo and Juliet*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

TUESDAY, December 22.—*Clari*; Payne.—*A Rowland for an Oliver*; Morton.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.

WEDNESDAY, December 23.—*Venice Preserved*.—*Black-Eyed Susan*.



### SURREY THEATRE.

THE drama of *Thomas à Becket* did not prove very advantageous to the treasury—it was only played six nights.

WEDNESDAY, December 10.—Mr. Rumball's benefit. The performances were *Black-Eyed Susan*, and the *Iron Chest*. He played Sir Edward Mortimer with much force and discrimination.

Mr. Rayner's benefit was uncommonly well attended. Mrs. Waylett played Lucy Bertram, and was warmly encored in several of her songs.

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### ADELPHI THEATRE.

WEDNESDAY, December 2.—A new grand spectacle, *The Elephant of Siam; or, the Fire-Fiend*.

The long announced Elephant, which has so much delighted and astonished our volatile neighbours, appeared this evening. Her docility is perfectly astonishing.—The house is crowded every night, and we have no doubt that the spirited proprietors will be amply rewarded for the great expense and trouble they have undergone, in introducing this great heroine on their boards.

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### COBURG THEATRE.

MONDAY, December 7.—*Nicholas Mendoza*, a new melo-drama.—*Old Ones and Young Ones*, a new burletta, from the pen of Mr. T. Dibden. The new burletta was very amusing, and met with much applause. The principal character is a benevolent Jew, which was supported by Dowton with great warmth of feeling, and chasteness of style. The performances were for his benefit; and we are happy to state that the house was well attended.

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### OLYMPIC.

A BURLESQUE upon *Black-Eyed Susan*, entitled *Black-Eyed Sukey*, has been played here during the past month, with great applause. Mr. Wild's imitation of T. P. Cooke, is very correct.

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### TOTTENHAM STREET THEATRE.

THIS compact little theatre has been numerously and fashionably attended during the past month. *Love in a Village*; *The Barber of Seville*; *The Lord of the Manor*; and *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*, have been performed in a very creditable manner.

*Extracts from "St. Real's Conspiracy of the Marquis de Bedamar, and the Duke d'Ossuna, against the Republic of Venice:" from which history Otway founded the plot of Venice Preserved.*

NEITHER Pierre nor Jaffier, according to St. Real, were Venetians. The first was, by birth, a Norman; by profession, a corsair; one who had given proofs of his knowledge of sea-affairs, and had made a large fortune by his courage, in attacking, and afterwards plundering, ships in the Mediterranean. Jaffier was of Provence, and principally known as the particular friend of Pierre. A Grecian lady of a noble family, born in one of the islands of the Archipelago, was seduced to give up her honour, by the governor of the isle, under the promise of immense riches. The father of the lady, on his soliciting the seducer to perform his compact, was basely murdered by him for his importunity. The daughter immediately, with all her effects, set sail for Venice. She laid her case before the senate, and petitioned for justice. They turned a deaf ear to her remonstrances; and she, having spent her little all in vain attendance upon the senate, was reduced to the necessity of repairing her loss by her beauty. No resentment can be more violent, than that of persons nobly born, when driven by the hand of power to gain subsistence by means unworthy of their rank. (This is the lady whom Otway calls, in his play, Acquilina.)

Renault was a principal conspirator, and in great interest with the Spanish ambassador. His sanguinary and brutal charge is heard by Pierre with approbation and pleasure, but by Jaffier with horror and detestation. Renault observes the countenance and distress of Jaffier during his positive orders to spare neither sex nor age. He communicates his suspicions to Pierre, who, with some difficulty, prevails upon him not to kill his friend on suspicion; and lays before him, with great earnestness, the apprehended consequences of such an act. The senate, on hearing that d'Ossuna's fleet was at sea, ordered Pierre to sail immediately, with some ships of war, to watch their motions.

To this single circumstance, perhaps, Venice owed her safety; for Jaffier, being separated from his friend, who had kept a watchful eye over his conduct, had now full leisure to indulge his melancholy reflections, and to give way, undisturbed, to the emotions of humanity arising in his breast. The conflict of his mind was great. His imagination painted to him all the horrors of a city surprised and taken by storm, and subjected to the most shocking of disasters. He heard, he thought, the cries of children trodden under feet, the groans of old men whose throats were devoted to the sword, and the screams of virgins and matrons. So strongly was his imagination impressed with terror, that he saw nothing but palaces tumbling down, churches in flames, and the most holy places violated with blood and slaughter.

Venice, the sad and deplorable Venice, was continually before his eyes. On the other hand, he reflected how infamous it was to break through his most solemn engagements, and betray his friends. And such friends! men of intrepidity, equal to the discharge of every office in the cabinet or in the field. And what, alas! will be their

punishment? the most excruciating which the wit of the most arbitrary tyrants could possibly invent. The very prisons of Venice were more calculated to shake the courage of the stoutest man, than the capital punishments of other nations. These last reflections kept him in suspense for a time, and balanced the afflicting sensations which the idea of the destruction of Venice had excited. His curiosity to see the ceremony of the Doge's wedding the Adriatic, which preceded the day intended for the execution of the conspiracy, at length determined his wavering mind. The sight of all Venice assembled in tranquillity to enjoy this great day of festivity, filled Jaffier with the tenderest and most insupportable emotions; he could not endure the thought of such a number of happy people being on a sudden plunged into the deepest gulf of misery and destruction.

The fate of Pierre is thus related by the historian. Two persons of trust were sent on board the vessel which Pierre commanded, who, under pretence of communicating fresh orders from the senate, drew him into a private conference; in the midst of which, they plunged their poniards into his bosom, and afterwards caused his body to be thrown into the sea. Jaffier, inconsolable for the loss of his friend, with great bitterness reproached the senate with their perfidy. They obliged him to take from them 3000 ducats, and banished him from their territories. Breathing nothing but revenge, he soon after joined some of the conspirators, who were raising disturbances in Brescia, and was taken, fighting manfully, endeavouring to sell his life as dear as he could. He was brought to Venice, and drowned by order of the state.

The ghosts of Jaffier and Pierre, which are now only seen in Belvidera's distracted imagination, formerly appeared in *proprie personæ* to the audience.

### FOLLIES OF FASHION.

*Prologue, spoken by Mr. Cooper, written by Thomas Raikes, Esq.*

THE court is ready; Prompter, cry O yes!  
 Make proclamation that Sense seeks redress;  
 Fashion's arraigned, and we her garb assume,  
 To plead for mercy, and await our doom.  
 But yet her follies are not purely ours—  
 "Whose are they, prithee, then?" Perhaps, Sir, yours.  
 "No: I've the plea of youth"—I, Sir, of years;  
 [*Aside*] How true to nature! cubs grow up to bears.  
 Or yours! whose motley many languaged dress,  
 Where nought is simple but the nakedness:  
 "Ho, turn him out; who is this caustic fool,  
 That lends himself as some poor author's tool?  
 His own the folly that his text explains—  
 He is the fool, we'll damn him for his pains!"  
 From such, indeed, no favour can we ask,—  
 Who runs at game, must gird him to the task.  
 We're well prepared, like hunger-whetted hounds,  
 To scent, breast high, where fashion most abounds (*to the dress circle*).  
 The quarry's roused; ye sportsmen, high and low (*to the gallery and pit*),  
 As we give tongue, Oh! gaily cheer us now.  
 Fashion, and well ye know the power that awes,  
 Will, like the beggars, have a king and laws;  
 We, too, who minister to taste, must know

At times to bend subservient to a beau.  
 In pity deem it not a prayer misplaced,  
 In this extreme inclemency of taste,  
 That we, Thalia's sons, half-starved no doubt,  
 Should crave compassion ere we're frozen out.  
 Ye, then, with honest hearts and homely sense,  
 Who rail at Fashion, as ye loathe pretence,  
 Should ye behold such as have made their trade  
 To wrong ye, in your image here pourtray'd;  
 If that to mirth we move ye, as of yore,  
 In this good cause, Oh! give us "one cheer more."

The following Epilogue was spoken by Miss Mordaunt:—

*Written by Lord Alvanley.*

All is prepared, and four of Newman's greys—  
 A pair I mean—are waiting with the chaise;  
 And Julie, my French maid, crying, "*quel revers!*"  
 Screams in the dicky, with a "*mal de nerfs*;"  
 His Lordship's creditors, as well as mine,  
 With noses as a Spanish pointer's fine,  
 Wind our retreat, forerunners to a score—  
 See, a dozen milliners are at the door;  
 So go we must, and, ah! penurious fate!  
 Crawl with a pair—a married *tete-a-tete*!!!  
 Further sacrifices our follies claim—  
 From every club my Lord must take his name!  
 Hyde Park, sweet Opera, Kensington, all adieu!  
 Almack's farewell, farewell *ecarte* too!  
 No more with cool indifference shall I score,  
 And seem forgetful of the hard-earn'd lore;  
 But, genius cramped, at sober country play—  
 At whist, for shillings, yawn my weary way;  
 To drafts and cribbage with the Parson fall,  
 To teach *ecarte* at the Sessions' ball!  
 Methinks I see our friends, a dreadful band!  
 In White's, resume their customary stand,  
 In that bay bow-window, Scandal's favourite seat,  
 The Inquisition of St. James'-street!  
 Where bilious questioners await their prey,  
 And dawdling idlers kill the tedious day;  
 Where wit and fool, where *bel-esprit* and bore,  
 Together congregate at half-past four;  
 Ourselves the theme—"So the Splashtons are gone at last!  
 I always thought those people went too fast.  
 Whose got their cook?"—"I have bought her *vis-a-vis*."  
 "When did they go?"—"Oh, yesterday at three."  
 "Is she gone too?"—"Yes, Lureall's downcast eyes,  
 Disorder'd dress, and over-acted sighs,  
 Hint the sad tale of interrupted love,  
 And grief, which nothing but champagne can move."  
 Thus mentioned, thus forgotten, we depart,  
 With steps still lingering, and with heavy heart;  
 Yet, ere I go, some short advice is due  
 To those who knew and shared my follies too.  
 Husbands, *by mine be warned*, who, graceless fellows,  
 Yourselves make love, then venture to be jealous;  
 Who basely truckle to that vulgar passion,  
 And yet affect—a monstrous deal of fashion.  
 Mend if you can; if not, come, one and all,  
 And moralize with us at Splashton Hall.

## REVIEW.

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*Thomas à Becket: a Historical Play, in five acts, as played at the Surrey Theatre.* By DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A NEW five-act play being produced at the Surrey Theatre, is too great a novelty to be slightly passed over; and, moreover, it is written by the author of *Black-Eyed Susan*, a drama which has redeemed the Plymouth Theatre from ruin, and put nearly 100*l.* a week into the pockets of the Brighton manager.

The drama opens at the time when the high-minded prelate has incurred, by his overbearing conduct, the just displeasure of his sovereign. In the preface, the author states that it has been his chief purpose to delineate the hero's character in all its various modifications—when appearing as the champion of his order, wielding the bolts of the church as weapons of his ambition,—and when subdued, exalted, and chastened by meditation and long converse with the acts of men, who, in the ignorance of their fervour, sought “to merit heaven by making earth a hell.” To sustain so arduous a character, with even limited success, requires no ordinary talent in the author; and we therefore most cordially congratulate Mr. Jerrold, for the originality, pathos, and judgment, he has displayed, in exhibiting the different stations of his hero. In the language throughout, the author has attempted the quaint and metaphorical style of our early dramatists, and in many instances with success. The following reflections are agreeable and poetical; they are made by Becket, when he hears that the guests he had invited to a banquet decline appearing, because his influence with the king was reported to be on the wane.

“Heaven save me, I am tired of man. What! I have been as liberal as Nile, fattening the lean banks on which I flowed; now, my tide is falling, and not one will leave the golden harvest I have yielded him—but stands, rich amid his yellow corn, nor steps to throw one flower on my receding wave. I was the sun-beam in which a thousand flies did sport—the sky is overcast, and where is now the humming swarm? Worldly greatness! 'Tis the silken semblance of a giant, blown out with wind: but prick the shining covering, silently colossus shrinks into a pigmy, and the vile herd that shook and bowed before the monster, now use his shrunk skin to carpet their ungrateful feet.”

The most striking scene in the play, is the opening of the third act, which is also highly dramatic. As it gives a fair specimen of the author's abilities, we will transcribe it for the judgment of our readers.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Clarendon. The Council Discovered. Henry on his Throne. Earls of Leicester and Cornwall. Richard de Hastings (Grand Prior of the Templars). The Archbishop of York. Bishops of Chichester, Worcester, Lincoln, Exeter, Winchester, Salisbury, &c. John of Oxford presiding. Fitz-Urse, De Tracy, Brito, De Moreville, &c.*

*John of Ox.* The council stays for his grace of Canterbury.

*Henry.* A pious measure of the good archbishop, to teach us patient thoughts.  
*Voice without.* Way there for the prince and the archbishop.

*Enter BECKET with PRINCE HENRY.*

*Henry.* We have waited for your grace.

*Becket.* I crave the pardon of your highness, and of this reverend and noble council. Let this [*shewing the Prince*] be my excuse. [*Henry comes down.*] Men part not on the instant with a jewel that they prize, but take some brief delay to look a farewell to its lustre. Your highness, for that you thought me fitting for the toils of state, to hear and labour for your dearest hopes,—that you charged me with so large a share of honour, that envy bristled at its greatness—a fervent thankfulness still rises from my heart. Yet all your gifts—and they have been many, and most dear ones—were as the sand compared to that most precious trust, the unfolding soul of this our nation's hope.—A father's love hath stolen into my breast! I have, in that abstraction of the mind, when tender thoughts come like sweet music on us, and the human brain sings with a seraph's harmony,—I have gazed upon the boy—gazed with a father's eye—pressed his white brow, and looked upon his blooming cheek, till tears pricked out my sight. Your highness requires the young prince from my hands. I return my charge. [*passes the Prince over to Henry.*] If, with traitorous purpose, I have, by word or act, taught him a thought unworthy of his princely station or his manly nature—may the bright symbol of my function crumble into burning ashes on my head—my robes be instinct with eating venom! May his life be soft and even as a shepherd's melody: when white hairs come upon him, may he be like those heights, whose tops are crowned with snow, whose breasts are belted with a living verdure;—and when he dies, may the memory of him be in the minds of men as a monument of crystal twined with amaranth. To the business of the council. [*Henry resumes his seat.*]

*Henry.* My lords, you are this day assembled to consider the fitness of restraining evils which bring our authority into contempt, and are fraught with danger to the general good. My lord archbishop, first we call upon you to surrender into our hands the person of Philip de Broia. Your grace hears us?

*Becket.* Your highness, Philip de Brois is a churchman.

*Henry.* Is he not our subject?

*Becket.* He hath surrendered himself into my keeping; shall I, like an ungracious pastor, turn my fold into a trap?

*Henry.* Aye, if wolves, instead of lambs, run into it. This Philip is a most perjured villain.

*Becket.* Grant, which I do not, that he be—the church hath rods for such as disobey her.

*Henry.* She hath; but how doth she use them? Marry, her rods are of iron to such as, wearing not her livery, offend—to those of her household, they are of lavender and spikenard. My lord archbishop, am I, or art thou sovereign of England?

*Becket.* May heaven, which placed the kingly circle on your brow, long keep it there, endowing you with lawful sway. The ocean and the earth fight not for supremacy; each hath its appointed boundary.

*Henry.* We sit not here to untie knotted riddles. Am I, or art thou king?

*Becket.* Thou art the king—I am the archbishop.

*Henry.* Indeed. My lords, it is not our desire to restrain the power of the church when she would chastise her children—yet we demand that such offenders be given into our hands for punishment, if sinning against the public safety. Is not our offer fair?

*Becket.* Truth dealeth not in sinuous periods. Let one word be her answer—no!

*Henry.* My lords, you of the church, say, shall I hold you for my friends, or cast you off as cankers to the state? My lord archbishop, will you not obey the ancient customs of this realm?

*Becket.* I will observe them, saving my order.

*Henry.* The archbishop hath spoken, yet he is but one.

*Becket.* The archbishop hath spoken with twenty tongues. My brethren, [*to the Bishops*] hath he not?

*Henry.* My lord, they tell me you are a man of sanctity—of strict observance of your word. I claim the fulfilment of that word, given at our palace at Woodstock. Did you not there avow obedience to our will?

*Becket.* [*producing a copy of the constitutions.*] I did not see the danger to our church that now stares out. What is here? a hundred subtle points and shifts to cripple and debase our order—to leave us but the painted outside of authority—yielding up to kingly sway, a duty that we owe to heaven.

*Henry.* Think again: your king, archbishop, counsels for your safety.

*Becket.* I see no peril: my conscience be my shield of diamond.

*Henry.* That shield may be worn as a badge of exile.

*Becket.* Your highness, the sun shines out of England.

*Henry.* Down my blood!—Proud priest, beware! The words of kings are terrible—twenty deaths—

*Becket.* Ten thousand may glare upon the constant mind, whose hopes bloom not beneath an earthly crown, but blossom there.

*Henry.* If I endure this, take my banner, and be painted there a spaniel. Archbishop,—the fulfilment of your word as you lay value on your soul. Again I say—beware!

[*The door of an adjoining chamber is thrown open, and discovers a body of armed knights with drawn swords. The Bishops rise and gather round Becket.*]

*Bishop of Chi.* My lord, as you would spare Christian blood, dare not the king. Sign the paper.

*Becket.* My lord of Chichester,—were an angel to present the deed I would not sign it.

*Bishop of Lin.* This is rashness, not piety!—Do you not see on either side—

*Becket.* I see, on one hand, a flight of timorous birds huddling together, fluttering their wings and sobbing out their fears—on the other, vultures clutching their talons and straining at their cords. Let them swoop, I care not.

*Bishop of Win.* My lord, relent—lest a sudden death—

*Becket.* Thou mean'st a glorious life. Let death put forth its ashy hand, and thus I'd circle it. These men may kill me, but my dying eye will see reflected in my slayer's shield an unabashed, unshrinking countenance.

*Henry.* My lords of Leicester and of Cornwall, is yon proud man to master us?

*Richard de Hastings.* [*with another Knight Templar, kneeling to Becket.*] My lord—

*Becket.* You too against me, Richard! and you—

*Rich.* As you have tender thoughts, tempt not the king to a blind vengeance!

*Becket.* Fear not for them, Richard! [*pointing to the Bishops.*] The willow bows its pithy branches to the blast, and rises when 'tis over. I bend not; but, if it must be, fall!

*Rich.* Thomas, by our days of friendship—by the one heart we have had between us, appease the king! He hath thoughts of blood. Your word may draw a hundred swords upon the heads of gray-haired men—

*Becket.* Traitors!

*Rich.* Be it so—they have human souls. The more unfit they are to descend into their graves, the greater is your charge to give them time for penitence. You love not heaven, if you would rob it of a tenant.

*Becket.* Where is the deed?

*Henry.* We sit here, like an antique image, carved in a chair of state. My lord of Leicester, what says the archbishop?

*Rich.* Your highness, he doth consent.

*Henry.* We have not heard him say as much.

*Becket.* Marvel not, great king, that the tongue may falter to declare what the weakness of the heart doth purpose. Not for myself I promise; but for the sake of those whose very trembling hath thrown their robes into disorder. I looked for hearts of rock, and I find them hollow as the bones of sparrows!

*John of Oz.* My lord archbishop,—do you, without reservation, promise to obey the ancient customs, herein written of these realms?

*Becket.* Ye spiritual lords, mark well my answer! I do.

*John of Oz.* [*giving paper to Becket.*] Your grace's signature and seal.

*Becket.* What are these! The names and seals of all my reverend brethren? Not one—not one is wanting. I cannot sign now. I pray you, give me till to-morrow.

*Henry.* Some priestly subterfuge.

*Becket.* Your highness, have I not promised!—Can a few black lines bring further obligation on a candid soul? Doth the mind own no compulsion if it read it not in ink? Differently do we see a sacred pledge! It is within us and around us;—we read it in the glorious sun—in the wide circle of the yellow moon—in each shining star—in the small field-flower that's trodden under foot:—the birds chirp it from the trees—and the subtle air doth vibrate with it. Nature hath too many remembrancers, for man to break his oath and dream not of the perjury. I will sign to-morrow.

*John of Oz.* [*the King having bowed assent to Becket.*] The council is dissolved.

After Becket has been thus humbled, he retires to France, where he leads (so we are told) a hermit's life for some time; but at the conclusion of the fourth act, he returns in great triumph to his country.—The play ends with his murder.

The under plot is poorly constructed, and possesses little interest. Lucia, a young maiden, placed by her parents in a convent for protection, is with difficulty saved from the base attempts of Philip de Brois, a monk, who flies to the Archbishop for protection, and receives it, while the maiden is married to Breakspear.

The incidents where Becket is concerned are happily arranged, and excite attention, but the other portions of the play are heavy. The lengthy conversations between the falconer and the master of the hounds, are enough to exhaust the patience of the most friendly auditory. The author has committed another material error, by forgetting to suit the language to his characters. He is so passionately enamoured of metaphors, and high-flown sentiments, that all his *Dramatis Personæ* walk upon stilts.

Swart is asked where he is going to: he replies,

To look at the clouds; and in their strange and changing shapes, to see the action of this lower world.

Trust me, the monsters, that our fancy fashions in the sky, are not more monstrous than the monsters of the earth. Its pageants, ceremonies, are aptly mirrored in the fleeting mist that drives above them.

Is this language suitable to a Falconer in the reign of Henry II.?

The drama was indifferently acted. Mr. Rumball played the hero with judgment, but the other characters were not well cast. Mr. Forester when he attempted to be impassioned, was really dreadful. Some very beautiful scenery was introduced, and the piece was altogether very well got up.



PROLOGUE.

(Written by a Friend.)

SPOKEN BY MR. FORESTER.

TO-NIGHT, a novel, but a noble guest,  
Crowned with old wreaths, and clad in classic vest,  
Comes here—a relic of our Golden Day—  
That long-sought absentee, an English Play.  
We, like the old adventurers, have found  
In the far waters dry dramatic ground;  
A mountain-garden, in whose green retreat  
The Muse may sing, and Nature find a seat.  
Nature—the fount whence bards were wont to fill  
Their sweeping river, or their scanty rill—  
Again along the barren stage must flow,  
While Art shall grasp the gold that gleams below.  
If Nature here but one faint ray emit—  
One only—as a stranger, welcome it.  
Our author asks indulgence;—he has brought  
No gifted brute to aid the force of thought;  
He brings no unicorn, no whale with wings;—  
The world—the human heart—of these he sings.  
And in his page, though humour droop and pant,  
Yet smile, and think the jest—an Elephant!  
If banished Wit its way but feebly force,  
Applaud him still—we boast no troop of horse!  
Combat and Conflagration, furious pair,  
That wake the weary, agitate the fair—  
That blaze and struggle through the senseless scene,  
And leave sage Reason wondering what they mean;—  
For these, rejected, fain we'd have you find,  
The play of fancy, and the flash of mind.  
Dragons and demons, Counts bow'd down by crime,  
The pleasing horror of a German clime:  
French sentiment, French feeling—richly clad  
In sighs and songs, till melody runs mad—  
Clipp'd and “adapted to our stage”—(weak wine  
Translated into water; flavour fine!)—  
All these are banished hence; old Fiction flies,  
And *English manners—habits—history, rise*:  
We offer here—no masque or gaudy dream—  
A native Drama on a native theme!  
If in this effort, though all else should fail,  
You own, while wearied with our author's tale,  
A love of *Nature* and of *Shakespeare* reigns,  
His wreath is won!—the rest with you remains.

EPILOGUE.

(By the Author of “*Posthumous Papers.*”)

SPOKEN BY MISS SCOTT.

Plague o' these authors!—haughty, high, and hateful,  
Applaud their work, and they're so very grateful;  
Beggars before, they'll bless you after it,  
Approve your judgment, and commend your wit;  
Reverse the verdict—meed and meat refuse,  
And you may go to—Heaven, if you choose.

Come, Sirs, your verdict!—Remember, the offender  
Is by no means an *old* one—so be tender!  
“Guilty” he pleads to this most grave offence,—  
Of writing a *new* play—in every sense  
Of English birth and growth; which, in our time,  
When *not to steal* is held a losing crime,—  
When more than half our plays, like half our fleet,  
Are taken “from the French,”—was not discreet;  
But, in our author, you will sure forgive  
His British bravery, and let him live.

Nay, I must cease, I see, this idle banter,  
And check my muse in her careering canter,  
And come to business. Well, to be serious,  
Grave as a sexton—as his man mysterious;—  
There is a Critic *somewhere* in the Pit—  
Ha! there he sits—a man of mind, and fit  
To give a sound opinion. Sir, to you,  
I shall address a question—if not two.

Now, on your candour as a critic, say,  
Do you approve or disapprove our play?  
Say, will it do? [*pauses.*] I see I need not task  
Your modesty—that smile gives all I ask!—

You, who so silently sit smiling there, [*Turning to Boxes.*  
And well you may whilst smil’d on by the Fair,  
May, then, our Author call you friends? He may;  
Your lips are silent, but your eyes say “ay!”

As for you, Gentlemen, who rule above, [*To the Gallery.*  
And love what’s new with the devoutest love,  
I know I have your verdict on my side:—  
And thus our bark floats on with friendly tide;  
A Saint on board—a pilot at the helm,  
What storm shall wreck us, or what seas o’erwhelm?  
Safe in a friendly port, its perils past,  
The good ship “*Becket*,” riding out the blast,  
Shall haven there in peace, and find its anchor fast.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### No. 4.

#### MR. WALLACK.

THE passion, enthusiasm, or whatever else it may be styled for the histrionic art, which induces so many mortals to strut and fret their hour upon the stage, generally arises from one of two causes: it is either the force of a strong natural genius for the art, as was the case with Kean; or it is the result of incidental circumstances arresting the attention of the mind at an age when most susceptible of receiving impression, as was the case with the subject of our present memoir, who was the son of a very respectable actor in the melo-dramatic world—the Huntly and Cobham of the day. John Wallack was born at Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, August 20th, 1794. Our friends who are so anxious about preserving dates, will be gratified at our extreme accuracy on the present occasion. We shall not

enlarge on the motives which induced our hero to become a child of Thespis, which he certainly was in the literal sense of the word, for he performed on the boards of the Circus in Drury Lane, at the stage of life which our great bard has assigned to the whining schoolboy. His first character of any importance was Theodore in the *Siege of St. Quintin*, in which he displayed some ability. When that memorable calamity occurred which destroyed the Drury Lane Theatre, and of course dispersed the performers, he had the good fortune to obtain an engagement at the Dublin Theatre, where he remained three years. At the conclusion of that period, he was again enrolled among the Drury-Lane company, then performing at the Lyceum under the management of Mr. Arnold, and made his first appearance there on the 20th of June, 1812, in the part of Sanguida, in Lewis's terrific drama of *The Wood Demon*. On the opening of the new Drury Lane Theatre, he played Laertes to Elliston's Hamlet. Here he remained some years, performing a variety of second-rate characters, both in tragedy and comedy, with tolerable success; and his performance of Wilfred, in the *Iron Chest*, to Mr. Kean's Sir Edward, met with universal approbation. Soon after this he embarked with his wife, the daughter of the celebrated Irish Johnstone, for the United States, and obtained great fame and profit by the excursion. In 1821 he returned to his native country, and at his old quarters boldly essayed the highest range of tragic characters in our drama; appearing in Brutus, Richard the Third, and Coriolanus. These performances were, however, received with the most chilling indifference by the public, and consequently were not repeated. His coadjutors in tragedy this season, were Mr. Cooper and Mr. Booth. Finding that his professional attainments were much more highly prized in the new world than in the old, he resolved again to cross the Atlantic, and was pursuing his theatrical career with additional success, when he had the misfortune to break both his legs, an accident which has considerably destroyed the symmetry of his figure. On his recovery he re-crossed the seas, and on July the 14th, 1823, re-appeared at the Lyceum, as Roderick Dhu, in the Knight of Snowden. At the opening of Drury Lane, he played Hamlet, and a variety of other characters, and soon after contrived to get himself into many debts and difficulties, as he had the honour of figuring away in the Gazette as a bankrupt, under the title of a boarding-house keeper. In 1825, he became stage-manager at Drury Lane, which office he has retained ever since, with the exception of last season, when he once more visited that country which had ever entertained so favourable an opinion of his talents.

Of his qualifications for the important office he now holds, we cannot speak with much satisfaction; for during the last two seasons of Elliston's reign, the theatre was vilely conducted: therefore we have to ascribe the present spirited management more to Mr. Price's indefatigable disposition, than to Mr. Wallack's care or judgment. It would, however, be unjust, were we not to state that the performers, in compliment to Mr. Wallack's gentlemanly conduct, presented him with a handsome piece of plate at the conclusion of the season, 1828.

Mr. Wallack's character as an actor does not require a very long notice; for his personations, though uniform, and sometimes

pleasing, are not remarkable for displaying any depth of intellect or originality of genius. He is content to tread in the same beaten track in which so many of his predecessors have moved before : and never brings to light any omitted beauty in an author which had passed unobserved. His acting has neither the brilliancy and electric genius of Kean ; the dignity, harmonious declamation, and exquisite judgment of Young ; the romance, pathos, and sensibility of Macready ; nor the polished ease, fire and feeling, of Charles Kemble. What then, may be asked, are Mr. Wallack's claims to professional reputation, to be enrolled among the children of fame ? Why, the possession of a well-formed figure, (though that has been somewhat spoilt by the accident we have alluded to), a handsome set of features, a variety of well chosen attitudes, a pleasing voice, and being well versed in what may be termed the mechanical business of his art, such as knowing the exact moment when he should cross the stage, tap his breast, &c. To particularise any of Mr. Wallack's characters, would be almost useless, as we have so frequently to notice him in our Theatrical Journal. Yet, to prevent the charge of partiality, and for the sake of justifying our criticisms, we will take him in three departments of the drama. To begin with tragedy—his heroes are spirited and manly ; take his Richmond, and Alcibiades, for instance ; while his lovers are sad namby-pamby, milk-and-water gentlemen—his Romeo, and Basanio to wit ; of his more lofty assumptions in tragedy, such as Richard the Third, Coriolanus, Brutus, &c. it would be useless to notice ; nobody ever imagined he could play them. His comedy is detestable—in Valentine, Charles Surface, Colonel Lambert, he utterly failed to impart that genuine elegance of deportment and suavity of manner which denote the gentleman of polished life. His manners were those of a waiter at a watering-place, who endeavours to conceal native vulgarity by assumed elegance. In melo-drama he has acquired much fame ; yet his Rob Roy is immeasurably below Macready's, and we know not one character in which he has equalled Bennet's performance of the *Guerilla Chief*, either in judgment, action, or sensibility.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### QUIN, GARRICK, MRS. CIBBER, AND MRS. PRITCHARD.

WE make no apology for introducing such anecdotes as the following ; for any circumstance that at all illustrates the style of our departed actors, must be interesting to many of our readers.

In Cumberland's Memoirs, he mentions his having been present at the representation of the *Fair Penitent* ; Quin played Horatio ; Ryan, Altamont ; Garrick, Lothario ; Mrs. Cibber, Calista ; and Mrs. Pritchard condescended to the humble part of Lavinia. Quin presented himself upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams ; an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high heel'd square-toed shoes. With very

little variation of cadence, and a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it—he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitivated, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisitores. It was so extremely wanting in contrast, that though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it.—When she had recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one. It was like an old ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, continually chiming in the ear without variation or relief.\* Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast—had more nature, and of course more change of tone and variety both of action and expression. But, when after long expectation I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at Altamont, and heavy paced Horatio, Heavens! what a transition! it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene.

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#### CORNEILLE.

BOILEAU thought Corneille the most majestic of authors, ancient and modern, with respect to sentiment and style; but his admiration of this great poet was restricted by the due limits of rational criticism. He thought the fertility of his mind and the vivacity of his genius were sometimes ill-directed, from a defect in his judgment. His genius, he observed, seemed in his early writings, tender and pathetic; instances of which are seen in his *Cid*, and in his *Illusion Comique*: but his talents seemed most inclined towards the grand and marvellous; and love, which he looked upon as a degrading passion, seems casually introduced into his plays, or as it were by surprise. He abjured at length the tender affections, lest they might enervate the general vigour and energy of his composition. In the character of Geronte,† the father of the liar, the tragic rather than the comic muse seems to have guided his pen, when he describes the father loading the son with reproaches for his duplicity. In short, Corneille seems to have made verses rather under the influence of enthusiasm than of taste; as he frequently abridged excellent passages in subsequent revisions, and left the less excellent without the benefit of correction.

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#### PLAY BILLS.

THE placing *Vivant Rex et Regina* at the bottom of the play-bills, arose from the early actors being accustomed, at the conclusion of the piece, to pray for the king and queen.

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\* Mr. Warde's declamation wonderfully accords with this description.

† *La Menteur*, Act V. Scene 3.

## RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

THE value of money was not so different two centuries ago, as not to make the change in theatrical receipts and expenses very extraordinary, when compared with those of that period. I shall give an instance of a bespeak on a very singular occasion. In "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons, attempted and committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex, and his Complices, against her Majesty, and her Kingdoms," drawn up by Lord Bacon, at the request of Queen Elizabeth, I find these passages—the evidence is against Sir Gilly Merick :

"That the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them, the play of deposing *King Richard the Second*.

"Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merick.

"And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was old, and that they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it: there were *forty shillings* extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was."

## MR. KEAN AND COVENT GARDEN.

Men live and prosper but in mutual trust and confidence in one another's faith. Mr. Kean's late conduct has excited the contempt, the indignation, and the disgust of all who despise ingratitude and meanness. The particulars of this *novel* transaction, (at least, for the honour of the drama, we trust it may be so styled,) have been so fully laid before the public, that to detail them here would be a waste of time and space. We, however, think the following letters ought not to be omitted; for the one is as remarkable for its frank and manly character as the other is for bombast and, we may well add, humbug.

"Theatre Royal, Covent-garden, 21st January, 1829.—Dear Mr. Kean,—I have great pleasure in acquainting you, that the proprietors of Covent-garden theatre have every disposition to meet your wishes respecting the proposals with which you favoured me, through your agent, Mr. Phillips, viz. that you shall be permitted to suspend all your performances here until the season after next, for the purpose of preparing yourself in two or three new characters; that you will be ready, on the commencement of the season 1830-31, to return, when required, to your engagement in Covent-garden Theatre, of which engagement there remains ten nights uncompleted; and which ten may, if you please, be extended to twenty-four nights in the first instance, and afterwards to as many more as may be thought mutually advantageous. In the mean time (it is understood) you are not to act in London. And now, my dear Mr. Kean, let me beg of you to fortify yourself in your good resolutions. Go to Bute, where I wish with all my heart I could join you; study your new parts—for, as Shakspeare says, 'nothing pleases but rare accidents,' and your own experience must have taught you, that perfection itself without novelty, will, in the course of time, become a drug; return to London with renovated health, and run another course as prosperous as the first; that you may do so is the very sincere wish of, dear Mr. Kean, yours, most truly, C. Kemble." Mr. Kean wrote and signed the following letter to Mr. Kemble:—"Barnes-terrace. My dear Sir, your letter confirms my first impression of your character,—namely, that you are a good man and a good actor. Your kindness, in the first instance of our meeting, cannot be erased; and the second is placed in the monument of memory. I regret, in your letter telling me you cannot visit Bute. Shakspeare, you, and I, I think, would form most excellent companionship, (*parēs cum paribus facillime congregantur*); but I shall obey your injunctions, and fortify my constitutional batteries against the new campaign. My dear Sir, with sincere respect, Edmund Kean. P.S. I accept the proposals made by the managers of the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden. E. Kean. I had nearly forgot all this."

## PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

## DUBLIN, Dec. 4.

MASANIELLO.—Notwithstanding the “puffs preliminary,” with which the “pensive public” was dosed,—notwithstanding the dress rehearsals which were honoured by the presence of the private few, that on the sabbath morning inclusive—notwithstanding the cautionary notice put forward by Mr. Sharkey, the box-keeper, beseeching the hundreds who had purchased tickets to present themselves at the doors immediately after their opening, to prevent the fatal consequences likely to result from the tremendous rush that must inevitably take place—the dress circle was nearly empty; there was no box plan exhibited; and this for the simple reason that no seats had been taken: and at the close of the first act there were precisely one hundred and forty-seven persons in the dress boxes. We state this fact with feelings far from pleasurable; for the sum expended in getting out the piece, the labour bestowed on its production, and the general attention apparent in the dresses and stage management, deserved a much greater share of public patronage: but we are driven to it, as well from the disgusting puffs with which the thing was put forward, as from the line adopted, by those who fancy they are best serving the interests of the drama, by stating that which in their hearts they must feel to be, if not wholly untrue, at least greatly exaggerated:—the truth is, the theatre and the company have gotten, and deservedly gotten, into bad repute.

Braham was the hero; Miss Byfeld, Elvira; and Fenella, Miss Huddock, whose performance was much commended.

Mr. Bunn, lessee of the Dublin theatre, has contradicted the statements made in the *John Bull*, of his having “lost a thousand pounds by the Dublin season, although his company had the advantage of Mr. Braham’s name and services. Mr. Braham has been highly attractive; but it is greatly to his credit, that, on two occasions when the houses were bad, owing to the inclemency of the weather, he declined receiving the nightly sum of fifty pounds, for which he is engaged.—*London Morning Post*.

Mr. T. Phillips took his farewell of the stage on Monday, Nov. 30; the house was very well attended. Mr. Green is engaged in the place of Mr. Balls, and proves by no means an adequate substitute.

## CARLISLE.

Miss Smithson’s engagement here terminated with her benefit, on Tuesday evening. Since our last she has appeared as Juliet, Jane Shore, Lady Macbeth, and Mrs. Haller, in tragedy: her appearance in comedy was principally confined to the part of Mrs. Simpson, in *Simpson and Co*. We see no reason whatever to alter the opinion we pronounced last week respecting this actress. We should also add—for justice requires the confession—that we originally went to see her performance with a strong impression against her in our mind. We are quite annoyed at what we considered the hyperbolical praise poured out, like offerings at the shrine of some canonized saint, in no limited lavishness concerning Miss Smithson. We shall not wrong ourselves by saying that we went to the theatre at first with a design not to be pleased; but certainly we thought and expected that we should find much to censure and little to applaud. The reverse has been the case; for we have seldom been more delighted with any actress than Miss Smithson.

## NORTHAMPTON.

A Master Grossmith has been astonishing the inhabitants of this town by the display of wonderful talents, both in tragedy and comedy. The prison scene of *Rolla*, the trial scene of *Shylock*, and the tent scene of *Richard*, are spoken of as master-pieces of the art.

## BATH.

On Saturday, a grand pantomime is to be produced, to be called *Harlequin Tom, the Piper’s Son*. On Monday, Mr. Perkins appears as *Rolla*. Miss Taylor’s acting in the *Robber’s Wife* is very highly spoken of. *Black-Eyed Susan* has been very successful here.

## BRIGHTON.

On Monday last, Madame Vestris appeared at this theatre, after a long absence, to a well attended, though not a crowded house.—Her engagement was for two nights. The *Robber’s Bride* is to be produced here on Saturday.

## SHEFFIELD.

The members of the Shakspeare club had their annual bespeak on Friday last. The *Twelfth Night*, and the *Weathercock*, were the performances.—The theatre was filled in every part. On Saturday,

Miss Paton appeared as Lucy Bertram. Notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, the house was tolerably well filled. *Masaniello* is to be got up here in great splendour.

#### PRESTON.

This theatre opens next week, with the Liverpool company.

#### MANCHESTER.

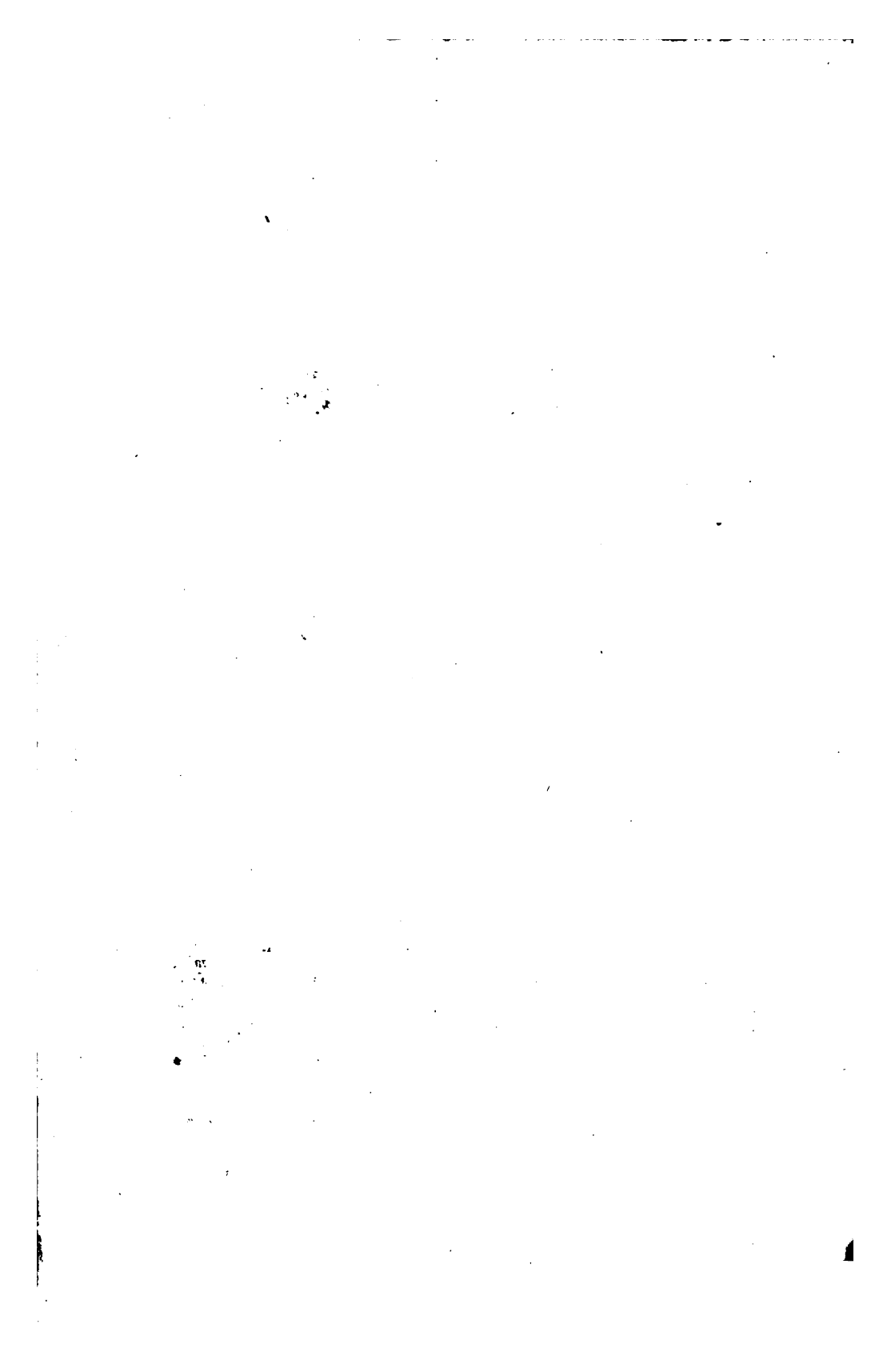
**THE RIVAL THEATRES.**—In the course of the past week, a considerable sensation has been occasioned in Manchester, by a dispute between the proprietors and managers of the Theatre Royal, on the one part, and the manager of the Minor and the Italian company of Signor de Begnis, on the other part, respecting the right of the latter to perform Italian operas in the Minor Theatre. Signor de Begnis, notwithstanding the notice served upon him, performed several nights at the Minor Theatre, with his company; but at length, understanding that he and his performers were likely to incur severe penalties in consequence, he thought proper to discontinue the performance, until the result of the informations laid against him and Mr. Nevill, the proprietor of the Minor Theatre, was known. On Thursday they came on to be heard before the magistrates at the New Bailey, when Mr. Brandt appeared to support the information, and stated, that the object was to put a stop to the performances, which were contrary to law. The learned gentleman cited a variety of precedents in support of his case. A considerable number of witnesses were then called, to prove that *Il Barbieri di Seviglia*, an Italian opera, was performed at the Minor Theatre, on Saturday night week. Mr. Lloyd, who appeared for the defendants, cross-examined the several witnesses, most of whom acknowledged, that they did not know whether the language spoken by the company was Italian or Welsh (laughter).

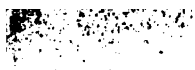
Mr. Brandt declined to reply to the observations of Mr. Lloyd, and the magistrates withdrew, and were absent for a full half hour. On their return, Mr. Wright stated that they had taken considerable pains to investigate the case, and had dealt with it in the best manner they could. They had referred to the different statutes on the subject, and to the several cases quoted by the learned counsel on both sides; and they had come to the conclusion, that the performance on Saturday evening was an Italian opera, and that Mr. Nevill was liable to the penalty of 50*l*. Not-

withstanding this decision of the magistrates, preparations were made for a performance on the Wednesday evening—the house was extremely well filled—but on the arrival of the Italian company at the theatre, police officers were in attendance, who served each of them with a summons, for an infraction of the law on Monday evening. This appears to have struck a panic upon them; for after some delay, during which time the audience were impatiently waiting the drawing up of the curtain, Signor de Begnis, and Signor Gieubili, presented themselves to the audience. Signor de Begnis being unable to make himself understood in English, made an address to the audience in French, which was translated into English, by Signor Gieubili. It briefly narrated the circumstances we have mentioned, and concluded, by announcing, that in consequence, they had resolved upon having no performance; but, that such of them that had paid money, might have it returned. It is almost impossible to describe the disappointment which this announcement gave to the numerous auditory; but, as it was without a remedy, they slowly and reluctantly left the house; not, however, until they had, at the suggestion of some one in the gallery, given three groans for Mr. Beverley, whom they imagined to be the cause of their disappointment.

A number of them, either determined, as they could have no amusement at the Minor Theatre, to have a little somewhere else, or to vent their disappointment in token of disapprobation against Mr. Beverley, betook themselves to the Theatre Royal. Here they began to hiss the performances, and shortly after, on the arrival of Signor de Begnis, and some others of the Italian company, in the house, a tremendous burst of hisses burst forth; a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, amidst which, calls for Mr. Beverley were predominant. That gentleman at length presented himself to the audience, and was received with tokens of disapprobation from one part of the house, and applause from the other. Mr. Beverley made an address to the house as soon as some degree of order was restored; he appeared to be in great distress of mind, and deplored at some length the ruinous consequences in which he was likely to be involved, from the great expense he had been at in conducting the theatre, and the little patronage he had received. On the following day, it was decided by the magistrates that the Italian company should perform concerts instead of operas.







Miss Loner 125

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